

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMBEAT

395

THE JOYS
OF
SELF ABUSE!

BEST GAY
VIDEOS
OF '84

SM BOOKS
OF THE YEAR

CMC
CARNIVAL

MR. LEATHER
NEW YORK CITY

FICTION:
TOM HARDY'S
MALORY
AND HIS
MASTERS

AUGUST SMITH'S
THE DICK

BONUS!
OLAF'S 1985
CALENDAR!

DRUMBEAT
CLASSIFIEDS!



ISSUE 80

EVERY MAN HAS THE CAPACITY AND THE EQUIPMENT TO TURN HIMSELF ON...



Illustration: BILL WARD

THE JOYS OF SELF ABUSE

OR A HUNDRED AND ONE FUN THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR COCK

BEAT IT! POUND IT! STROKE IT! TORTURE IT! HARNESS IT! PUNISH IT!
LOVE IT! MAKE FRIENDS WITH IT! SHOW IT OFF! MOST OF ALL, USE IT!



THE VIDEO: AN HOUR OF THE BIZARRE AND THE EROTIC,
THE TANTALIZING AND THE FORBIDDEN! **59⁹⁵**

MOVIE STILLS BOOK: 64 PAGES W/COPY BY ROBERT PAYNE **9⁹⁵**

BEFORE "BORN TO RAISE HELL"



NOW YOU CAN SEE IT!



THERE WAS

NIGHT OF SUBMISSION

THE FULL LENGTH THEATRE VERSION

A BOLD, UNFLINCHING LOOK AT
LIFE IN AN ACTUAL DUNGEON...

This is about the first big production of leathersex and showed a dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld for years. It still holds up well and this is a print from brand-new theatre film. DRUMMER featured it in a very early issue and even published a picture book (now unavailable). Showing time is sixty hot and exciting minutes and the price is modest.

VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**

BORN TO RAISE HELL is a seventy-minute hard-on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM moviemaking.

Robert Payne DRUMMER

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of VAL MARTIN. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatre film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to finally be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time: Feature length, 70 minutes.

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**

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DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: The kind of smile we'd like to see in a crunch. Book 'em, Danno. Photo by Jim Moss. Opposite Page: Beat it! Photo by John Preston.

GETTING OFF

If you are like me you are sick of hearing about AIDS. God knows we all wish it would go away for any number of reasons. The disease is affecting many aspects of our lives, even of those who are fortunate enough not to have contracted it.

Its tragedies are all around us. Our attorney was telling me that in many of the wills he has drawn up for young men, which he fully expected to change four or five times in the years to come, he is now more often becoming their executor. The statistics are becoming more and more frightening and what do we do about it?

The first thing is to do something about what the government is not doing about it. Now that the plague is spreading to the heterosexual community, something eventually may be done. With any other kind of administration, some of the money being wasted on obsolete never-to-be-used weapons might be diverted, if only for humanitarian reasons. Most of the history's presidents wanted to be remembered for their accomplishments for the general good. This president wants to go down in history with a balanced budget, the military/industrial complex intact and enforced prayer in the schools.

The next important thing we can do is take care of ourselves. Many of us have been exposed, we have to keep our bodies as strong as possible. Rest, exercise and diet are important. So are knocking off recreational drugs (including poppers), smoking, booze, antibiotics and exposure to other people's body fluids. Jack off to Drummer and stay out of the baths and the passion pits for awhile.

The government may not be doing its share of medical research, but you can be sure it will be there with inquiries and quarantines. There is going to be considerable pressure from Jerry Falwell and his opportunistic ilk, standing at the doors of the White House and Congress to press for their pound of flesh.

We have to be strong in more ways than one. It is time to get organized and get going. This too shall pass.

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

NEW ZEALAND CHILL

It is with regret that I must cancel my subscription to *Drummer*. Over the past few years, the New Zealand Customs have seized several of my copies of *Drummer*. However, in recent months their actions have intensified and I have been subjected to a raid on my home to seize "indecent" publications, plus two lengthy interrogations by Customs officials. I have enclosed Customs letters referring to these incidents. As you can see, I lost quite a large proportion of my *Drummer* collection.

Many thanks for the years of pleasure I had from *Drummer*. Perhaps one day I may have the opportunity of enjoying it again.

A.W. McKain

Wellington, New Zealand
*(Editor's note: Mr. McKain included with his letter twelve pages of documents regarding the seizure of various gay publications, including not only *Drummer*, but news tabloids like *The Advocate*, *Bay Area Reporter*, and *Michael's Thing*. The reason cited in each case was that "the said publications are considered to be indecent as defined in the Indecent Publications Act of 1963 and accordingly the importation is prohibited." McKain was further required "to produce for inspection...all receipts, records, or other documents relative to the above mentioned goods...and to appear before" Customs officers "to answer all questions put to you by them concerning said goods." Had McKain refused to cooperate in any way, he was liable to fines up to \$1200. Clearly, New Zealand suffers under some of the most arrogant and dangerous Customs laws in the "Free World." Many countries prohibit import of certain types of publications and will seize them, but this is the only case we know of where the recipient of publications is subject to such harassment.)*

BOOTDOG'S BEST WISHES

Happy Holidays, guys—hope 1985 is hotter than ever for all of you! Anxiously awaiting *Drummer Daddies 3*; say hi to Drum and his Pa for me—I love them both.

Lots of love, lust and leather in '85! (Shit, so what's wrong with an appreciative note once in a while?)

Jay Pomerantz ("Bootdog")
Freeport, NY

COP IN BONDAGE

After receiving a "Baker's Dozen" of back issues, I came across a very hot picture in *Drummer* 67. The layout ("Icono-
B DRUMMER

graphy") is the work of photographer Mark I. Chester. The picture in reference is the centerfold of the bound policeman. My question to you, Sirs, is do you have an address where I may get a copy of this print?

I would also like to say that of all the mags I've seen, yours is by far the best. Keep up the good—no, great—work.

TKC

Oregon

*(Editor's note: The work of Mark I. Chester always elicits inquiries from our readers. You can contact him by writing to PO Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101. Chester's last spread in *Drummer*, in case you missed it, was "Rites of Endurance" in issue 71.)*

MOUNTAIN GOAT CORNERED

Thank God! The Mountain Goat has finally been cornered and it took *Drummer* to do it.

For 8 long months I have been praying that I would once again cross the path of this creature that was in your Tough Customer section of *Drummer* 77. Apparently, he had migrated from the flatlands of South Florida and headed for the mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

I had an unforgettable two-day encounter with this dude in Key West almost a year ago and shall never forget it. He is a true four-footed animal and can, if he wishes to, make a man cross the continent to be with him again.

If he moves as fast and sure-footed in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest as he did on the sand beaches of Florida, you hikers and campers have a treat of your life.

Catch him if you can, and if you can, please tell him that his herd in Miami and Key West awaits his hopeful return to graze once again in the sand dunes of the Florida Tropics.

Mike Boyd
Miami, FL

GO FOR THE SHAVE

With the approval of my Master, I am writing in regard to your recent article on slaveshaving in *Drummer* 75. I met my Master last year at a college party we were both attending. His sharp, angular features, thick dirty blond hair and piercing eyes caught my attention immediately and it was obvious from his steady eye contact that he was interested in me.

I am not an Adonis but had learned from past experiences that my thick beard and moustache was a turn-on. I am also extremely shy and have always been, perhaps as a result of my early matura-

tion and the growth of heavy body hair. I can remember always being taunted in the school locker room as the other boys, whose crotch hair was often just beginning to spread and thicken, made jokes about the "werewolf" across the aisle.

When I met my Master, however, all he could see at first was my beard and moustache. Following his nod at the end of the evening, I followed him home and thus began my training. Although just two years older than myself, I never questioned his authority and have enjoyed my servitude. Last week, however, unknown to me, he arrived home with the latest copy of *Drummer*. Being in a playful mood, he suggested tying me spread-eagle on the bed to which I gladly complied and then brought out *Drummer* to show me. He had never before mentioned the possibility of shaving me; on the contrary, he always seemed to enjoy the vast difference between his nearly smooth body and my coarse harshness. Horrified at the thought of losing my long-established cover, I began crying uncontrollably while he stroked me lovingly, telling me I would like and appreciate a new look. His only regret was that *Drummer* had not used a considerably hairier slave to demonstrate a complete body shave so that I could see what a remarkable difference a shave can make.

Still whimpering, my brass cock ring was removed and I knew I wasn't going to escape this trauma. As he was fumbling with some equipment, he told me how wonderful smooth skin looks and feels and that in a few short hours he, for the first time, would be hairier than me.

He plugged in the electric clippers and with steady silence began removing the mound of hair surrounding my cock and balls. I lay on the bed as he made row after row of clippings up and down my chest and belly proceeding then to my legs and feet. Too tired to cry any longer, I watched as he clipped the heavy growth from my armpits and arms. He had to change the blade in the clippers before starting on my beard, moustache and head but with fairly smooth surfaces and his gathering expertise, his speed was increasing.

It took 1½ hours to completely finish clipping the front of my body and the shorn hair was gathered and placed in a bag as a keepsake. The warm shaving lather was applied thickly and in one area at a time as he removed the remaining stubble with a safety razor. By now I had a raging erection and pleaded to see what I looked like. My Master refused until I

was completely hairless, and he turned me over, reapplied the restraints, and finished the job. Again the clippers ran up and down my legs, removing the plentiful hair from my back, and then centered on my ass. My cheeks were spread to remove the hair from the crack and then the lather was applied again so that all remains of my hairiness was removed.

As I sat up on the bed after nearly three hours of restraint, my head was fully shaved and my Master carefully completed his objective. He then put my cockring back in position and instructed me to look at myself. As I stood in front of the full-length mirror, I again started to cry, not out of fear but elation. For the first time in my adult life, I was able to see my fully developed anatomy unhidden. The development of my chest and nipples was incredible, but not nearly as wonderful as being able to view my mature cock and heavy balls without the mass of hair that had blocked their impressiveness for years.

My Master assures me of my splendid appearance and urges others who may read this to go for the shave; it's remarkable.

Larry H.
New York, NY

MASKED MAN

Hey, that was a super cover on Drummer 79, your Xmas issue. What an outfit! There's something about studs—the chrome kind as well as flesh and blood—that really gets me going. That mask-and-codpiece ensemble has got to be some sort of ultimate.

JBS
San Francisco, CA

DRUMMER BOYS

This may make a subject for Cavelo (copied from Sons of the Brave: The Story of Boy Soldiers, By A.W. Cockerill, published by Leo Cooper, 1984):

"There were many forms of corporal punishment in use early in the Eighteenth Century. These included the barbarous wooden horse (a wooden bar straddled by the victim weighted down by loads tied to his legs), picketing (being strung up with feet resting on pointed stakes), and the gauntlet (a form of running the gauntlet and being whipped by the halberds of the regiment—by which a soldier could receive up to 3,000 lashes). The most common form of punishment, however, was the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"Opinion is divided as to when boy drummers were first employed for this duty. Professor Frey, writing of the gauntlet punishment, states 'after 1740 that savage and degrading form of punishment was abandoned, thereafter punishment was carried out by a drummer or drummers, under supervision of a regimental surgeon.' Whatever the origin of



PULL UP TO THE BUMPER: The stud in chrome studs from our Christmas cover, in a South of Market setting. Outfitted by the Pleasure Chest, L.A. Photo by Henry Dryvage.

involvement of the drummers in the punishment was, it is a fact that flogging was a public spectacle.

"The regiment was drawn up in open square with the prisoner and escort assembled for all to witness in a central position near the open side. The prisoner was then stripped naked and lashed to a tripod of sergeants' halberds (the halberd is a modified form of pike pole), hence the expression 'going to the halberds.' The regimental drummers took turns to deliver 25 cuts each to the measured beat of a drum. Behind the drummer stood a sergeant or sergeant-major armed with a cane to make sure the drummer delivered manly cuts. In turn, behind the sergeant stood the regiment's adjutant ready to thrash the sergeant if he thought the drummer's strokes too light. One hundred strokes for petty officers were common and 1,000 strokes or more were given for more serious crimes.

"Nor should it be supposed that because boy soldiers were so young they were spared the lash themselves. In one recorded case a boy who began his service as a drummer in Gibraltar in 1727

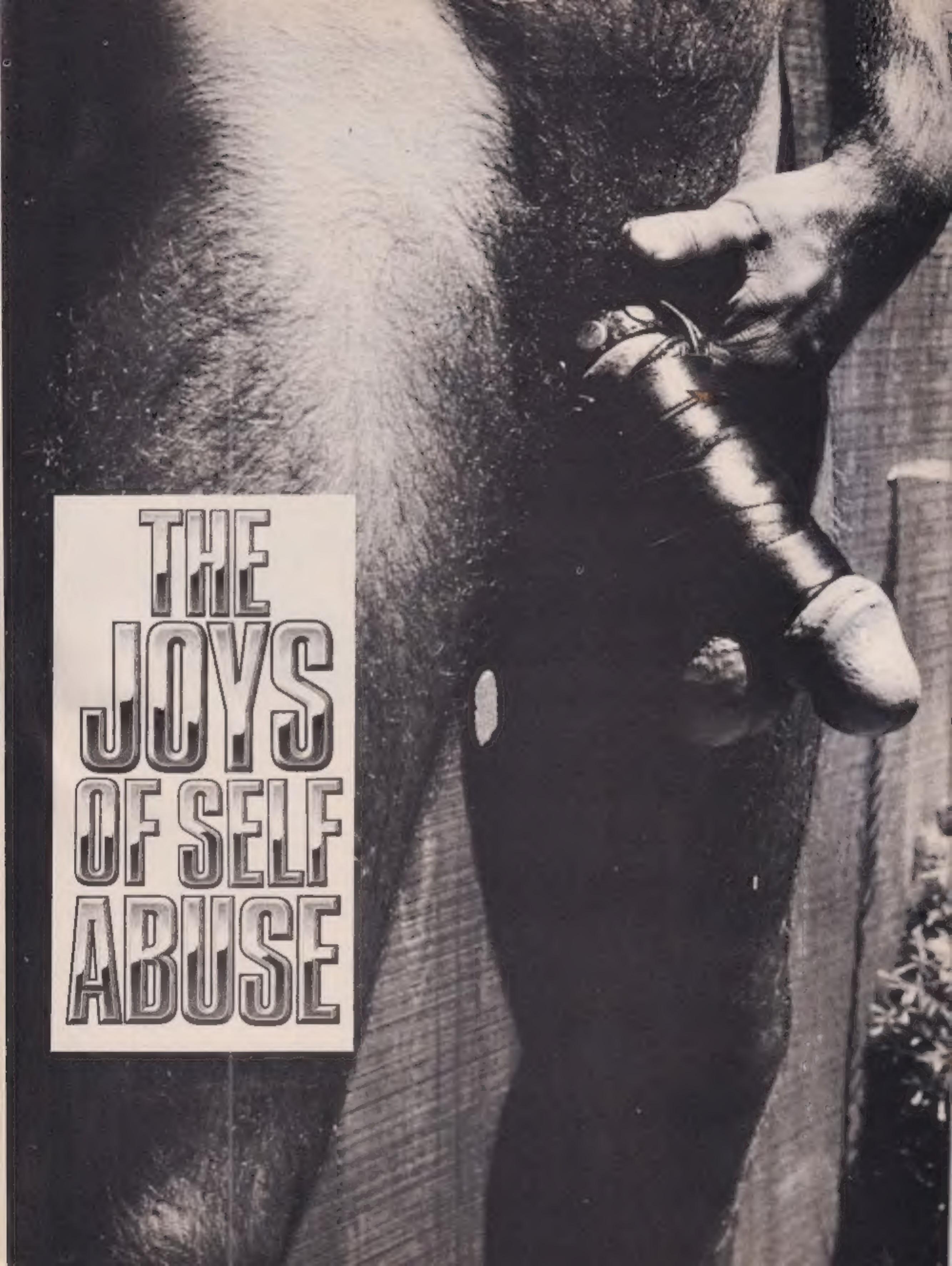
collected 27,000 lashes during his 14-year service.

"Discipline in Marlborough's army was severe but otherwise his soldiers were well treated. Nevertheless, because the cat-o'-nine-tails was administered for almost 200 years, and with increasing frequency, the important question to be answered is why boy soldiers and not men wielded the lash. The answer, through entirely speculative, has to be that any soldier surviving the ordeal of flogging was less likely to take revenge on a mere boy than he might have done on a fellow soldier."

J. Brown
Westbury, Wiltshire
England

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DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN CLASSIFIEDS, GETTING OFF and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER. Copyright 1984 by Alternate Publishing.



THE JOYS OF SELF ABUSE

A HARD COCK MAY HAVE NO CONSCIENCE, BUT IT NEEDS EXERCISE JUST LIKE OTHER PARTS OF A MAN'S BODY.

In these times of SafeSex, we who are blessed with occasional erections during the day, may pause to wonder what on earth to do with the offending member between our legs. And for as long as man, this man at least, can remember, the remedy was to simply take one's meat between one's hands, preferably in private, and whack it off until it was safely unloaded, and then go about one's business. Everybody did it although very few were honest enough to admit to it.

I remember when I was a teenager, the doctor asking me if I masturbated. Instinctively I blushed and said, "No." He nodded his head and went on to the next question. We both knew differently.

Later, if one admitted to jerking off, one was admitting to the fact that he couldn't find a partner. Or to being juvenile. Or being an onanist. Even during the good old days when you could get crabs or the clap or even syphilis by sticking your overeager dick into some strange new hole, it was considered preferable to beating one's meat. Which was still something that a real man didn't admit to. Or even those less than manly. A meat beater? Might as well be known as a bed wetter.

Now along comes the plague. And the prevailing theory is that you can get something incurable from plowing or being plowed by the wrong person. Once again your hand has become your second-best friend. Your best friend is still your third leg, but it can really get you into even more trouble.

There are groups organized to share the phenomenon of mutual meat beating (*Drummer* 71). But they don't meet every night or sometimes even every week. You will often find yourself left to your own devices. And all it takes really is some energetic arm action, considerable imagination and an occasional prop or something to light your fire. An old copy of *Drummer*, *Playboy*, *Playgirl* or *Popular Science*? Whatever turns you on. From there your imagination can take over. Video tapes are helpful and audio tapes are probably even better since they leave your imagination so much room to move around in. Some of the finest moments



Big, erect, loaded and ready to go like MX missiles or the 17 guns of a battlewagon. America's manhood stands at attention with nowhere to put their tools. The enemy at the moment is disease, so what is the next best thing open to men who are into meat? Grab ahold and don't let go.





CHORUS-LINE MEATBEATING TOGETHERNESS IS A NEW APPROACH TO THE CLASSIC CIRCLE JERK...

remember the first time or two we did it with the boy next door or the captain of the team or the free-thinking cousin who was always the black sheep of the family. And it was usually simply mutual masturbation. An exchange of body fluids was inconceivable at that stage of one's life. And who needs it at this stage?

But, getting back to techniques, there are as many as your imagination can concoct. With absolutely no need of my itemizing all those I can think of on these few pages. Why should I tell you how to jerk off? You can undoubtedly tell me a thing or two.

But there is a technique I should put you in touch with. It may seem a bit strange to bring it up here after this moving pitch for meat-beating. However, I must. And it is—abstinence! Not being able to get your hand wrapped around your meat. That too can be a tremendous turn-on, but it requires, shall we say, an attitude on the part of every body concerned.

One of the most delightful and exquisite of tortures is the continual manipulation of a man's cock almost to the point of ejaculation—without actually ejaculating. As the time goes by, the subject will beg and cry and increasingly plead for release. It takes a skilled manipulator and is best done with the subject bound, I think preferably spread-eagle. It is excellent training for both slaves and masters, the slave not having been allowed to cum for at least a week prior and the master can test his skill on almost bringing his man to a boil without allowing him to boil over. The slave is guaranteed to promise anything to be allowed to shoot.

Taking that concept a bit further, binding someone's rock-hard cock to his thigh with an appropriate harness or simply leather thongs can be stimulating. He spends his active day aroused with it inaccessible, and able to pee mainly by putting his leg in the toilet. His excitement of this self-help session can last all day and doesn't even require that he ever come. It is our theory that he eventually will involuntarily, which leaves him not only with a wet, sticky leg but a delightful punishment session to look forward to.

Ring it with leather, grease it up and grab it like a baseball bat. Slap it around if it doesn't happen to be yours. If it does, beat it good and hard and use it for target practice. First man to hit the ceiling wins!

of my sexual life have come in my own company. There is no one there to say the wrong thing, to be turned off when I am turned on or vice-versa.

I remember fondly Charles Pierce's line describing the perfect lover: "The perfect lover is one who, at four o'clock in the morning, turns into a pizza!" After your fire dies down and you have cleaned up the mess, there is no one still hanging around to get dressed for and take back to where you found them. Or to wake up to the next morning and wonder why you brought them home in the first place.

And I also remember Michael's line in "Boys in the Band": "There's a lot to be said for masturbation. At least you don't have to look your best."

But getting back to your equipment. Along with the obvious, you may always want to have on hand some lubricant, a cockring or cock harness, a hand-tinted photo of Mr. Right (for nostalgic masturbation there is always a class yearbook, anybody's class, any year), and turn the same imagination you used to employ while listening to "I Love A Mystery," or "Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy," on the Philco, create your settings, situations and cast. Then whack away.

The next loveliest memory in my storehouse of eroticism was Doing It With A Buddy. This was even more forbidden and, while not always satisfactory, gave one memories to treasure for a lifetime. Every one of us can



Like a chorus line they line up to admire and be admired. Technique is important along with form and style. Best of show

is an enviable award, but so is first or come-tarfest shot biggest shot and of course there is always Mr. Congeniality.



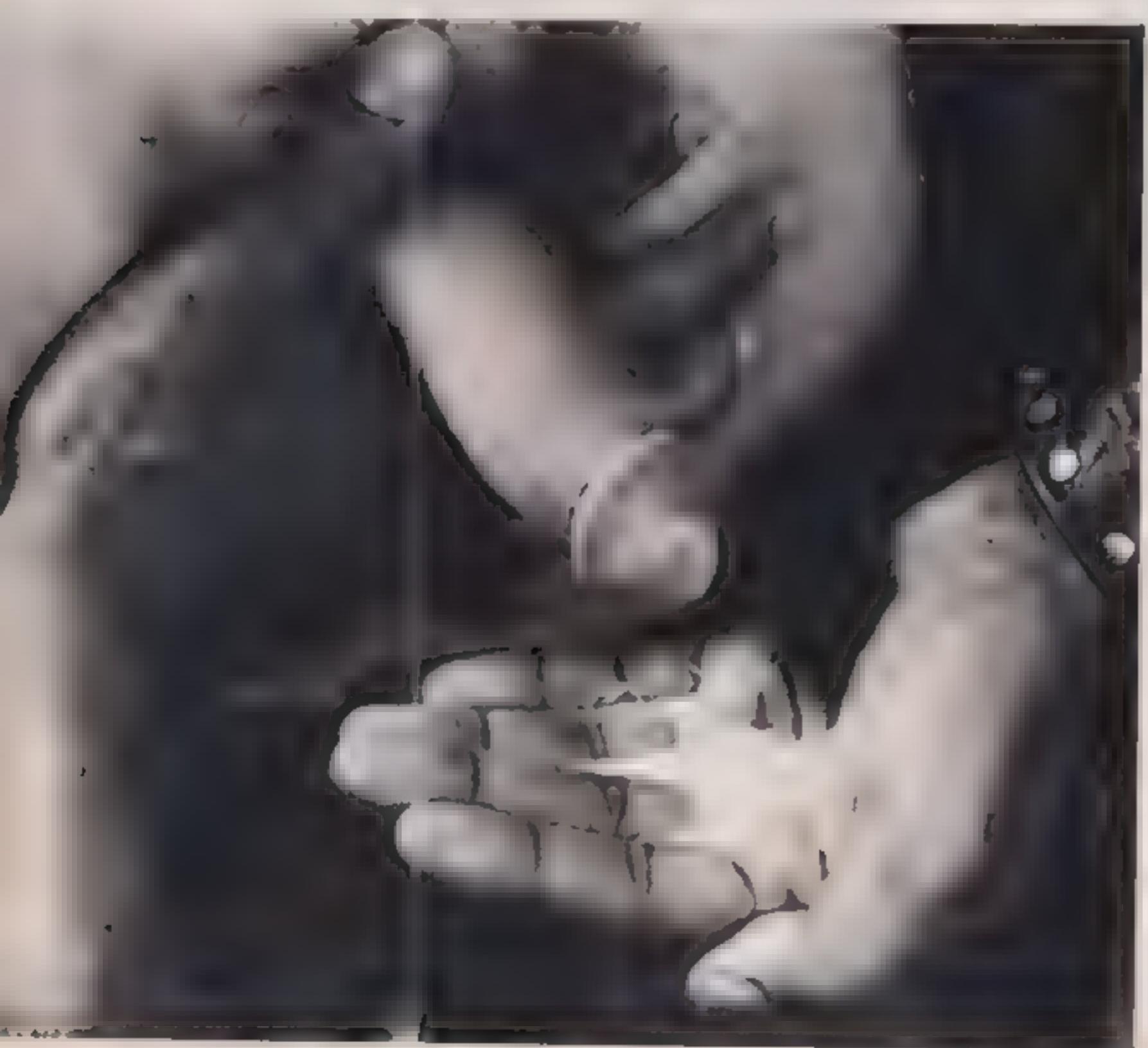


THERE IS NOTHING MORE SENSUALLY INTRIGUING THAN THE FORBIDDEN—ESPECIALLY YOUR OWN COCK!

Cocks can be taped up against a belly (shaved is best) or simply bound with fabric, rubber or leather (see title illustration). Then there are chastity devices that may or may not be 100% effective but certainly will be stimulating. And they don't require getting poked in the ass or mouth with a body fluid producing cock. While we are on the subject of being poked in the ass, a butt plug can be very effective in tandem with whatever is going on up front. And nobody ever got pregnant or caught a disease from a clean one.

Now, cock and ball torture is an acquired taste like oysters and avocados. Anything non-injurious you can do to this area as a turn-on in lieu of exposing it to what is going around is definitely a step in the right direction. A friend of ours makes his houseboy leave his jeans unbuttoned and keep his cock and balls hanging out at all times as he works around the house. He finds it more of a turn-on that when the fellow was ordered to work bare-ass naked. It is a good indication of his immediate mood, receding when he is occupied with other matters and in full bloom when he is turned on to what is happening to him. But don't let his being allowed to touch it.

Another helpful hint: Instead of making your jack-off buddy drink your semen, which is definitely a no-no, make him take his own. It should not be wasted and he certainly can't catch anything he doesn't have from himself (Run that by me again?!!)



Yes, friends, there is something about a proper release of all that gism stored up in your aching balls. You have picked the time and place, the atmosphere and the fantasy. Nobody you could meet could live up to what your mind and hand has produced. Now, it is over, your little heart has stopped racing, you are laying back prior to trotting to the bathroom to clean yourself up. You can think about other things, like getting a good night's sleep for instance. Your abused friend is lying lovingly in your hand with a smile in its opening, promising to bounce back for more fun tomorrow.

What pleasure you two have in this time together. And your friend certainly won't say anything to anyone if you don't. □

You can build character and get a little training. If someone is in charge of you, they may make your equipment unavailable to you simply by adding other equipment. A nice load from a healthy young stud is fine, but the only one to consume it should be the stud himself. In fact, his master should insist on it.

One of life's sex training disciplines is *rapiente rotura*, or opening the equipment so that it can't be placed firmly or held erect. A long-time practice in the slave trade, a few slaves (as done again in Roman times) was binding the genitals, releasing them only

for urinating. Another technique is this cock harness which keeps everything excited but doesn't allow anything. It all too happens. Rather than a twenty-minute JO session, this treatment can go on all day.



SOCIAL NOTES



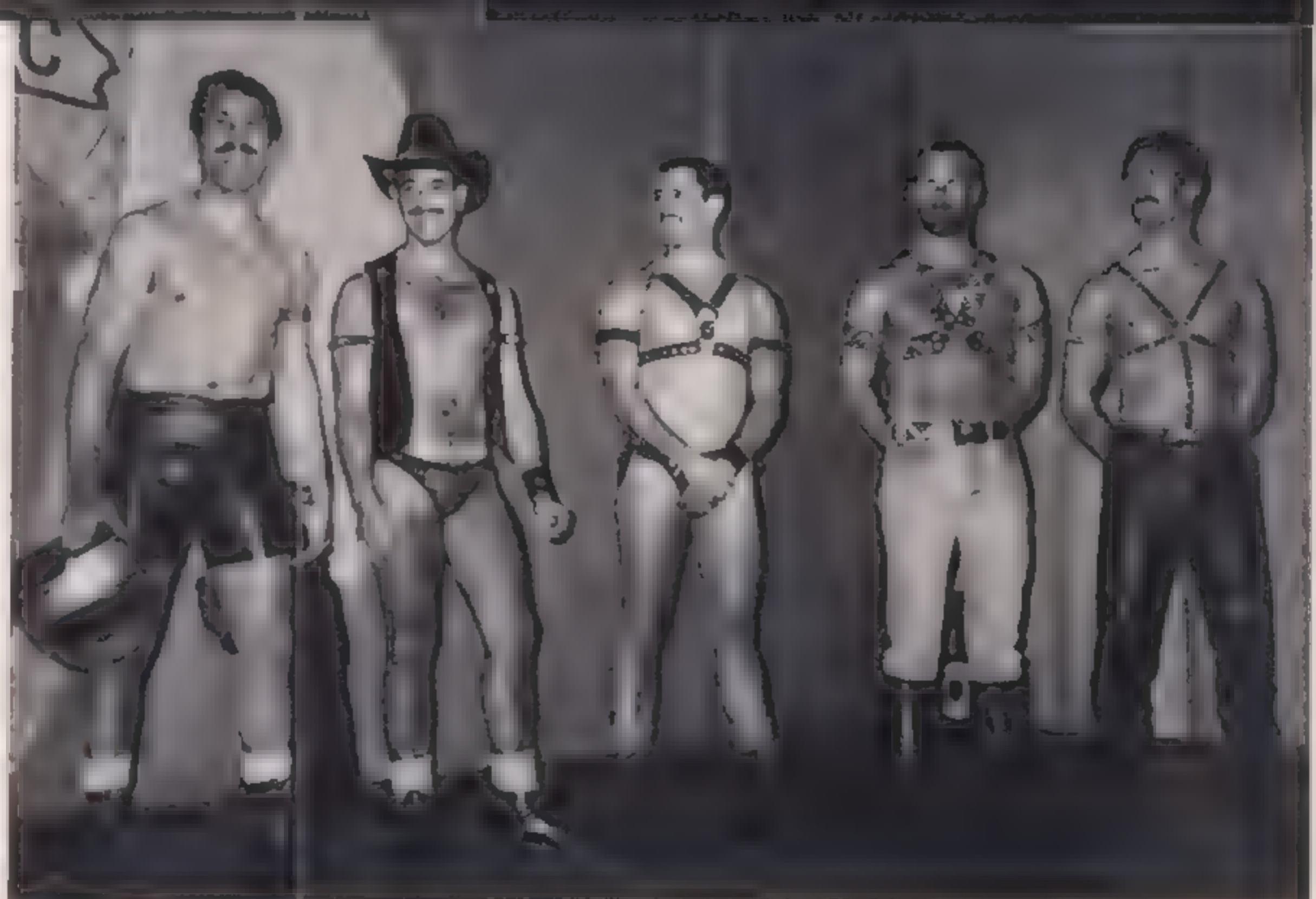
DRUMMER GOES TO THE CMC CARNIVAL



Leather has two big weekends in San Francisco each year. In the winter it is the CMC (California Motorcycle Club) Carnival, which in the past has attracted in the neighborhood of up to 4000 guys on a mid-November Sunday afternoon. It used to be held at Seaman's Hall back when there was one, then it moved to a multi-storied parking garage near the Tenderloin. Last year it was at the smaller California Hall in the Polk area. But this year CMC thought big and rented Pier 45 for their 29th annual bash. Deep in the heart of the Fisherman's Wharf tourist area, there was maybe a little too much space and the sight of leather-clad and unclad men gave the tourists an extra treat. Most of the leather bars contributed bartenders and a goodly amount was raised for various charities. The title of Mr. CMC Carnival was vied for by five contestants who solicited money as votes from the crowd. Small wonder there were only five contestants, although some years ago Mr. CMC Carnival was the hottest title around.

Jim Cvitanich, together with Mark Abramson (Mr. Northern California Drummer promotion) booked Pier 45 the night before for a Disco party called Pier Pressure which attracted a similar crowd.

Three swabies took the poster (below left) seriously and dressed for the pier. Below are the contestants who vied for the Mr. CMC Carnival title. Winner was David Stoll (S.F. Eagle), second from right.





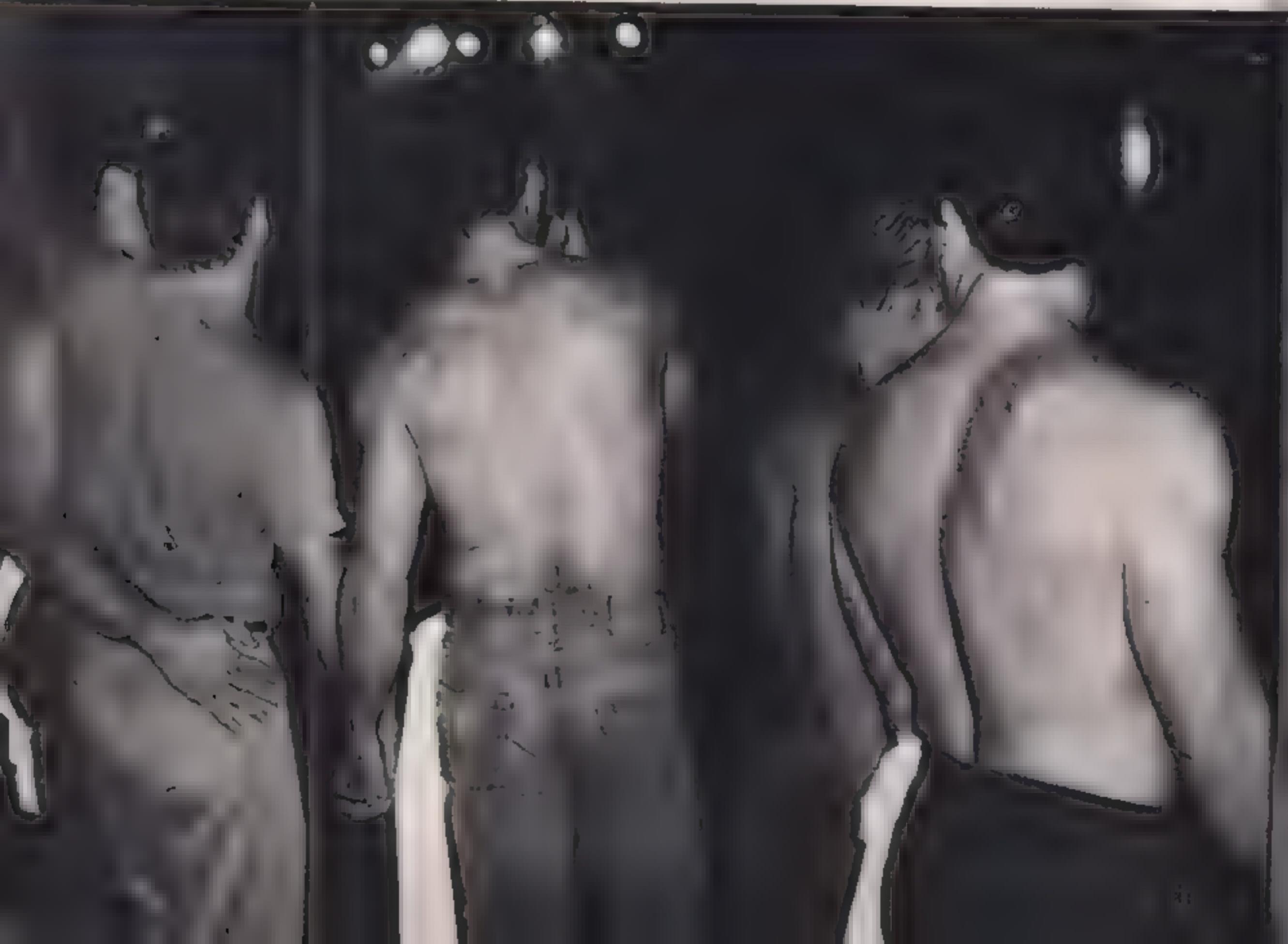
DRUMMER GOES TO THE CMC CARNIVAL

In the entertainment area, comedian Danny Williams, the Barbary Coast Cloggers, the Skip Barrett Ramblers, the Tap Troup and the Gay Men's Chorus all did their best with an inadequate sound system. While at the other end there was dancing to an overwhelming sound system.

In between there was gambling, intrigue, commercialism and booze, along with some poontang in the dark corners of the place. But mostly it was an affirmation of the camaraderie of leathermen from all over. The Carnival is a huge undertaking and comes off as smoothly as it does only through the hard work of the CMC members.

The Carnival has become a leather institution with perhaps the largest attendance of any such event in the country, but surprisingly has little national recognition other than by word of mouth.

MR. DRUMMER '83 now a Southern California resident is among the crowd. Below, a backside to show you the kind of beef that was running around.





David Stoddard, Mr AMC Codpiece - 84 x 140cm with leather - under
aps

Above: a leather connoisseur checks out the leatherwork of a codpiece which proved to be well made and fitted. Below: a happy buyer buys a pair of chaps right off the mannequin



CAPTIVE SUBJECTS

A Nina Glaser Portfolio



"People either love the work or they hate it... I want to cut through and see beyond the foundations of our morality, our politics, our lifestyles."

Over the last five years, Nina Glaser has emerged as one of San Francisco's most exciting and controversial photographic artists. Her photography of the male nude, ambitious and ambiguous, found first acceptance in the gay community, a group "that in every city," she says, "is the one that is a step ahead of its culture—more open to new ideas, new images, new things."

The photographs here—suggesting concealment, constraint, bondage and ecstatic emergence—are from her new book of images, *Outside of Time* (Beaux-Arts Press, 808 Post St., Suite 1106, San Francisco, CA 94109; \$17.95 paper, \$27.95 cloth).

Glaser's newest project: Video. When these images are released into movement, will their mysteries be revealed, or merely compounded?









DRUMSTICKS

Loan-Out

Four o'clock Tuesday morning
 In the corner, your contented breathing
 After a weekend of loaning out
 You came back changed
 a new piercing
 a fresh black/blue blotch,
 a show of more respect
 Loaning-out is lonely for me.
 Learning for you
 You'll never hear it,
 You'll never know
 How much I missed you

—Auggie Camelli

A burly truck driver sauntered into the bar in a mean mood, obviously looking for a fight

"Everyone on this side of the bar is a no-good dirty bum!" he shouted. "Anybody wants to make something of it—just stand up!"

Nobody stood up

"An' everybody on that side of the bar is a fucking cock-sucker"

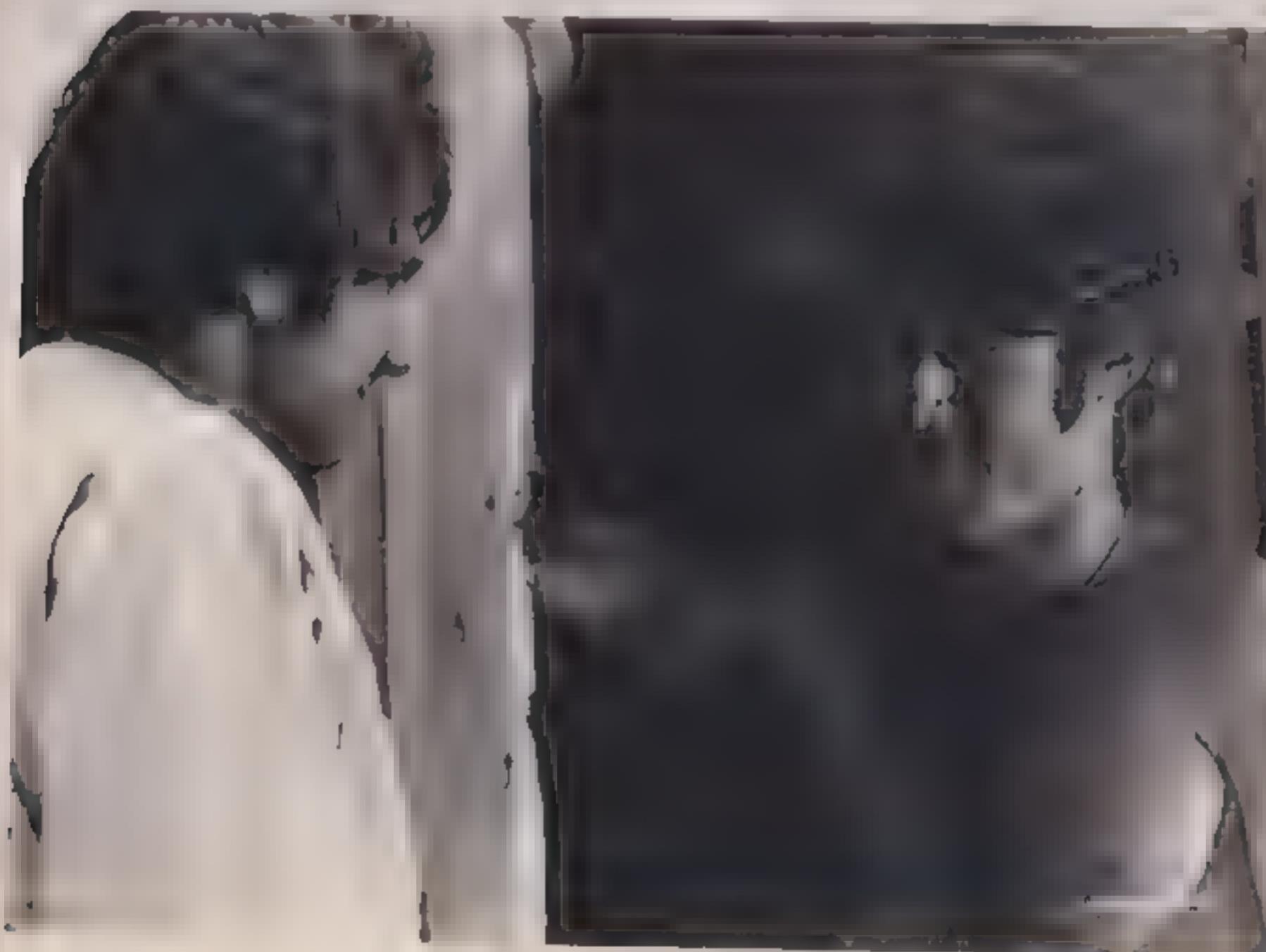
No one moved, then suddenly a guy on the first side stood up

Y' wanna fight, ass hole?

No, dear. It's just that I think I'm on the wrong side of the bar'



"Bottoms up!"



*'Golly, I sure would like to join your Scout troop, Sir,
 and you mean I get a merit badge just for taking off my clothes?'*

The handsome young thing has had a beer or two too many. Finally the time of the evening comes when he has the courage to walk up to the strong silent type in leather and chains standing at the end of the bar. He walks up to the fellow, flutters his eyelashes and asks, "Would you care to go home and fuck?"

The leatherman smacks the kid across the face with the back of his hand, belts him in the belly and shoves him down the full length of the bar.

The kid picks himself up, goes back to his stool and belts down a few more beers.

He walks up to The Man again and says, "Then I guess a blow job is totally out of the question?"

Malory And His Masters

by Tom Hardy

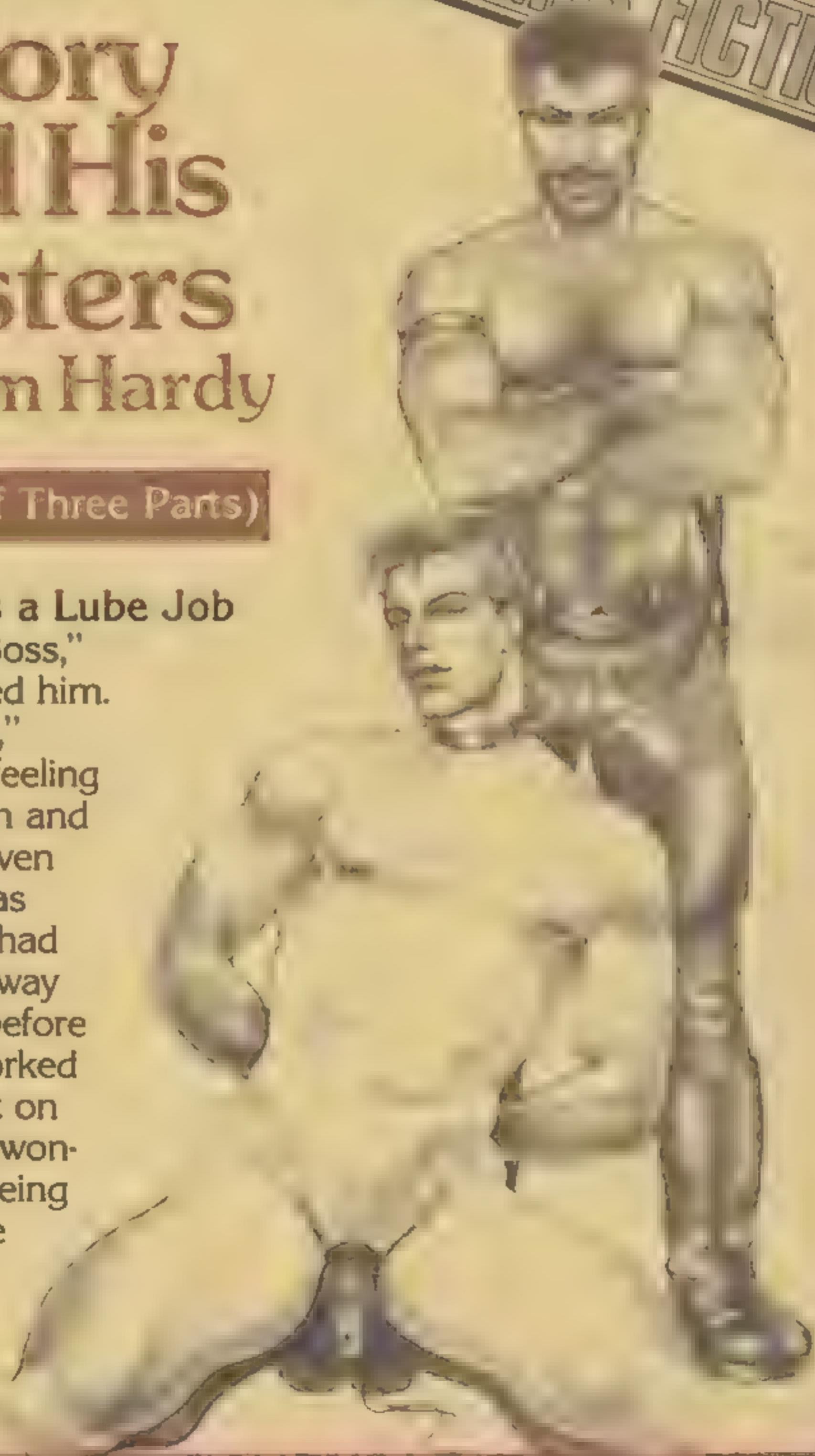
(Second of Three Parts)

Malory Gets a Lube Job

"Call me Boss,"
Big Al ordered him.

"Yes, Boss,"
Malory said, feeling
very uncertain and
very alone. Even
though he was
eighteen, he had
never been away
from home before
and never worked
anywhere but on
the farm. He won-
dered what being
an apprentice
meant.

Sixty ...



"Shit, it's still fucking early. I think I'll catch me a few more winks," Big Al said, scratching absent-mindedly at the crotch of his soiled boxer shorts. The fly gaped open and Malory caught a glimpse of a fat worm of a cock nestled in a bush of thick, dirty blond pubic hair. "On second thought, maybe we'll just proclaim a little holiday today. Here, take this and hang it outside and lock the door when you come back in." Big Al picked up a Closed sign from a stack of old newspapers and thrust it at Malory.

"Yes, Boss," Malory said and started toward the door.

"And don't get any bright ideas about running away. If you're not back here in thirty seconds I'll come after you and make you sorry you ever had any ideas at all," Big Al warned, scratching under the spaghetti strap shirt that clung to his beefy chest.

"No, Boss," Malory said, running for the front door and slipping out into the cold morning air and setting the sign up on one of the pumps and then running back in and locking the door behind him. He moved back through the office, if it could be called that, to the garage space where he had left his new boss. The garage space was empty. He looked around, confused.

"Back here, asshole," Big Al's voice boomed out. Malory followed the sound back to a doorway leading to a tiny room barely big enough for the cot on the far wall where Big Al lay stretched out on his side. He had removed his underwear and was holding the blankets up and patting the small section of mattress beside him. "Get your clothes off, asshole. You're my bedwarmer now."

Malory stripped his clothes off and padded across the cement floor, feeling very naked as Big Al looked him over. When he got next to the cot, Big Al reached out and grabbed his dick, giving it a good feel. "Not bad, not bad. Got a nice piece of meat on you, kid. Turn around and let me see your ass," he ordered, pulling Malory around by his dick. Malory felt himself blushing all over as the big man ran his hands over his buns and then made him bend over and pull his cheeks apart so he could see his anus.

"Nice hole, kid. Yessir, that is one of the prettiest little holes I've seen in a long time."

Malory almost lost his balance as he felt the blunt tip of a finger run over his tightly-held pucker. "Kind of jumpy, ain't you, kid? Had much dick run up here yet?" he inquired, pushing his fingertip right at the hole. Malory jumped, making a little squealing noise, and then remembered his manners. "No, Boss, I haven't had anything up there."

"Nothing? You ain't shitting me, boy, are you? I don't take kindly to being bullshit by anyone."

"No, Boss, I swear."

"Well, well, well," Big Al said thoughtfully. "I got me a virgin boyhole here. This deserves a little immediate attention. Stay bent over, asshole. I'll tell you when you're supposed to move from now on."

"I'm sorry, Boss," Malory whimpered, feeling a little dizzy in his bent-over position.

"I like your manners, asshole. I think we're going to get along real well."

"Thank you, Boss," Malory said, looking backward between his legs as Big Al sat up on the edge of the cot. He spread his beefy thighs on either side of Malory's sturdy legs as he continued to run his hands over Malory's ass. Malory saw that Big Al's fat worm was starting to grow, inching its way out from its nest of pubes. He noticed that his own prick was sticking out hard, too. Big Al reached down between his legs and gave it a little tweak that made Malory squirm as he held his ass cheeks apart.

"I like the way your little honker sticks up, too, boy. I like to see my boys happy. Gonna get this hole opened up so it's real happy getting stuffed full of whatever I want to stick up there. A happy hole makes for a happy boy, ain't that right asshole?" he chuckled.

"Yes, Boss." Malory gasped as the big blond man gave his balls a tug, causing a sharp sensation—something like pain that also felt something like good as the big hand kept pulling at his nuts, forcing them back down in his sack.

"Nice balls. Gonna work on these balls. Get them hanging half-way to your fucking knees."

"Yes, Boss," Malory grunted.

"But first we're gonna work on your asshole a little. My dick wants a taste of that boyhole, but I gotta get you loosened up a little first. I don't want to rip you up too bad just starting out."

Malory appreciated this sentiment as he saw the way Big Al's fat worm was no extended out, looking more like a boa constrictor, though his mind boggled at how any amount of loosening up was going to make it easy to take that big shaft up inside him through his butthole. A tremble went through his body at the thought.

"Just hold on to yourself, boy," he heard Big Al say in a surprisingly reassuring tone. "I ain't ever gonna hurt you too bad for you to take. I take good care of my boys, so you just relax."

"Yes, Boss," Malory said, and then did anything but as he felt the first rough swab of a tongue over his asshole. The sensation was so intense he thought he was going to jump out of his skin, but Big Al's strong hands held him firmly in place as the man buried his face between the tender asscheeks.

"Aw, mighty sweet ass," he heard the big man murmur, and felt vaguely pleased at the compliment. The man's unshaven cheeks scratched as he pushed his face between Malory's buns, but the tongue swabbing over his hole and then digging further into the circle felt incredible. Malory found himself instinctively pushing back against it, opening himself up to get more of that wonderful, wet, warm sensation.

It crossed Malory's mind to wonder if he was clean back there, but that passed and all he could think about was getting that tongue further inside him. He wanted to feel it all the way up him. His legs were trembling as he tried to relax himself more.

"That's right," he heard Big Al mutter. "Open it up. Open it up all the way." Something harder than a tongue was pushing at him now and he realized the man was shoving his finger into his hole. It hurt. He tightened up. It hurt more but it kept pushing and Big Al kept licking around the edges of his hole, making it feel good, and pretty soon the finger slipped in and he had it inside himself. It felt sort of good, he realized. He flexed his butthole around it a little and it felt real good.

"That's right. Work it around. You're gonna have a damn hungry hole there when I get you trained. You're prime fucking material. I can sure as hell can tell that," Big Al chuck ed behind him, driving that finger in all the way and working around inside until his knees started to buckle.

Big Al caught him with his other hand and pulled him backwards onto the cot, keeping the finger buried up his ass as he cuddled Malory down next to him, pushing his face up to his hairy chest, guiding his mouth to one of his big brown nipples.

"Suck on it, boy. I'm gonna play with your hole for a while till you're so hot for something bigger up there you can't stand it. So chow down on my tit while I'm doing it. You make me feel good. That'll make you feel good. That's how it's gonna work. I dig having a boy suck on my tits. I dig having a boy's mouth all over me. You're gonna know the taste of every inch of my body and you're gonna start right here," he said, pulling Malory's face tight against him.

Malory opened his mouth and spread his lips over the brown circle and sucked at it like he was told, pleased at the rumble of pleasure that welled up from the man's chest. He sucked harder, feeling the flesh tighten up into a firm cone in his mouth. Big Al held him hugged in one arm with the other tucked between his legs, moving that finger in his butthole. Malory started moving his butt around, helping that good prodding feeling inside himself. He liked it, especially when it started moving over something inside him that felt like an

"Okay, fucker. Up we go," Big Al said, grabbing him under the arms and lifting him off the cot as easily as if he were a baby, then lying down himself so that he was holding Malory above his upstanding pecker.

electric buzzer going off. He chewed harder at the nubbin in his mouth, getting more excited every time that button-thing inside him got rubbed. His legs were quivering against Big Al's hairy thighs.

Then he felt Big Al shoving another finger up his hole, stretching the circle out even more, and he started shaking all over, unable to control himself. He hardly even noticed the roughness with which Big Al shoved his mouth over to his other tit. He just sucked it in hungrily like the good little sex toy that Big Al was turning him into. Now it felt like there were at least three fingers jammed up his hole and he was grunting like crazy, giving that ass up all the way to his new boss.

"Aw, that ass feels hot now, baby. That ass feels hungry for a big dick up it," Big Al groaned. Malory felt the fingers pulling out of him and suddenly the big man was lifting away from him, leaving him alone on the cot for a second, and then he was back with a grease gun, sticking the nozzle between Malory's legs. Malory felt the cool hardness of the metal touch his ass lips and then part them, slipping up inside, and then Big Al worked the handle and there was a sort pooping pressure deep inside him as the grease was discharged far up the tight canal. His dick jumped harder at the thought of his ass being lubed up for the man's big cock, making the way easy for him to be filled with Big Al's manhood. Slowly the nozzle was pulled back, Big Al keeping up a continuous pressure on the handle until Malory could feel grease oozing out of his butthole as the nozzle popped out of him.

"Okay, fucker. Up we go," Big Al said, grabbing him under the arms and lifting him off the cot as easily as if he were a baby, then lying down himself so that he was holding Malory above his upstanding pecker.

"Now, you're going to do all the work, asshole. You're going to squat down and screw yourself onto my dick and make your boss feel real good or I'll make you sorry," Big Al ordered him, his voice turning rough again.

Malory looked down at the huger pecker throbbing under him and got nervous again. It looked so fucking big he was afraid he might not be able to take it. He looked up at Big Al's face and saw no sympathy.

"Sit on it, boy. Sit your ass down on it and make it feel good. That's what you're here for."

Gingerly, Malory eased his ass down until he could feel the head of the cock touch his ass lips. The knob felt like a baseball. He closed his eyes and tried to push down and felt a burning pain as his ass lips stretched around the flaring bulk.

"Please. I don't know if I can do it."

Big Al's hand shot out and slapped him across the face. The sharp pain so startled him that he fell back and the huge head popped into him, and he gasped at the explosion of sensation that tore through his body. He cried out, trying to rise, to get off the ramrod, but Big Al grabbed him by the shoulders, holding him there, pushing him down, forcing him further down on the impalement. He could feel the giant thickness moving into him, rearranging his insides, stretching him far beyond what the fingers had managed.

He cried out as he struggled, but Big Al's hands held him firmly astride the throbbing rod and then Big Al leaned for-

ward, catching one of his tits in his mouth and chewing hard on it with his teeth. Malory howled and slipped down the rest of the way. Feeling Big Al's bulging nuts nuzzled against his ass, he realized that he had the whole fucking piece of meat up inside him. He could hardly believe it.

"Hot damn!" Big Al exclaimed, taking his mouth away from Malory's tenderized tit. "That is one fucking hot piece of ass, boy. Oh yeah, my dick likes that ass, boy. Oh yeah!"

Malory felt good hearing that. It made him feel like he was doing the right thing and he forced himself to relax, forced himself to accept the stuffed feeling and pretty soon began to feel good again...then Big Al laid back with a grin on his face and took hold of Malory's tits with his fingers.

"Now, we're going to play, boy. I'm going to work you like a little toy and you're going to make me feel real good. You're going to move around on that dick just like I tell you, get you real used to taking orders like the little toy you are. That ass is mine now, boy, and I'm going to make good use of it."

His words excited Malory as felt himself surrendering his hole up to the man, giving it over for his pleasure. He was a fuckhole for the man's dick and he knew it, and it made him feel more excited than he would ever have dreamed possible.

"Move it around a little, not up and down, just around. I want to feel my dick poling around in your guts. Do it like I say."

And Malory did like Big Al said, moving his stretched asshole around in little circles that made the cockhead buried up inside of him move around in bigger circles, opening him up more.

"Oh, yeah, fuck it around," Big Al moaned, squeezing harder on his tits, pulling them out and twisting them as the naked youth squatting over his cock rubbed his ass around.

"Now start moving it up and down," Big Al ordered, and Malory did that, too, panting at the sliding friction of the thick stalk against the sleeve of his ass. He saw himself reflected in the dark pane of the window on the far wall, saw himself naked and rutting on his haunches over a man's cock, maneuvering his ass for the big man's pleasure like the sex toy he was being trained to be. His hair was sweaty and hanging over his forehead. His eyes looked glazed and wild. His tongue was hanging out.

He looked like a sex-crazed animal. He was a sex-crazed animal. All he was thinking of was satisfying that hot hardness inside of him. The vision of himself made him so hot he twisted his ass harder and faster. He bucked wildly, feeling the hardness slam against that button inside his ass that the fingers had found and activated earlier. Up and down he humped, growling in his excitement, thrusting his chest forward so his tits could be pulled harder.

Big Al groaned and dug his nails into Malory's tits and Malory slammed himself down on the prick harder than ever, making himself ache inside, the most delicious pain he had ever felt, and then he was exploding, cum jumping out of his prick and shooting over Big Al's head. Every muscle in his body tightened, clamping down hard around the entire length of the thickness buried to the hilt inside him, and he heard Big Al yell. In the dark window reflection he saw the sweaty wild studboy being shot full of male cum and he jammed his ass down harder, feeling the flooding wetness deep inside him and wanting all of it that he could get as the throbbing pressure at his ass lips

forced his nuts to pump dry until he slumped forward on the man's chest, his ass still distended by the softening thickness. His ass lips quivered around that mass as Big Al pushed his face into one sweaty armpit.

"Lick, boy. Relax for a few minutes and lick up my sweat. We'll give it another go in a while. You're a good asshole, boy."

Malory stuck his tongue in the smelly pit and started to lick contentedly at the moist dark hairs. He felt very good, better than he had ever felt in his whole life. He flexed his asshole around the softening thickness and felt the deep rumble of Big Al's moan and felt even better, and licked some more.

Malory Gets Swapped

Malory was unaware of the two men watching him. The muscular blond eighteen-year-old submissive was naked, wearing only a pair of heavy work boots with grey sweat socks rumpled around his ankles. He was cleaning up the back room, straightening up the sheets and blankets on the cot where he spent so much time training to service his boss.

His prick was half hard, fatty swollen—as was the case most of the time now, at least when it wasn't rip-roaring all-the-way hard, the way it was when his boss had his swollen ramrod jammed up there, making him take it and love it, which he did now, feeling an itch deep inside whenever he looked at his boss.

As he pulled back the rumpled bedclothes, the smell of sweaty, pissy bodies wafted up to him. On impulse, Malory dropped to his knees on the cold cement by the side of the cot and buried his face in the soiled wrinkles, breathing deep, filling himself with the heady fragrance of hot dick and assholes.

"Look at the little bastard. He just can't get enough of it," he heard Big Al chuckle.

Malory turned his head around to see Big Al standing in the doorway with someone else behind him, looking over his broad shoulder. Malory started to get to his feet, but Big Al stopped him.

"Stay down there, boy. I want to show my friend here a few things," he ordered, stepping into the room, followed by the other man.

Malory had a brief impression of the other guy being somewhat younger than Big Al, with a lean wiry build and short cropped sandy-brown hair. Then he was distracted by Big Al sitting on the cot in front of him.

"Let's show my buddy what a hungry little mouth you got, cocksucker. Watch this, Mike."

Malory shivered as Big Al worked his fly open and pulled out his fleshy rod. Yeah, he was always ready for more of that dick.

"Whoa, he does look hungry, all right," Mike said, moving around to the side and hunkering down so he had a good view of the action.

Malory hesitated, seeing the guy's dark brown eyes so close, staring at him so intently. It occurred to him that he had never done this with anybody watching before.

Big Al saw the hesitation and laughed. "Don't go all shy on us, cocksucker. Show my buddy how much you love that dick. Plant a big sloppy kiss on the cockhead. Make it a big, smacky one, cocksucker."

Slowly Malory leaned his head forward, pouting his lips out, aware of the guy beside him watching as he planted his mouth on the upstanding head of his boss's now fully-extended pecker, smacking his lips no sily on the swollen knob as Mike whistled in excited admiration.

"Damn, he does that good," he exclaimed.

"He does everything good," Big Al grunted, wrapping the fingers of one hand around the base of his cock, holding it up and grabbing the back of Malory's head in the other hand, guiding his mouth right where he wanted it. "Lick it," he ordered the submissive young male, "Stick your tongue out and lick around the head of it. Show my buddy how good a cocksucker you are. Show off, asshole."

Malory felt his own dick jump up stiff as he stuck the tip of his pink tongue out from between his lips and lapped around the rim of the flaring corona, watching Mike from the corner of his eye, getting off on being watched by another big guy as he lapped dick down on his knees naked, a slaveboy trained to service hot male meat whenever and wherever he was ordered by his boss. A drop of his boss's juice bubbled up at the slit of his dick.

"Lick it," his boss ordered. "Show my buddy how much you like the taste of good hot ball juice, cocksucker."

Malory licked at the milky oozing and slurped it into his mouth, sighing at the warm musky taste. He did love that taste. He loved every taste of his boss' body.

"Damn, that looks good," Mike said, groping his own crotch as he watched.

"It is good," Big Al agreed. "One of the best I ever had," he added as he directed Malory's mouth down over his shaft, planting it deep in the cocksucking slave's throat, holding him down there and gently rocking back and forth on the edge of the cot, enjoying the deep clenching action of Malory's throat muscles. "Like a fucking velvet glove."

"Damn, I wish I had me one of those," Mike said.

"What are you complaining about? You got Nick," Big Al grunted, starting to slide his cock back and forth in the hot channel of Malory's throat.

"Aw fuck, you know Nick. Sometimes he wants to play and sometimes he don't feel like it."

"A slave who you let say he don't feel like it, ain't a slave. He's a fucking pain in the ass."

Big Al's breath was coming faster now as he worked the cocksucking head up and down on his rod.

"Damn, it's getting me hot watching him. Can I have a little of that when you're done?"

"Climb on his backside. We'll fuck him from both ends. He ought to love that."

Malory glanced over and saw Mike fumbling with the fly of his jeans and pulling out a hard dick that was more slender than Big Al's and a little shorter, but every bit as hard. He felt the itch burning in his butt as the wiry guy shoved his pants down and moved around behind him.

"Wait a second," Big Al said. "Let's slick it up a little first. He's still pretty tender back there." He pulled Malory off of his rod, a trail of saliva dripping down the boy's chin as his head was twisted around and forced down on Mike's shaft, then jerked up and down a couple of times.

"Yeah, this is as good as it looks," Mike exclaimed. Then Malory was pulled off his rod and shoved back down on Big Al's, and he felt the other guy nudging up behind him, poking his hardness at his ass.

He missed the hole at first and Malory groaned in frustration, reaching around and pulling his buns apart, spreading his lips so that on the next try Mike's dick slipped up in him, sliding all the way home on the first shove.

"Oh, damn, that's good," Mike groaned.

"Told you, asshole. Let's fuck him on down." The two of them moved on Malory together, filling him from both ends, reducing him to a piece of trembling meat with two fuckholes.

They worked him over for a long time, slowing down whenever they got too close. Then, when they were ready to take it all the way, they pumped at him hard till they were both at the edge, ready to shoot.

Then Big Al reached down and grabbed Malory's throbbing dick and balls and squeezed so hard that Malory's whole body spasmed with the ache, a deep shuddering spasm that popped the gism right out of the two cocks sheathed deeply in him, filling him full of their milk.

"Oh, God!" Mike gasped as his shot finally ebbed down to a few last dribbles up the submissive ass. "That is incredible. I got to have me some more of that."

"Tough shit," Big Al grunted, giving Malory the last of his load. "This piece of meat belongs to me."

Malory felt Mike's dick soften and then slip out of his butt, leaving only a good ache.

The brown-haired guy was silent for a few minutes, rubbing his hand caressingly over Malory's ass. Malory liked that. He wiggled his butt a little as he held his boss's dick deep in his throat, still warm and firm and good-feeling to him.

"You know this fucking place is falling down around your ears, man," Mike said finally.

"So what?" Big Al snorted.

"Well, construction's my game, right?"

Big Al was silent, but Malory could feel his body shift, considering the words with attention.

"Maybe we could work out a little swap."

Malory Meets a Jealous Slave

"What's that?"

"It's a slave, Nick," Mike answered impatiently. "Have you forgotten what a slave looks like?"

The guy called Nick looked Malory up and down, his sullen dark eyes lingering a moment at Malory's cock, bobbing farly at his crotch as he shifted his booted feet uneasily in the rubble of the construction site.

Nick had dark hair cut military-short with a stained red sweatband tied around his head. His body was tanned copper, lean and tight with a spray of dark hair between his flat pectorals. His nipples were firm and distended, standing out at least half an inch. The right one was pierced by a gold ring. His dusty jeans rode low on his slim hips, so low it was plain that he wasn't wearing anything under them.

"I know what a slave looks like," Nick said. "I'm a slave, for Christ's sake."

"When you feel like it you mean," Mike retorted.

"I got my rights," Nick protested.

"I'm sick of your fucking rights."

"What's that around his neck?" Nick demanded, stepping close to the blond boy and eyeing the band of leather that Mike had fished out of the glove compartment of the truck and buckled around Malory's neck on the drive over.

"What's it look like, dickhead?"

"Hey, that's my collar! You can't put my dog collar on somebody else."

"You never want to wear it. It might as well be put to good use when I've got the chance."

"I wear it. I let you put it on me a lot. I just don't want to wear it out here where everybody can see me. I don't want everybody to think I'm a fucking freak. It's my collar. He can't have it!" he exclaimed, grabbing at the leather and starting to unbuckle it.

Malory coughed as the band was jerked against his throat. Mike jumped forward and grabbed Nick by the shoulders, slamming him back against a row of two-by-fours.

"Listen, you dumb piece of shit. A real slave don't give a fuck what anybody but his Master thinks of him. A real slave does what he's told any time, no matter where he is or who's looking."

"I suppose that's a real slave," Nick sneered with a defiant toss of his head toward the naked Malory.

"Goddamned right he's a real slave, and I'm going to have a good time with him."

"Are you throwing me out? Is he taking my place?" Nick bleated, his voice suddenly anxious. "You can't throw me out. I got my rights."

"No, I'm not throwing you out," Mike said, releasing his grip on Nick's shoulders. "I ought to. I swear to God I don't know why I'm still putting up with your shit, but I'm telling you I'm getting real goddamned tired of it."

"You're tired of me?" Nick said, his voice losing all its defiance.

The two guys stared at each other for a long moment. They seemed to have forgotten about Malory.

"I'm tired of your shit," Mike said finally. "Not you. Just your

fucking bullshit."

Mike turned wearily away and picked up a length of chain from the tool box. He walked over to Malory and hooked one end to the collar around Malory's neck, then led the naked eighteen-year-old boy to an exposed electrical conduit. He hooked the other end to it, securing the slave.

"I've got to meet with the old man, so I'm leaving him here for a while. I'll be back in a couple of hours and take him home. Keep an eye on him." He turned to leave but then stopped and, without looking back at Nick, added, "I've only got him for a week. I swapped with Big Al, him for a week in exchange for some rebuilding on Big Al's place." He turned around and looked directly at Nick. "Maybe you can learn something from a real slave."

Nick flushed angrily but said nothing. Mike turned again and left.

"A real slave my ass," Nick muttered. "I don't need to learn shit from some punk kid." He glared at Malory for a few minutes and then stomped over to him. Malory backed up a step and hit the framing behind him. "Fucking chickenshit." He stood glaring at the blond boy several minutes and then surprised Malory by unhooking the chain from his collar. Malory looked at him questioningly. "Why don't you run away, fuckhead, run back to Al's place? We don't need you around here."

"I can't. My Boss ordered me to stay here, Sir," Malory said quietly.

"What a dumb shithead, calling a slave Sir. Some fucking slave you are. What the fuck am I supposed to learn from a dipshit like you?" Nick snorted. He saw Malory staring at his elongated nipples. "Like those tits, huh? They make yours look like shit. My Master worked on those tits. He made them stand out like that. He put that ring through it, too."

Nick's voice was getting raspy and uneven. Malory looked and saw that the taller boy was staring at his lips.

"Want to see what a real slave's tit feels like, kid?" Put your mouth on it," he ordered, his voice breathy.

Slowly, Malory leaned his head forward and took the fleshy little tube into his mouth, sucking on it, feeling the ring click against the back of his teeth.

"Oh yes, Master," Nick groaned, closing his eyes and letting his head drop back. "Chew your slave's tit. Make your slave feel it. Harder, Sir. Your slave can take it, Sir."

Suddenly he smashed his fist into Malory's belly. Malory fell backwards against the framing, gasping for air. Nick stood, glaring at him a moment, his chest rising and falling with deep breaths. Malory could see the red marks of his teeth around Nick's nipple.

"Fuck you," Nick snarled, taking the chain and hooking it back onto Malory's collar.

Then he went back to work, ignoring the blond slave for the next half hour or so. Finally, dripping with sweat, he stopped and took his work gloves off and stomped past Malory, saying curtly, "I've got to take a piss. I'll be right back."

Two more steps and he stopped, turning back to Malory, a calculating look in his dark eyes.

"A real slave, huh? We'll just see."

So saying he came back and unhooked the other end of the chain and pulled Malory after him on the leash.

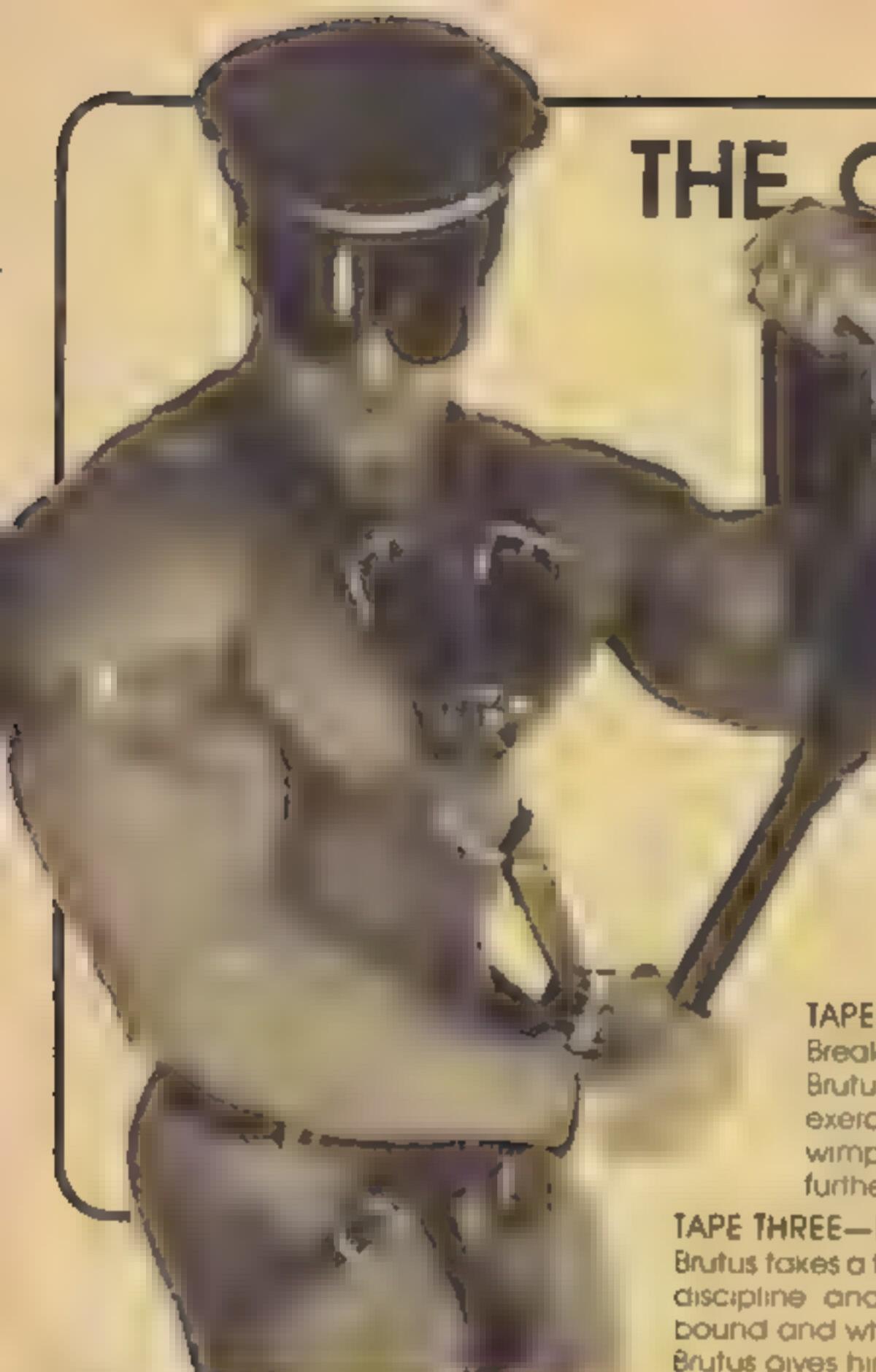
"Come on, slave," he muttered, leading Malory over to the portapotty at the edge of the site and shoving him inside, closing the door behind the two of them.

The small compartment was dark and hot as a sweat box, smelling of disinfectant and excrement. Nick forced Malory down on his knees and stood over him, fumbling with the buttons of his fly.

"We'll just see how real you are, slave," he mumbled as he pulled out a chunky piece of meat. He immediately jammed it into Malory's mouth and then grunted, the muscles of his tight belly standing out in relief as he strained.

It took a few minutes, but then Malory felt the first drops of liquid trickle into his mouth. He started to pull back. Nick

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lunged forward, banging the back of Malory's head against the wall, trapping him with his mouth full of the now sputtering cock.

"Drink it," Nick snarled. "Drink my fucking slave piss, you asshole. Show me what a real slave can take."

The hot fluid gushed into Malory's mouth, surprisingly sweet. The quantity was so great he choked, spraying the yellow stuff on Nick's jeans.

"Not on me, you fucker," Nick cursed, slapping him across the face and shoving his spurting dick back in, holding him tight, making him take it all.

Malory gulped as fast as he could, finally getting the hang of it and managing to take most of the gushing stream. It was warm inside him as he felt his belly filling, turning him into a toilet for the other slave.

"Oh, that's good," Nick gasped above him, expressing approval in spite of himself. "Yeah, that's real good. Take it all, slave. Take it all."

When he was done, he stepped back, pulling his dick out of Malory's mouth and staring down at him. "Real thirsty, weren't you, slave?" he sneered, and then his eyes narrowed. "Maybe you're hungry, too. How about that," he said slowly. "You hungry too, slave boy?"

Malory was confused. He didn't know what to say. It didn't matter. "Lie down," Nick ordered. Malory hesitated. Nick kicked at him. "Lie down shithead! Get your fucking ass down on that floor."

Malory slid down on the floor, looking up at the other boy. He felt sweat trickling down his sides and under his balls. Nick undid his belt and pulled his jeans all the way open. He stepped over Malory, placing his booted feet on either side of his head. Malory flinched, closing his eyes.

"Open your eyes shithead. I want you to see what's happening," Nick ordered him.

Malory opened his eyes and saw Nick pushing his jeans down over his lean hips, down his legs, pushing them all the way down to his ankles where they stretched between his boots. Malory could feel them rumpled against the top of his head. Up above his he could see Nick's cock and balls and the cleft of his ass, hairy and dark.

"Let's see what we can do for a hungry slave boy," Nick said quietly, lowering himself slowly, squatting down and pulling his buttocks apart so Malory could see where the dark hairs circled the pink rim of his ass.

Malory had never done this before. He felt a sense of revulsion and then all resistance seemed to leave him as he stared at that pink hole. He couldn't take his eyes away from it as it came lower, closer. It was as if it were an eye hypnotizing him.

"You like my hole, don't you slave boy?" Nick murmured seductively as he squatted over the blond boy's face. "You like my shithole, don't you boy? You can hardly wait to get a taste of it, can you shithead? You're just aching to give my hole a big, fat, juicy kiss, ain't you, slave boy?"

He reached down between his legs and pulled his cock and balls aside so he could keep watching the blond's eyes. He saw a glazed look come into them as they focused there at the crack of his butt. He saw the boy's mouth drop open as his breathing became slower, deeper.

Without thinking, Nick continued on, surprised at the words as they came out of his mouth. He had never done this before. It was one of the things he drew the line at with Mike. He was surprised at himself, surprised at the ease with which this was happening.

"Yeah, that's right, slave boy. Get into it. Let yourself relax and let go of everything. That hole is everything to you now. That shithole is the most beautiful thing you've ever seen. It's your whole world, boy. It's all that's important to you now. It's all you're thinking about. Just that hole, that beautiful asshole that you're going to kiss and lick and eat..

His voice broke off as he lowered himself all the way and spread himself against the blond boy's lips, felt those warm lips

touch the tender pink flesh of his hole.

As he gasped at the contact, the blond boy's eyes met his, locked with his and it seemed to him he had never seen a blue as deep as that before. They were joined now, asshole to mouthhole.

Time slowed as the top moved his butt around slowly, feeling the warm tongue push into him, opening him. The air in the compartment was thick as water and silent as the bottom of the ocean.

Now Nick knew he was no longer in control. He was giving up everything, as much as the asseater beneath him. Their eyes stayed locked as they merged and the tongue pushed further into him, relaxing him deep inside, opening the second sphincter.

He felt the movement inside him begin, felt the sliding bulk move closer to that juncture, pushing over his prostate, like a prick inside him but going the other way. There was a ringing in his ears as he saw the blond boy's eyes widen and left the mouth moving under him, accepting, eating.

Nick was so excited his cock shook in his hand, not coming in jerks, but emitting its load like a stream of running water. He grunted, a loud groaning sound tightening every muscle in his body as he expelled everything into the completely passive receptacle beneath him—and then the tongue was licking at him again, cleaning him as those deep blue eyes kept staring into his.

Nick became frightened, flinching for the first time in his life what it might mean to be a real slave. He jumped up hurriedly, almost falling over again, his knees were so shaky. He pulled his jeans up and turned his back to Malory, still sprawled out on the floor.

"I'm going to get rid of you! I don't want you around. I never want to see you again. There's got to be a way. I'll tell him you ran away. I'll tell him I left you alone for a few seconds and when I came back you..."

His rushed and tumbled words dissolved into gulping sobs as he started crying.

"I'm sorry, man," he blurted, his face buried in his hands as he stayed turned away from the wondering Malory. "It's not your fault. It's mine. I'm not real. I know it. He doesn't know it, but I do. And if you stay, even if you're with Al, he'll see you. He'll see how you are and he'll know it."

The dark slave stopped, silent for a moment, breathing deeply, getting himself under control. Then he turned, looking down at Malory, a hard look coming back into his reddened eyes. "I ain't having that." He stared at Malory some more, the hard look changing to wonder in his eyes. "You don't belong to Al, anyway, do you?"

"He's my boss, Sir!" Malory said quietly, confused by what was going on.

"No, he isn't. You're a real slave. You don't belong to anybody. Does that make any sense?"

Malory shook his head slowly.

"Fuck, I don't even know what I mean," Nick snorted derisively. Then he sobered up. "But you know... I can... that I don't know how, but I can..." He took a few deep, shuddering breaths and then added, "Maybe I should just think of this as helping you on your way. Yeah, that's what I'm doing. I'm really just a good hearted bastard after all." He started laughing, but it ended abruptly with a choked-off sound and he turned quickly, pulling the door open. "You stay here. I got to call somebody."

He slammed the door behind him and Malory heard his footsteps crunch over the gravel to the pay phone a few feet away. There was the jingle of a coin being dropped in and then the punching of the buttons, and then he heard Nick's voice, still a little shaky.

"Hello, Mac! This is Nick. Yeah, I was calling about that load of TV components you were talking about. Are some of those still available at the back dock? Good. Why don't you bring your truck over here. I think we can work out a trade."

(To be continued)



The Dick

Detective Dick takes on his most dangerous case. Could this be curtains for the best dick in town?

by August Smith

The kid had tits like putty. At first they were hard round knobs stuck fast against his chest. Soon they dangled from his hairy pectorals like fetal appendages, long and grotesque, pink and shiny white.

He had nice balls, too. They had spilled out of his shorts and settled along the bar stool, two pronounced nuts nestled in drapes and folds of a delicate pink pouch.

I had kept him in my sight all morning. He wasn't a bad kid. Well-built, tan and muscular, short brown hair, deep green eyes. He looked like a son in his laceless sneakers and tight white shorts.

I made my move. The kid didn't stand a chance. I'm a stud.

I approached the kid. I plunged my hand in my crotch, arranging my wet prick and fat balls to their best advantage.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi."

I withdrew my hand. The head of my prick came out along with it. The kid stared in disbelief. My prick has that effect. It sprang from my trousers like a shark, its oozing hole open wide.

My hand was slick. I slipped it into his. "Can I buy you a drink?" I invited.

So we sat in an empty bar over a couple of beers. I can't say that I wasn't enjoying myself. The kid was getting hot, too.

Then the telephone rang.

I flipped the bartender a quarter for the use of the phone and scanned the street through the windows. I do that automatically when I'm on a case.

You see, I'm a dick, a private dick, Detective Dick, the best dick in town. I was working, indirectly, for the kid.

"Hello?" a frantic voice whispered. It was the same voice that had asked me that morning to protect the kid. He told me he didn't want the kid to know about it. He had told me no more.

I figured tailing the kid would be conspicuous. I decided to cruise him, instead.

"Yes," I answered.

"Is he okay?"

"He's fine. Tell me."

The line went dead. He had hung up.

I tried to puzzle it all together, but realized I had only one piece. Then when I turned around, the kid was gone.

I found him late that night at the city dump. Whoever got him from me worked him over pretty good. I pulled the drainpipe from his asshole and cleaned him up a bit. The coroner determined death by asphyxiation.

I felt pretty small walking back to the bar. My kid was dead and I didn't have a clue.

Another call. "How is he?"

"I want to meet you."

"No!"

"He's—dead." I said it slowly and bluntly. I interrupted the resulting silence with my pitch. "He's dead. You're probably in danger. Will you let me find out why?"

"An hour," he said finally. "The bridge in the park."

An hour later I was mystified. There on the bridge stood the kid again, waiting. He seemed to recognize me and started toward me. There was something different about him, though. It was as if his green eyes saw out of a different soul. They were brothers, I realized.

"Thank you," he said.

"Twins?" I asked.

"Yes." Suddenly he was sobbing in my arms.

I held him for a while. He had the kid's tits and his balls were a little bigger than his brother's. I decided to proceed with the case.

We drank beers at the bar. He told me the whole sad story. He and his brother ran here years ago to seek fame and fortune. He told me they were a couple of Stables' boys.

I arched my eyebrow in interest. Stables' place was high on a hill just out of town. Stories about Stables' place made my cock shoot juice all by itself.

Nigel Stables inherited a good deal of money at a tender age. His only living relative, an old aunt, became his legal guardian. By day Nigel was an upstanding young man in the community. By night he admitted unfortunate derelicts through the kitchen door. In exchange for food and money they submitted themselves to Master Stables' imagination and perversity.

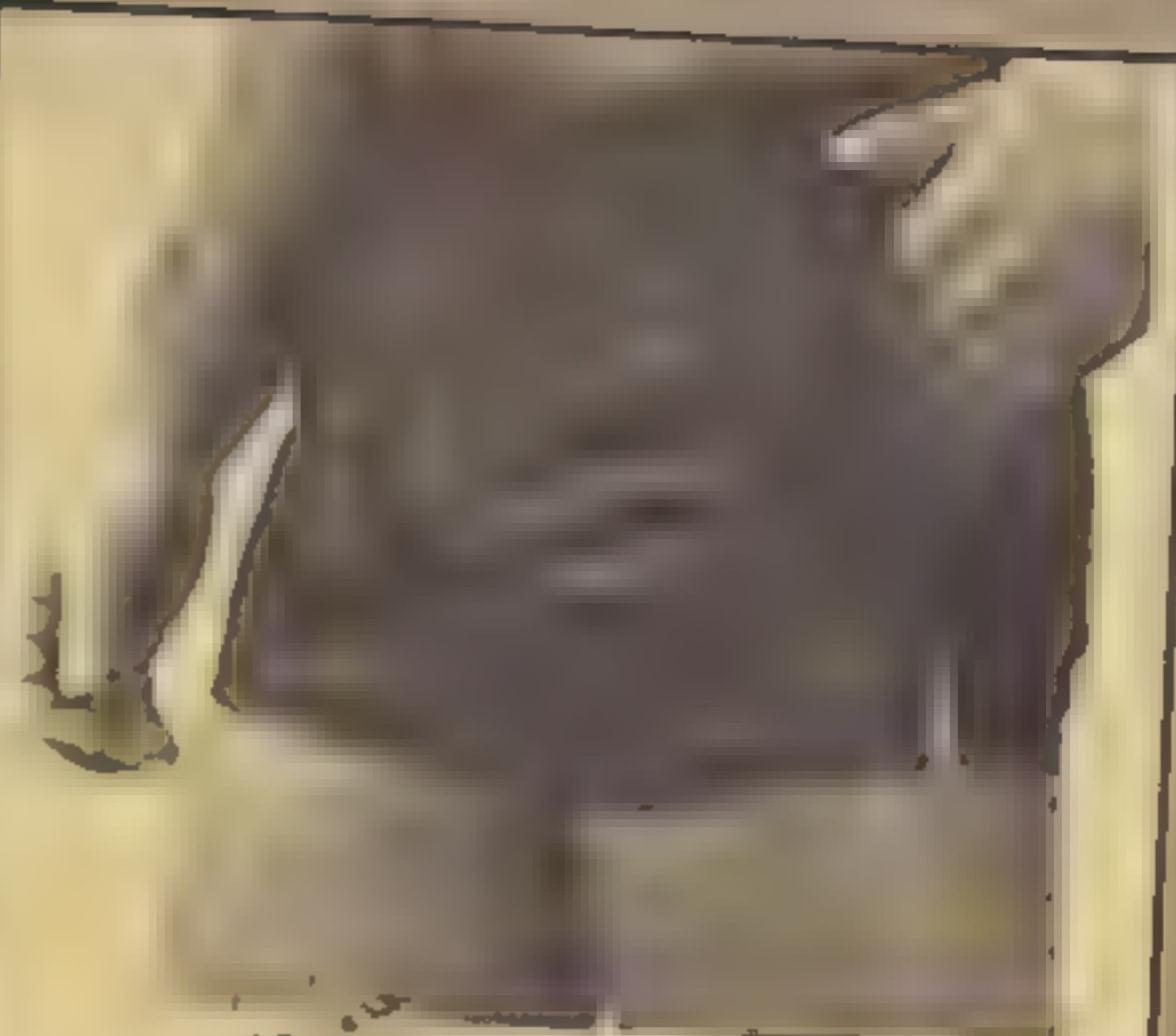
As Nigel prepared for his day of emancipation, a stranger appeared on the doorstep of the old mansion. He succeeded in gaining an audience with Nigel after short interviews with both the butler and the elderly woman.



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A handsome man, Nigel thought. His suit fit well in the formal halls, as carefully tailored as the room itself. He didn't, though, fit his clothes, Nigel thought. His forehead was high, his hair short and curly, his features broad and heavy. A trim black beard framed his face. He looked less like a businessman and more like a—

Then Nigel recognized him, or so the story goes. He had come often to the kitchen door, miserable and filthy. His name was Otis.

One night Nigel had chained the beggar Otis to the wall like Prometheus. He sucked the man's tits until they were huge and pierced them with great gold rings. He chewed on the man's foreskin until it hung like a long hunk of half-digested meat, and pierced it too. He attached to the beggar Otis' balls a smooth heavy weight that almost touched the floor.

Then Nigel unleashed his god. Nigel forced the man to crawl around on his elbows and knees, his tits and prick scraping the floor, his hard purple balls dragging the weight behind him. Nigel fell and clung to his back and slowly fucked the beggar Otis as he crawled.

Now that same man stood before him again, but in the light of day and carrying a briefcase.

"Good afternoon," Nigel offered with a gulp. The man said nothing.

The old lady stood in the doorway. "Auntie dear," Nigel said carefully. "I'm sure I hear that baby crying again upstairs. Will you check on him, please?" The aunt, a nearly senile thing, muttered something under her breath and left the room.

The stories about what happened next continue in some detail. Otis didn't carry briefs in his case. The subjugation of Master Stables began and had its moments all over town. Otis abused him openly, publicly. I have heard the same delicious details from several reliable sources.

The thugs that once huddled and shivered outside the kitchen door at night soon had free reign of the place. They became the "stable" that most people thought of when someone mentioned Stables' place.

And this kid, I thought, was one of them. The other one, too. These elastic tits and outrageous balls belong to Nigel Stables and the beggar Otis.

I took the kid home for a little interrogation. I figured it was due.

My place is a tenement. A third-floor toilet with a drain in the floor and a bed. It serves.

I connected the kid's ass with the faucet and turned on the water. I pumped him for information.

"Who wanted your brother dead?"

"I don't know!" he gasped.

"Someone at Stables' place?"

"I don't know!"

I turned off the water. I stuffed his ass with my thickest plug.

That's all they wear, I hear, at Stables' place. It's the uniform. They wear their tight skin, their humpy muscles, and long thick plugs. Stables' boys have holes as open as all-night diners.

I pulled out the plug. A burst of liquid shit splattered across my handsome face. I stuffed it in again.

"Who wanted your brother dead?" I demanded.

"He said he knew something. Something about a murder. Oh-h-h!"

I pulled out the plug again. The shit began to swirl out of the kid's ass like ice cream from a machine.

I was in heaven. The kid had known too much. They shut him up for it. I had to find out what it was.

I hopped a wall and scrambled through the brambles. The kid let me in through the kitchen door. We hurried down a hall and into an empty sitting room.

So this was Stables' place. The grounds outside were sad and overgrown, but the interior was as clean and rich as a compulsively kept little museum.

The kid told me I would be thoroughly inconspicuous if I stripped and walked around with a plug up my ass. He pulled his out slowly, a long pliant latex wedge.

I don't much like to talk about myself, but when I caught a reflection of myself in a mirror across the room, my tall hunky frame bent over just a little, my handsome face screwed up in sensation, my shark of a prick biting through the air, and that kid feeding my ass with more and more and more of that giant plug—whew! The kid kissed me for good luck and left the room. I was on my own.

The main room at Stables' place was high and vaulted. Its tall windows were shuttered hard and heavily curtained. Fireplaces burned brightly in each of its four walls. The rugs were deep, the furniture fine and gleaming.

Sprawled all about on the floor and couches scores of hot studs were sucking and fucking with gnawing teeth and reckless thrusts. Sweat and skin glistened in the firelight.

Several studs stood fettered in the middle of the room. One of them writhed, his balls isolated on the other side of a wooden stock. They worked over his balls with leather straps and paddled.

Another one lay on a table with his hands tied to his ankles and his head tied between his legs. His ever-available hole was in constant use. When one of them finished fucking him, a sluggish stream of clotted fluid began to flow from his open hole until the next prick filled it up again.

I hadn't made it a foot across the room before I fell into that sea of flesh. Everywhere I looked I saw a distended tit or heavy ripe nuts. A red-haired kid rolled over and sat on top of me, securing himself with my prick deep within his guts. He lolled his pretty cock in my mouth. Without warning he began to piss. I wasn't expecting it, but I drank it. Then I flung him over and fucked him hard for it, my stiff angular shaft in and out in quick precise strokes. His moaning and screaming filled the vaulted hall.

I yanked it out just before it would have shot. I began my investigation in earnest. I had to be cocked and ready for whatever lay ahead.

I climbed the stairway. I walked the halls of Stables' place.

At a turn in the hallway a statue of a peculiar old woman came to life before my eyes. She was a pitiful sight, her white straw hair in disarray, her skin yellowed and wrinkled. She wore a rumply misbuttoned expensive silk gown and a tiara.

"You're not one of my babies," she said to me, bewildered. "Who are you?"

"Who are your babies?" I asked her.

She burst into tears under my scrutiny. She closed her eyes and wailed to herself. "So many of them are missing!" She held her hands to her eyes and drifted down the hall. "One of them is crying, and I can't find him!"

I heard a groan from behind a door. I opened it cautiously and peered into the room. Another group of naked studs stood around in a ring. On a cushion in the center lay an exquisite creature. He arched his back and raised his lithe frame from the cushion. He licked his red lips. His eyes were milky and delirious. His insatiable ass enjoyed an implement of exaggerated proportion. The tool was pulled from him and with it a thin sleeve of bright red tissue stretched out from within his remarkable hole. It peeled back along the shaft and eased itself into a puckering crown around his ass.

So this was Nigel. My prick began to nod with appreciation. The device plunged into him again. He rolled his head and groaned again. It was exhilarating and obscene. This was Master Stables.

I wanted to introduce myself to my host. But the shark would have to wait. I was working for the kid.

What did I know? Again I walked the halls, holding my erection against my side lest anyone see me coming around a corner or through a door. Boys were missing, yes.

There were footsteps behind me. I stepped into an alcove and watched several studs walk by. Then another few came

along. I followed them. Others followed me. I became part of the group. The kid was one of my companions. He did his best to ignore me.

We headed toward a door and fell silent as we entered a brightly lit room. Behind a desk stood a man I recognized immediately as the beggar Otis. He was massive. His muscles buckled like steel girders under his skin. His face was broad and deeply-lined. His great cock lay splayed across the top of the desk like a pet slug, the gold ring gleaming from its head.

He was definitely an arresting man. No one said a word.

He looked at each of us. He consulted a clipboard. "You!" he barked. He pointed to a stud. "Cowboy action." The young man left the room through an inner door. Otis pointed to another one. "Heavy jock."

The process continued. Each one of them received his instructions, then went through the inner door. One by one they returned in appropriate attire. The first stud looked hot in his boots, chaps and hat. Two goons took an address card from Otis and hustled the cowboy out the door.

Aha! It was the perfect setup! Most of Stables' boys were of the kitchen door variety. None of them could object to a little action on the side. They had it too good. Over time, they more than paid for it. I thought about the lunatic aunt. I thought about the nephew with the world up his ass. Otis was a very clever man.

He stood looking at the kid. He seemed to think for awhile. I didn't like the expression on his face. He pointed to him. "Elderly professor." His eyes crinkled with malice and satisfaction.

I was next. "Dungeon slave."

Once in the dressing room I took a ragged sack to the uncomprehending kid. I myself donned a tasteful set of corduroy. When Otis turned his back on the door we made for our goons who hustled us out the door.

Otis had something in mind for the kid. I was on my way to find out what it was.

The goons delivered me to the door of a plain two-story brick townhouse. A funny little man opened the door, exclaiming "Very good!" and handed one of the goons a small packet. He invited me to enter and shut the door behind us.

The furnishings in the rooms were modest and serviceable. There was a mustiness to the air. The walls of the rooms were lined with old books.

"Ordinarily," the professor began, "I would ask you to enjoy a cup of tea with me." He frowned. "Under the circumstances, however, I think we'd best get on with it."

I heard a faint howl from the room above us. The professor gestured in exasperation. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" he shouted in thin fury.

He led me up the stairs. We stopped in front of a heavy door. The professor unlocked it with a key from around his neck. "He's in here," he explained, opening the door.

Suddenly an odd instrument flashed from a holster at his side. He fired it into the dim room. I heard a startled cry and a heavy thump. I looked curiously into the room. The professor shoved me inside and to the floor. The door slammed with finality.

I quickly gained my feet and found the switch to the light. How long I stood frozen in terror I do not know. At any rate, it—he—was beginning to revive.

It was a man, clearly. He spread seven-feet across the floor. He was so clearly a man he looked more like an animal, a beast.

His face was long and wide and rugged. His body was an obesity of muscle, his chest and shoulders freakishly over-developed, his waist rippled, his legs thick and angular. Coarse brown hair grew all over him in straggled patches.

His face began to twitch. It screwed into a malign, pained expression.

His animal prick began to stiffen and grow. I became alarmed. I thought it already terrifying in its proportion.

He stood up. His erect prick dangled heavily between his legs like the prick of a bull, mottled purple and pink. A continuous

rush of creamy fluid trickled from the hole in its ill-defined head. His huge nuts sat busy at either side of his shaft, hugging his abdomen.

Even in his crouching posture he towered over me. He stomped his foot. He howled. He circled me.

He was technically a "physical distillate," the professor later confessed. He was quitesentially male.

He tripped me with his foot. He pinned me to the floor with his sheer weight. He cudgled my face with his animal prick. The heavy shaft slammed against the ridge of my nose. I felt the warm sensation of blood.

He reduced me to insensibility with his long bludgeon, then held my head at arms length and stuck the creamy slick head of his prick into my mouth. Soon he lay over me with the entire length of his formidable prick buried down my throat.

I tried to keep a cool head. It was difficult with his prick raring through it. I tried to assay my situation.

I felt a strange set of ridges near the base of his shaft. My teeth fit easily into them.

He fucked my face. He fucked it like an animal with his animal prick. I tried to relax but panic surged when the room began to spin.

Again my teeth fit into the ridges when he returned his entire length to me. Aha! Yes! I thought. They were the marks of others in the very same situation. They had tried to bite it off. His balls rolled over my bleeding nose like a wet sponge and sealed my nostrils. Death by asphyxiation! Yes!

Everything edged into focus. I had solved the case!

The "missing children" had all fallen victim to this monster, the pet of the funny little professor. Otis knew, but he kept sending boys anyway. The first kid suspected it, and soon thereafter met his fate with the same shaft down his choking throat. Had his brother come there that night as Otis had intended him to do, he would have met it, too.

These thugs were no match for me! I had the goods on them! I also had a two-foot prick trying to work my ass from the inside out. I gasped for air I didn't find. Finally the room went black.

I came to a short while later. I tried to shake the fuzz out of my head. I looked around for my captor.

He sat huddled in a corner of the room in a great white puddle. He grasped his prick with his long fingers, as if the pressure soothed his shaft. His face betrayed his excruciation. His animal prick convulsed every few seconds, sending out a long stream of juice. It wouldn't stop. His nuts were small and purple-white trying to keep up the supply.

I rose to my feet. He did nothing but look at me. He was thoroughly incapacitated.

I broke through the door to the hall and called for the professor. After a while he made a nervous approach. He seemed startled that I should be summoning him.

He looked at his pet. "Oh my! Oh my! What have you done to him?" He rushed out of the room, then returned with a black bag. He gave the ejaculating thing a hypodermic.

I had been too much for the beast, poor thing. He got so turned on fucking my face that he couldn't get it turned off. His animal prick stuck on "on."

The injection had its effect. He was soon resting peacefully.

I rounded up Otis and took him and the professor to the local precinct. The boys were glad to see me. They had a string of unsolved cases.

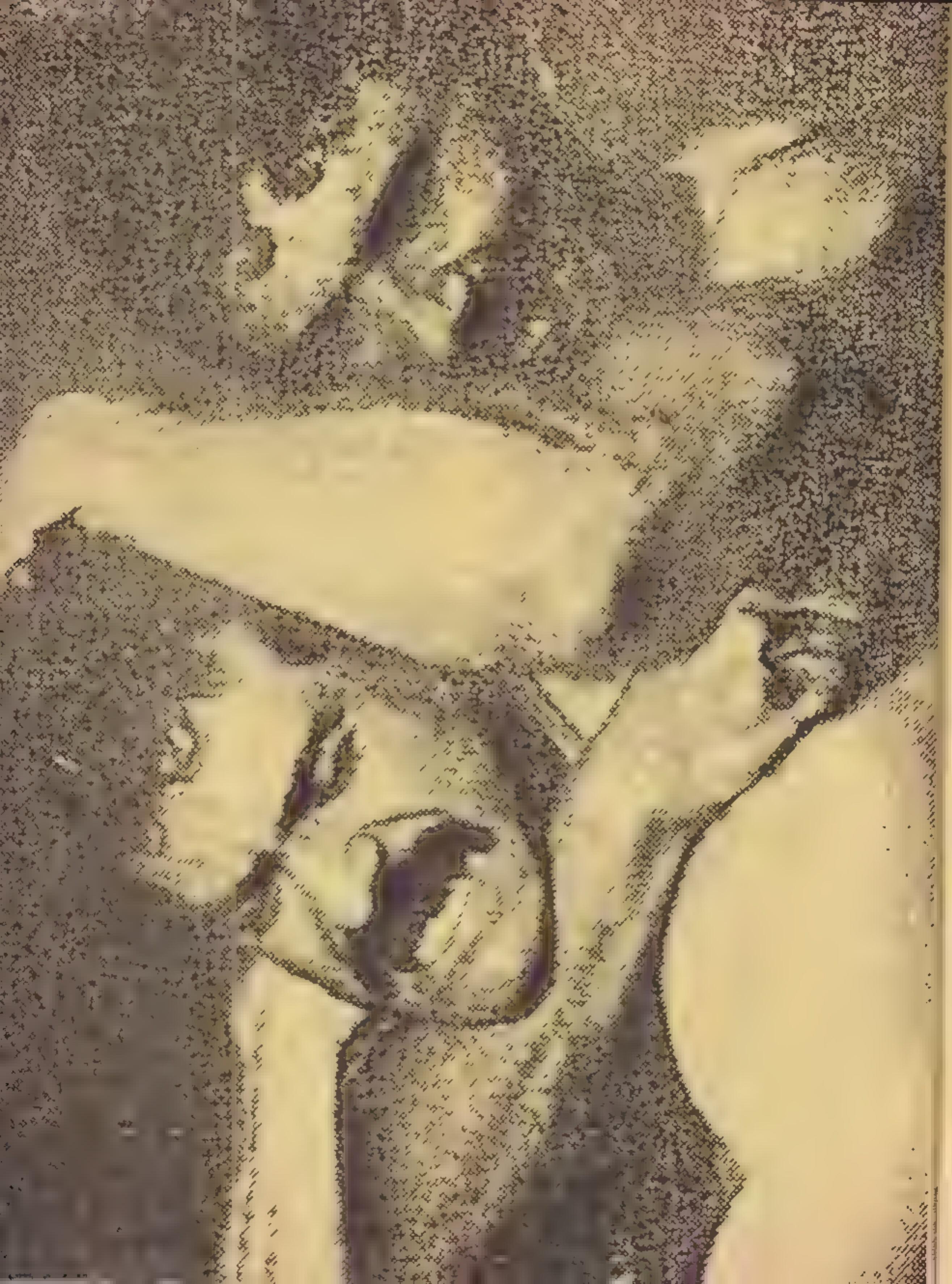
Well, that was that. Cases closed. Just a few loose strings.

I returned to Stables' place. As I suspected, he had been heavily drugged for some time. I dismissed his boys. I called for a hospital to attend to the nephew and aunt.

I went in search of the kid. I found him in the cellar of one of the better homes in town. The little dungeon was tasteful and chock-full of interesting toys. The kid refused to leave.

Me? Well, it was just another couple of days in the life of Detective Dick. It pays well. And it—

Oh, excuse me. There's a howling and stomping coming from the next room. I've got to go. It's feeding time. □



REALITY

by Mako

Sledge Hammer was in trouble. He knew it through every square inch of his muscular 165-pound high school wrestler's body, and especially in his virgin asshole—which was at this very moment still straining to eject the thick butt plug recently shoved through its sphincter by his laughing conqueror.

Sledge could feel his ass weakening and beginning to accept the new situation, could smell his own shit worked free by the plug and the piss that had sprayed him liberally, and he could see the end of the plug positioned as he was bent almost in half with his legs up and over his shoulders, tied to hooks in the wall by the torn remnants of his nylon tank suit and jock, augmented by ropes for his arms and neck to hold him eternally in the position of defeat and submission.

Sledge wallowed in his humiliation. He had always been the victor, he had given the pain, held his opponent to the floor to the cries of the crowd and felt his foe's strength fade from him before standing with hand raised and cock rising. Now he was vanquished, he pless, his face burning from the feel of hot piss, tasting the shit from the man's asshole, remembering the commands and taunting:

"Suck ass, punk! Make that blond mop pump over its Master's hole..."

His heart sank as he remembered the terms of the match and how eagerly he had agreed to risk his freedom against the rich faggot's thousand dollars. He had taunted the man, this forty-year-old faggot who weighed at most one hundred and fifty; how could he really expect to beat Sledge Hammer?

But he had, and it hadn't even been close. Now Sledge lay the slave to a faggot, which meant he had to give in to everything a sick mind could come up with, without even enjoying it... yet his cock was hard, as hard as he had ever seen it and dripping a little bead of precum.

Then his heart began to race in time to the sound of footsteps approaching. His Master was returning, perhaps alone or maybe with the little punk from next door, the one Sledge had always pushed around—the Master had threatened to bring him, so the whole school would know. The floor creaked, the doorknob turned... Sledge fought his bounds but they were too strong, the plug in his butt was becoming too pleasureable, the taste of shit in his mouth too strong...

"Look, Harry," the thin man in the doorway said "I got tired, let's just go to the Allegro."

Harry Brown, formerly Sledge Hammer, groaned in frustration, his cock shaking. "Damn it, Joel" he moaned at his roommate. "It was going good!"

Joe knelt beside him, knelt very carefully so as not to get dust on his slacks. "I know Babe," he whispered gently. "But good for you, not me"

Harry lay back when released, and massaged the cramps from his somewhat flabby forty-six-year-old body, regretting the muscular body he had just assumed and once had lived in.

"Oh-ohh," Joe singsonged, recognizing the mood. "I guess I'd better go on ahead." He got up but turned at the door. "Coming by?"

Harry just scowled at him, Joe sighed, but it was Saturday night and he had things to do. Harry got up and went to his closet to dress.

"Reality," he grunted angrily. "Just once I'd like to have some reality in this scene!"

He was still muttering as he headed up Spruce Street for the Cell Block. He was dressed now in fatigues with keys jangling to the right of his web belt, high jumpboots a-shining.

"Reality," he muttered again.

"I can show you reality," a voice interrupted.

Harry turned and saw a hunched old street person perched on a vent, covered by dirt covering layers of clothing unraveling into a new psuedo skin, but feeling good because some partie had given him half a bottle

"I don't think I can stomach that much reality," Harry told him. The old man cackled and Harry walked on, feeling better.

Soon he was marching to the clomping of his boots. A street hustler, more than a bit high on crank in preparation for the evening's employment, drew himself up and saluted

"Yooh, Joel" the kid cried at GI Joe, marching by to fight the enemies of international capitalism...

And Joe Montane, Vietnam Vet and mercenary extraordinaire, marched up the street to his secret rendezvous in a bar called the Cell Block. His entire rock-hard body was a weapon, his steel-grey eyes took in his surroundings at a glance—no one dared get in the way of this fighting machine

All eyes fixed on him as he entered the Cell Block—hard eyes of hard men that would as soon spit at you as talk to you, men who fought for fun and wore leather or uniform in a world gone to polyester. All these eyes quailed before those of Joe Montane but for one man: his contact.

Joe acted casual; he was no virgin at this game... Hell, after the NV regulars had gotten through with him he wasn't a virgin at anything. He stepped to the bar

"Tequila, straight!" he ordered.

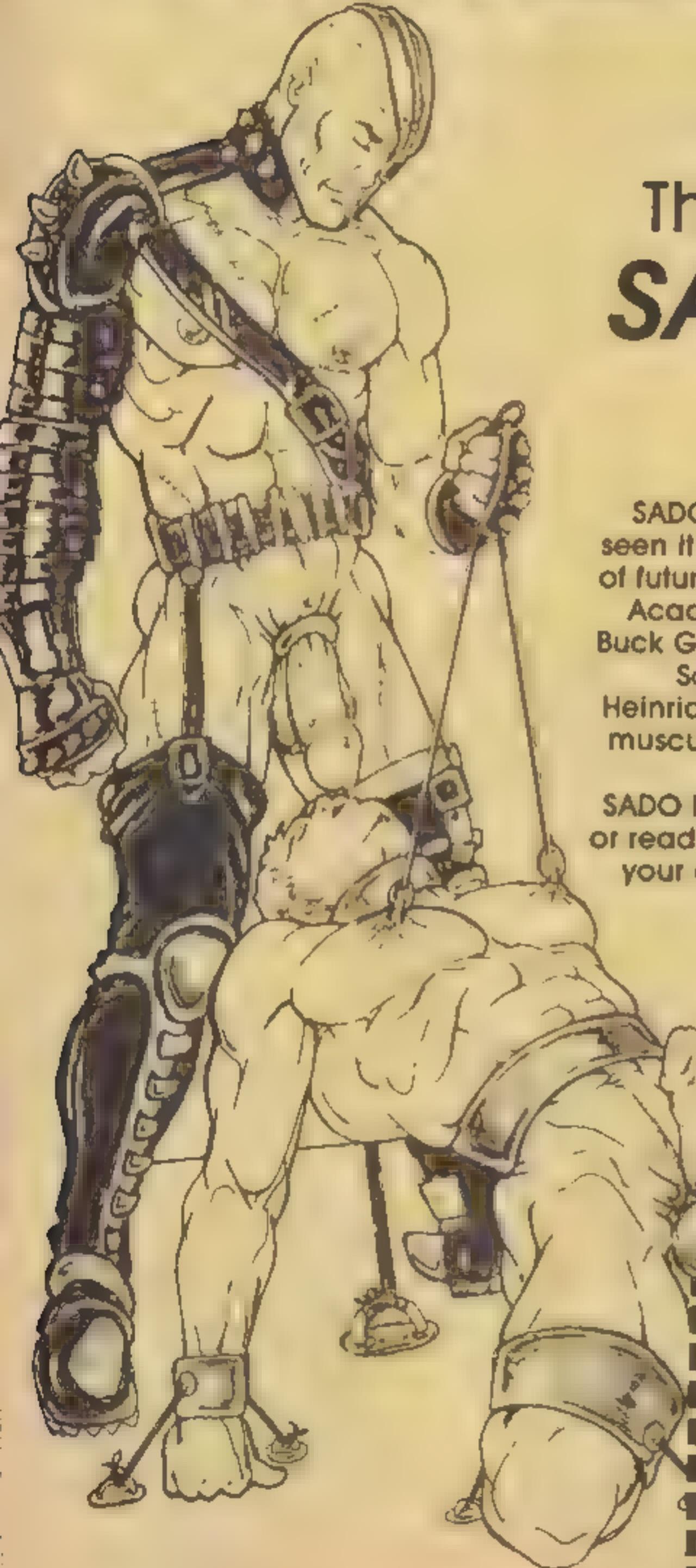
"Sure, hon," the bartender sighed in falsetto.

Joe ignored him. He was used to making contact in such places, the better to avoid the agents of Russian Communism; the Russian's kissed but they left fucking to their slaves. Joe laughed at their qualms. There were times when his ten-inch dick of death opened lips, figuratively and literally, better than any weapon, like that time during Tet... but his contact was coming—and what a man! Six foot six inches of iron-hard muscle, lean and tough from hard training, scarred from hand-to-hand combat, chin not afraid to jut, crew-cut hair, dressed inconspicuously in black jeans and logger shirt. The recognition signal, keys to the left side, jingling as he walked

The man looked Joe over just as openly.

"Good-looking recruit," the man sneered

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Reality

"The toughest, Sir!" Joe shot back, keeping the man's gaze, smiling assuredly and daring him to give him a chance to prove it.

"My boys have to be," the Mercenary leader warned.

"Try me," Joe offered. "Put me through your toughest exercises; any discipline allowed, any penalty for failure, any initiation or test of loyalty welcomed!"

The man liked what he saw. "Captain Rogers," he said, and began to leave.

"Joe Montane," Joe returned and followed. It was the beginning of a new adventure. Maybe the time for men like Joe Montane was passing, but he wouldn't change. He lived for the risk, the sacrifice, the bonding together of like men into a force that would do anything for each other, risk anything for the rush of the challenge. And as Joe watched the muscular body of Captain Rogers, which was certainly just an assumed identity, he knew he had found a man he would follow anywhere.

They went to Rogers' hotel room, an inconspicuous site for first testing. Joe's quick glance showed him that Captain Rogers was skilled at maintaining a cover, for the room held only the attache case, pile of papers and plain suitcase of any ordinary salesman; there was even a framed photograph of Captain Rogers with wife and daughter, a clever touch. There was a set of handcuffs, some rope, and a few interrogation devices in plain site on the bed, but Joe knew how little a big city hotel worker would think of such common sights.

"Strip, maggot!" Captain Rogers barked, hands on hips as he stared at his recruit.

"Sir! Yes, Sir!" Joe barked back and began to strip, feeling the officer's eyes boring through him.

Joe soon stood nude and at attention. Captain Rogers just sneered, picked up his swagger stick and walked around his recruit. He pinched his nipples and kneaded his pecs searching for fat or pain; squeezed his balls until Joe's face was red, yet no cry of weakness escaped his manly lips. Then he brought the crop savagely across Joe's taut buttocks and got only a gasp of surprise. Captain Rogers was well-pleased, but he didn't allow himself to show it.

"On the floor, maggot!" Rogers ordered. "And give 'em till you collapse!"

Joe hit the floor and gave pushups, his iron-hard muscles pistonning him off the floor.

"You got a sweet ass, faggot!" Captain Rogers yelled at Joe, and began to time the exercise with strokes of the switch bringing out long lines on the recruit's twin globes.

Joe gave him every ounce of his strength and then collapsed onto the floor under the merciless bite of the leather crop. He thought of escape, but his macho personality wouldn't let him accept an escape a pussy like Harry Brown might take.

Suddenly there was a respite. Joe lay panting, he heard the rattle of chain, then his exhausted arms were yanked behind his back and he felt the clamp of handcuffs.

"You been captured before, soldier?" Captain Rogers sneered down.

"Yes, Sir," Joe said quietly, keeping cool, waiting to see which way this thing was heading.

Captain Rogers sat on the bed, placed his combat boot on the side of Joe's head, pushing it down to the floor and to one side, probing with his toe at the mouth.

"You're captured again, American bastard!" Rogers laughed triumphantly.

The old feelings, the old shameful feelings came back and overwhelmed Joe Montane even after years of killing Commies to try and destroy the terrible memory of the things they had made him do. He remembered the laughing of the guards as he crouched bare-assed, always bare-assed at their feet, the taste and feel of their cocks, the scent of their piss and, more and more, he felt his cock regaining its old aching hardness as it had in those years.

He could not help himself. His tongue came out. Damn it to

Hell! he thought, but it was his tongue running along the boots of Commie Rogers.

"Please Sir," Joe panted, spreading his legs to show the asshole he'd give, feeling again the shame of being used as a woman. He knew he'd have to have complete humiliation. Halfway was not enough.

"Please Sir," he moaned again between swipes with his tongue. "Piss on me."

"What, maggot?" Rogers barked.

"Piss on me, Sir!" Joe cried.

Rogers laughed. "After the boots," he promised his broken prisoner. "See, I came on them in a video booth. And who knows what all I was standing in!"

Joe licked eagerly, forcing his tongue into every crevice, widening it to suck at smooth sections until he could taste nothing at all but leather. He writhed about on the rug, on his hard cock, to get his tongue to every possible angle.

Finally Rogers was satisfied. "Alright, worm!" he smirked. "Crawl into that bathroom and stick that shithead where it belongs!"

Joe crawled, arms locked behind him, pushing himself along with shoulders and knees; his cock, balls, and nipples teased by the friction of the carpet, heating up and then teased even harder by the cold slipperiness of the tiled bathroom until he was prostate before the porcelain altar.

The toilet lids were down and sealed with a strip of paper. Harry Brown would have been relieved it was clean, but Joe Montane was somewhat disappointed.

"Open it, pig!" Rogers commanded, then hit Joe across the ass with his own garrison belt.

Joe groaned, levering himself up the toilet and bit the paper off, tearing from side to side like a dog. He pushed the lids up with his nose, heedless of the discomfort they caused.

Rogers grabbed Joe, spun him over and pushed his head down into the toilet until Joe was supported only by his wedged shoulders and toes, his hair floating in the toilet water, his head bobbing like a huge piece of shit waiting to be flushed.

Captain Rogers sneered down, pulled Joe's cock up and then let it flop down hollowly against Joe's stomach. Did it again, accenting how hard it was. "You really are a pig, boy," he sneered.

"Sir, Yes Sir!" Joe cried.

Joe watched his Master take his time in straddling him, felt the better man's knees digging in at the base of both sides of Joe's rib cage, and watched hungrily as Captain Rogers brought out his huge, uncircumcised Commie cock, pointed it down at Joe's face.

"Please, Sir!" Joe begged.

"Keep that mouth open, Toilet Breath," Rogers demanded huskily.

Joe could feel the man's thighs contract as he worked the piss free; even a Russian barbarian had trouble pissing in unusual circumstances, toilet training being a universal language. But he knew it would come.

Rogers began to laugh. It was coming. He was relaxing and was going to enjoy this.

The phone rang! Rogers looked back over his shoulder, glanced back, but it rang again and he went.

Joe lay still a few moments in disbelief; it had been so close. Then he fought back his disbelief with the knowledge that it had to have been someone high up in the Party to bring such rapid obedience from a man like Captain Rogers. He thought for a moment that he should spy, but his own erection told him the truth: he was no longer a fighting man but a slave, a toilet. He'd do as Captain Rogers desired, for the rest of his life.

He sagged out of the toilet to rest on his sore ass, toilet water running down his face, his cock aching most of all until Captain Rogers came to use him.

Captain Rogers walked in quietly and turned him over, surely to punish him for having moved, and Joe was so broken that he actually raised his ass into the air—but there was only a minute

Reality

jingling and two clicks as the handcuffs were removed
Joe groaned in gratitude and moved to suckle the cock of his benevolent ruler, but Rogers pushed him away.

"It's my wife," Rogers said, his voice weak and worried. "My daughter's sick; I got to go home."

Harry Brown grabbed for his cock but it was too late, it was already flaccid. He stood nude and watched the salesman pack. "Can I use the room?" he asked

"Why not?" Rogers asked, and threw the keys on the bed. He hurried out saying, "Sorry."

Harry took out his wallet and threw his clothes into a closet. He counted his money to be sure he had enough and checked the number before dialing, then pulled on his cock as the phone rang.

"Hello?" the cautious voice said

"Mark, it's Brad Pelt," Harry said. "Is Biff available?"

"Hi Brad," the head of the escort system said. "He had a client earlier...let's see." Mark dialed the other number.

"Yeah?" George, aka Biff, was lying in bed beside his lover.

"Biff, it's Mark," Mark broke in quickly, wanting his commission. "Here's Brad Pelt."

"Wait—" George started to say, too late.

"Biff," Brad moaned hungrily, "I need you so bad...Sir!"

Fuck, Biff thought, but he needed the money. "Been awhile, punk."

"I'm sorry, Daddy," Brad said. "I've been busy."

"Too busy with your Ivy League Faggots for your old Construction Worker Father," Biff accused him, using his free hand to stifle the giggling of the boy sharing his bed. "Maybe Daddy's too tired for you!"

"Please, Daddy," Brad cried. "I have the money you loaned me..."

"The hundred fifty?" Biff asked, thinking of the next day's casino trip.

"Well, the hundred anyway," Brad said.

Biff thought for a moment. It was comfortable in bed and he'd probably lose anyway. "I don't know, boy," he said. "I drank a lot, maybe I don't feel like getting it up."

"That's okay, Daddy," Brad moaned. "I don't deserve your beautiful cock anyway, just your piss...please, I've already been punished!"

"You let someone else beat Daddy's boy's ass?" Biff accused. "I hope it's damn sore because it's going to be sorer, you little whore! I'm going to give you half an hour of my time."

"Thank you, Daddy," Brad said, letting go of his cock lest he spoil the whole thing. I'm in Room 1802 of the Market Holiday Inn."

"1802," Biff repeated. "And you better be my hairless little boy!"

"I will be, Daddy," Brad said, looking down at his pelt and knowing he'd need time. "Daddy, I'm registered here under Mr. Rogers."

"Ashamed of my name?" Biff accused. "I think it'll take me ten minutes from now to be blistering your conceited ass!"

"Oh no, Daddy," Brad pleaded. "Closer to forty."

"Okay, Son," Biff agreed, and hung up. "That John's got more names than a phone directory!"

His lover groaned. "You really going?"

Biff just rubbed his fingers together as if feeling money. He was looking for his other engineer boot.

Meanwhile, Brad had pulled on an outer layer of clothes and was heading down to a convenience store for razors. It was ten minutes before he stood in front of the bathroom mirror lathering up his hard cock and groin and began shaving.

It took a lot of maneuvering, but he was a smoothly-shaved little boy by the time he heard the knocking on the door. He turned the safety latch and Biff came through, pushed the boy roughly onto the bed and grabbed the wad of bills on the television.

"You pretty little punk," he sneered at Brad as he counted the

money. "Think you're too good for your Old Man, but you need my money, don't you? Don't you?"

Brad got off the bed and knelt humbly on the floor. He had to admit it, despite the Ivy League school his father had worked so hard to put him through, despite his rich friends, he still needed Daddy's guidance and Daddy's money.

"Yes, Sir," he cried

Biff crumpled the money into his pocket. "Look at you, boy!" he demanded. "Squatting there with your whore's ass all marked up, letting any fag use you. Have you no morals at all?"

"Help me Daddy," Brad whimpered, knowing he had done wrong and was helpless to improve without the strength of his Daddy.

Biff grunted and sat on the bed. "Position," he said, and Brad got up and drapped himself over Biff's lap, his ass up and facing Biff's right hand.

"I'm sorry, son," Biff said. "But you can't be a man until you learn basic obedience."

"I know, Daddy," Brad said.

It was a hard spanking, delivered without rest to all areas of Brad's ass and upper thighs, continuing until Biff had to hold Brad down to keep him in place and tears ran down Brad's cheeks. Then Biff stopped and spread the boy's cheeks apart, examining the asshole.

"You been letting somebody else use my hole?" Biff asked threateningly.

"Yes, Daddy," Brad cried

Biff pulled him up by the hair. "It's for me and my friends only," he warned to boy. "We don't want any diseases from your dirty faggot hole!"

"Yes, Daddy," Brad agreed.

"Well, you're not getting it today," Biff said. "Go get in the bathtub

"Yes, Daddy," Brad said, walking head down into the bathroom and laying in the cold tub, playing with himself, knowing he deserved what was coming.

"Look at you playing with yourself!" Biff cried in disbelief as he came into the room. "Well, I know how to satisfy you."

Biff stood over his son and aimed his cock. He'd had four more beers while waiting and his bladder ached, but his son wasn't ready yet.

"How?" Brad moaned, working his cock

"By having another poker game," Biff said. "With all my dirty friends you're too good for, and you'll be our personal serving girl...with a little apron to hide your hard-on and nothing else...maybe nylons and a collar, and we'll fuck you, and you'll lick us, and drink our piss, let us tamp out our cigars in your mouth..."

Brad rocked back, thighs and asshole clenching as the first burst of piss hit him in the mouth. He yelled in delicious agony and shot off across his chest as the stream continued, and then lay panting and covered with piss and cum.

Biff looked at his watch. Close enough. "You call soon," he said

"I will," Harry promised, wanting Biff to get lost so he could take a shower and get out of the damn hotel room.

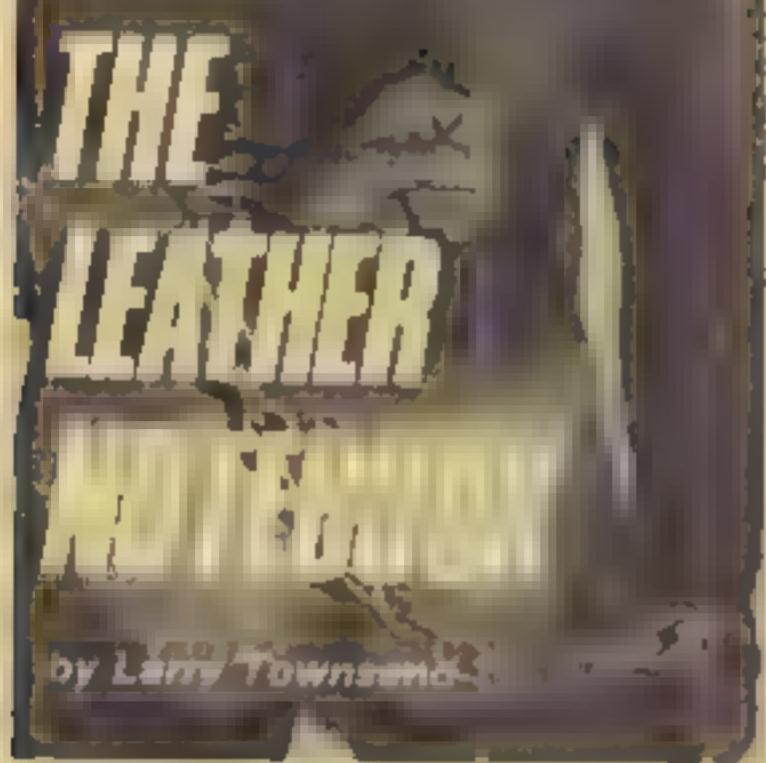
Harry got home at four a.m. and was surprised to see a light on. He opened the door and walked in quietly, in case Joe had brought someone home.

"About time, Sledge," greeted the hard voice of Coach Thompson as he stepped out from concealment, eyes flashing at catching his star wrestler sneaking in after curfew. A belt in his hand promised the type of discipline that made Coach Thompson's team the best in the state.

"Oh, Joe," Harry said. "Not tonight."

Joe threw the belt down in frustration and looked for his coat. "Damn it!" Joe cursed, as he marched out the door. "I wish I could get some reality for a change!"

"Reality" is Mako's first fiction for Drummer since his novel Kickboxer was serialized in issues 55-59



by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

In regard to the letter you answered dealing with "Leather Lifestyle," I think it is important to note that there are quite a few of us who do live a leather lifestyle—far more than merely putting it on for bars, etc. Leather smells best when it is worn daily; otherwise it is no more than drag.

I made a major career change a number of years ago in order to accommodate this particular lifestyle—with most satisfying results. I am completely self-employed and wear leather when I feel like it. In honesty, there is one exception—when I perform chamber music, because some of the other musicians felt it inappropriate. As a sadist I have freedom to take time, anytime, to chain a man up and do with him as I choose—and I do. My clients and students are well aware of my lifestyle and accept it, although I will admit I have lost a few. You answered that there may be times when a leather lifestyle is inappropriate. I would concede, otherwise: I would wear my chaps when performing Mozart. I am a long way from saving my lifestyle for those cherished evenings in the bar. I know it is often difficult for men to make the change, but believe me, it is worth it.

Rev. Paul, MN

Dear Rev.,

I think you are saying very much the same thing I did, although you are trying to expand the limits of my logic. First, I did not say that there were times when the leather lifestyle was inappropriate, I said that there were times when the attire and attitudes (effect) were inappropriate. A true Leatherman is going to hold this orientation within him at all times. My argument is not with the ability of a man to be honestly committed to this way of life. Rather, I dislike the term "Leather Lifestyle" because it conjures up the image of a man who literally lives in leather. Even in your unique professional situation, you have to admit that

you can't do this all the time; for a man who must earn his living in a situation where others determine the appropriateness of his dress and effect, the situation becomes impossible. We might also return to the old problem of defining the difference between a "Leatherman" and an "SMer." They are often synonymous, but not always, not by a long shot. Hence, my dislike for the term. I simply feel it is misleading and inaccurate. All of us who are involved in this scene carry the love or the lust within us for most of our waking hours—and sometimes in our dreams. But for many in our group the central fetish isn't leather; it may be ropes or chains or steel shackles, or simply a dominant/submissive relationship, wherein leather is a secondary consideration.

Dear Larry,

I am a steady reader of Drummer since Issue 1, and also long since into leather—and a native New Yorker. I am sick of people calling New York the AIDS Capital of the World, and putting down the Mineshaft. It's not NY; it's the tourists who come here and play with anything and anyone. The people of NYC are just like most people (who) watch out for themselves and are careful. The Mineshaft is a bar, a place to socialize and engage in the fantasies of your choice. I was recently in San Francisco, and their AIDS rate was worse than ours.

Ron, NYC

Dear Ron,

I think AIDS is now such an international problem that it would be foolish to dub any specific area as the "Capital." NYC has a lot of cases, because it has a lot of people. It also has its share of irresponsible men. Still, AIDS does not seem to be very selective in whom it attacks. Many victims are guys who have been only moderately active, whereas others who have made real pigs of themselves are still healthy. As to the Mineshaft, it is a place where lots of things go on as they do in any number of other locations. People often feel the need to point the finger of blame, and the old MS seems to have the highest profile.

Dear Larry,

I am a 22-year-old living in the not-so-popular city of Detroit. I have had interests in SM since I first met my (now) ex-lover, even though at that time I didn't really think or know that it was SM. I have not led a very intelligent life. I've made a lot of bad decisions and have ended up regretting them. I even once was in the process of becoming a slave, and I fouled that up, too. My question is: should I try to become a slave again? I've been reading through the classifieds of a recent Drummer, and have seen a few ads requesting slaves and I have been thinking of answering them. I feel if left

on my own I won't go anywhere. I need the training and discipline from someone else to straighten myself out. Can you give me any advice on what I should say and do to be accepted? I am fairly healthy, but do not work out. I also smoke. Is it conceivable that a Master can help me overcome my addiction to cigarettes? Any advice would be appreciated.

J.R., Detroit

Dear J.R.,

It has been my experience that very few guys are ready to become slaves until they have had fairly extensive experience as bottoms. Otherwise they don't know what they are getting into, either physically or psychologically. Even then, a genuine Master/slave relationship is only going to happen when the right two people come together. When you're ready for the ultimate commitment—which may still be a long way off—you should also be experienced enough to know it. At 22 you've got plenty of time, and you are certainly entitled to a few mistakes. Hopefully you'll learn by them.

Dear Larry,

I heard most bars in San Francisco were closed, that the leather scene is dead! I don't mean to be vicious, but New York is again Number One in leather. All those pictures of leather contests and stories of California are always in Drummer. Why not cover a story of what just happened in NYC, the big leather contest at Alex's in Wonderland and the others—23 in all, with over 2000 people in attendance. I do hope Drummer can up-beat a story from NYC, or are you afraid?

Shining in Leather, Brooklyn

Dear Shining,

As you'll see, Drummer has photo coverage of the "Mr. Leather 1984 New York City" event in this issue. As the Drummer editors have indicated before (and as I've reported in this column), Drummer is always looking for copy worldwide, and is open to submissions from reporters and photogs on the East Coast and elsewhere. Issue 79 had a big spread on the Mr. Europe Leather contest, photos of the Annual Review of the American Uniform Association in Denver, etc.

As for the SF leather bars closing, this is news to me. They were certainly packed when I was there a couple of weeks ago. I might add that you personally should have no complaint, since I have published more letters from you than from any other individual. You may submit them under different names, but I recognize the scrawl.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

MAINSTREAM THEY AINT

DRUMMER. NO WAY A COPY OF ANYTHING ELSE.

\$40 TWELVE ISSUES

The best in fiction, photography and art presented in the hottest, most forthright manner possible. The popularity of DRUMMER is legendary and there is nothing else like it. Don't miss an issue. It's one of a kind! Sample copy \$3⁹⁵

MACH. DRUMMER'S BIG BROTHER

\$20 FOUR ISSUES

If you think DRUMMER is outrageous wait until you meet MACH. We introduce the Six Dollar Magazine which is in itself fairly outrageous. More color, more of everything, except advertising. MACH is fresh, bright and a definite instant turn-on. Strictly High Octane. Sample copy \$6

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At a buck-ninety-five, you get the biggest gathering of personal classified ads around. More pictures of more flesh along with bright articles and fiction. It's what you've been waiting for priced at about half of anybody else. Take advantage of us while we're young and vulnerable. Sample copy \$1⁹⁵

FORESKIN. JUST MAYBE THE MOST UNIQUE MAG YOU'LL EVER READ.

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FORESKIN QUARTERLY, the Official Journal of the Uncircumcised Society of America, is a 48-page look at one of the more exotic fetishes around. Loaded with true tales, juicy fiction, revealing photo-spreads and sexy ads. It's the newest mem ber of the Alternate Publishing family, and the kind of journal only the publishers of DRUMMER could bring you! Sample copy \$2⁹⁵

ONE-HANDED READING AT ITS BEST.

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

64 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

- Send me DRUMMER in a plain brown envelope \$40 a year (outrageous!)
- Send me MANIFEST and make it snappy! \$20 a year (cheap!)
- Send me MACH. I'm man enough \$20 a year (and worth it!)
- Send me FORESKIN QUARTERLY sample copy at \$2⁹⁵
- Forget the sample. I want FQ at \$10 a year!

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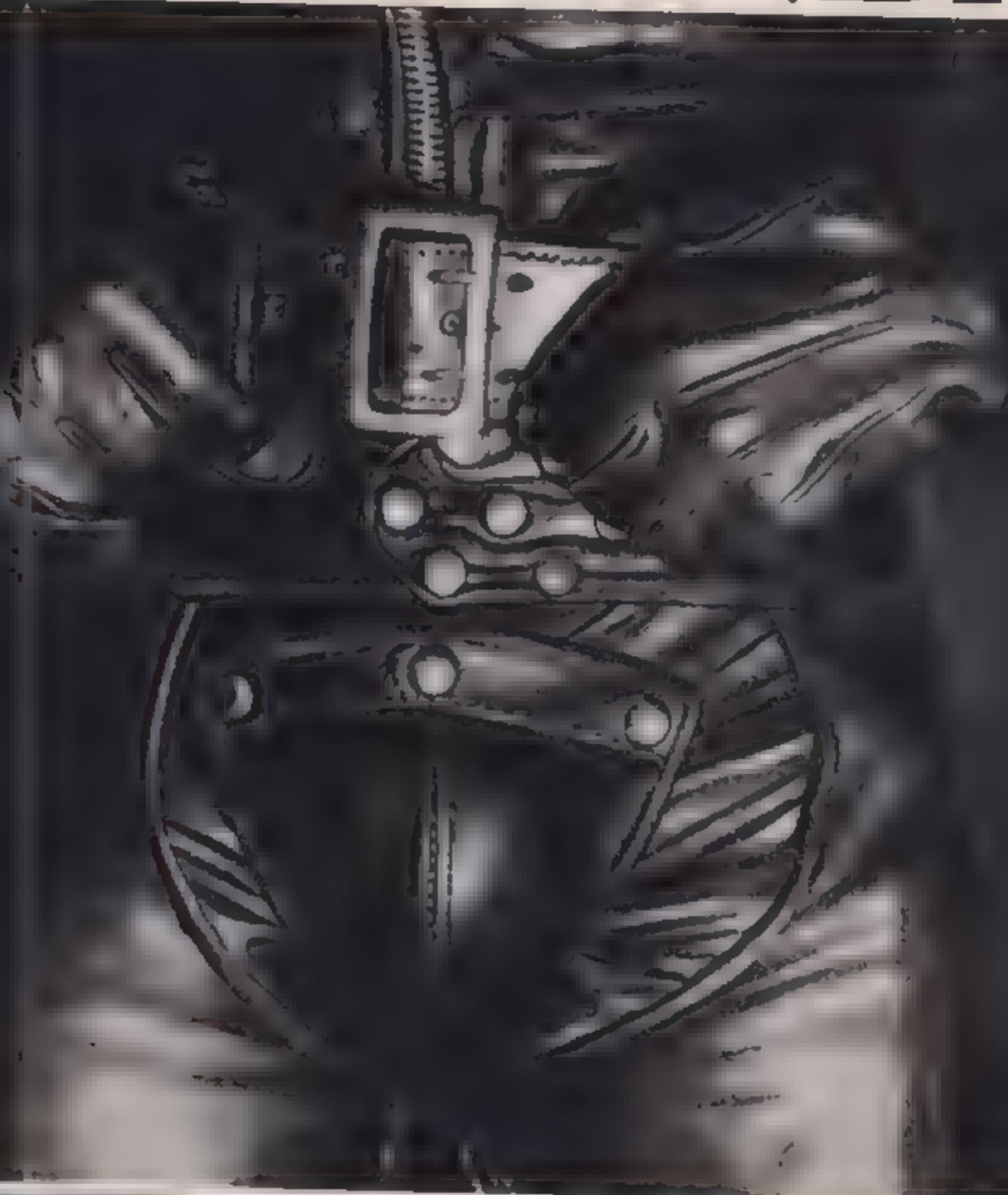
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Charge it to my VISA MASTERCARD

I am over 21

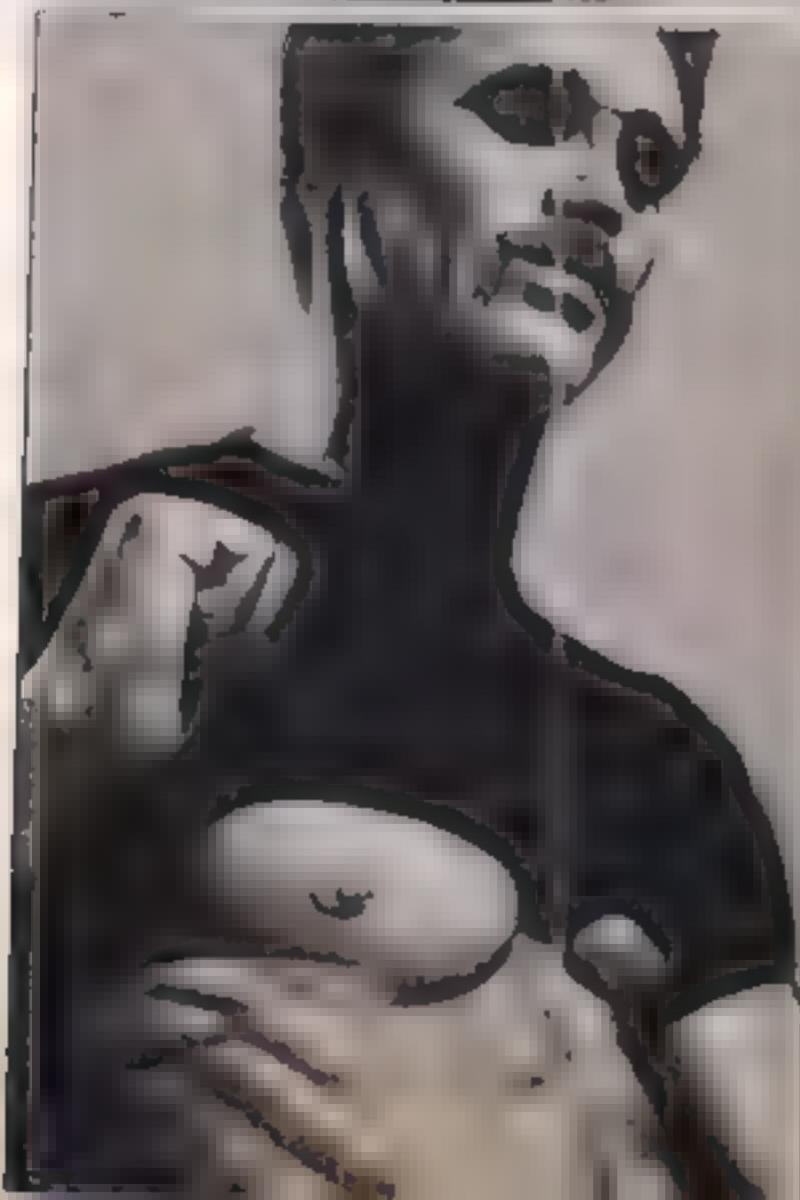
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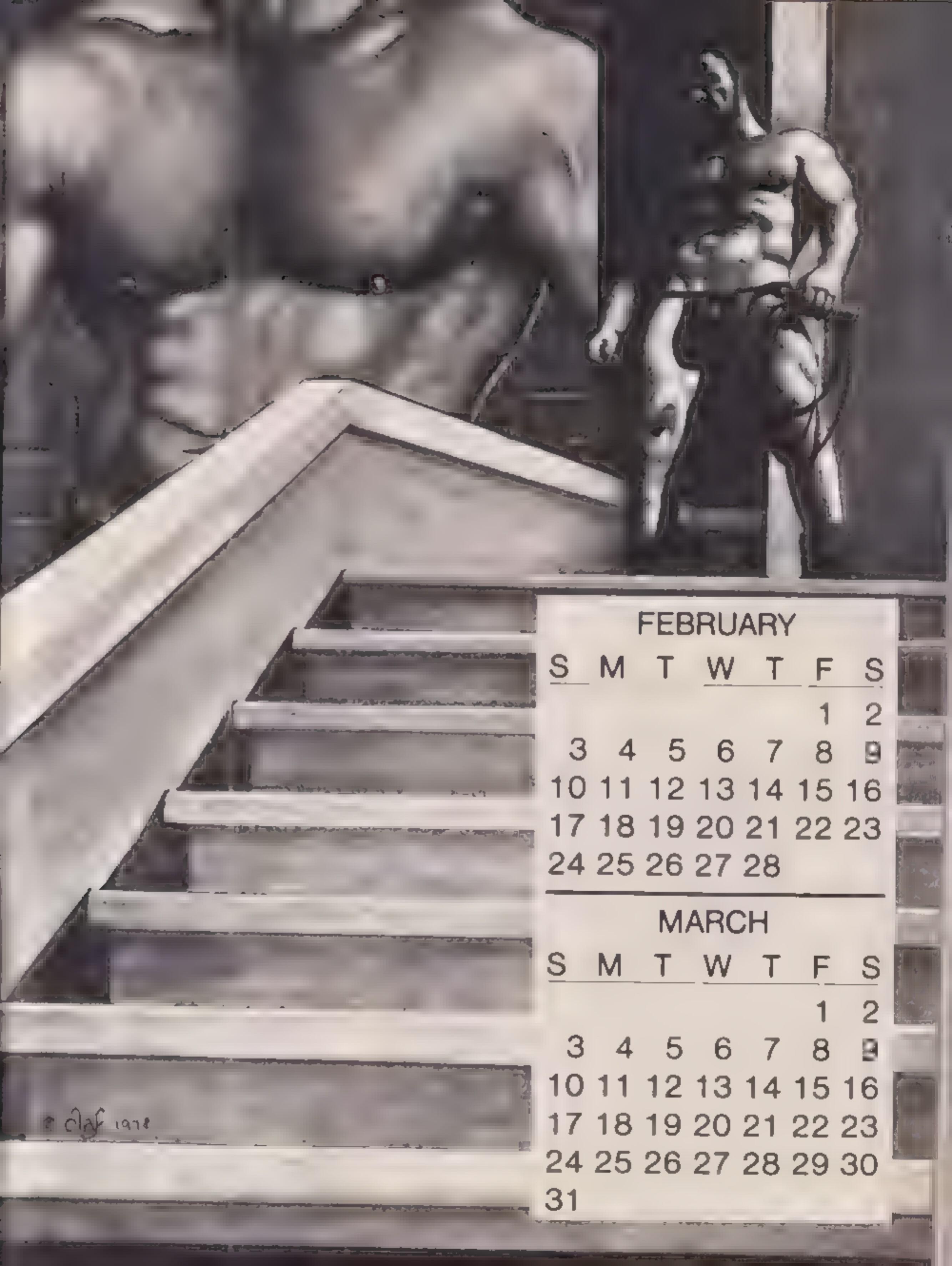
Illustrated by OLAF

The fantastic art of Olaf has mesmerized *Drummer* readers almost since this magazine's beginning. For many years, his most famous unified body of work was his portfolio of illustrations for Robert Payne's *Story of Q*. Since then, Olaf has labored, at both drawing board and typewriter, at his monumental metaphysical science fiction opus, *Rites of Passage*. From that forthcoming novel, illustrated by the author, we present this collection to keynote the year ahead — strange, surreal, masculine and erotic.



JANUARY

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The Author of *Mr. Benson* Says:

"The Brig is clearly destined to be a cult classic...it will drive any leatherman to immediate masturbation!"*



"A young Navy Petty Officer and conscientious objector is sent to the Brig as a prelude to his discharge, where he is subjected to bondage, submission and psychosexual torture... A highly charged, superotic novel which will please all who are turned on by SM, BD, or men in uniform..."

Jesse Monteagudo
Miami Weekly News

"A major work of SM fiction... The outer limits of cock worship, dog slavery, bondage, pain, betrayal, humiliation and the Cult of the Marine are all here—with a vengeance!" Aaron Travis, Drummer

*John Preston, Philadelphia Gay News.

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waste our time Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE, PO Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091 LF4086

PROMISCUOUS?

Healthy? Group? Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If your discreet responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30), any race but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M 5'11", 180#. Box LF3329

GOOD HEAD

60 6'2" 190 blue eyes white hair, reddish complexion. Handsome & excellent definition and lg nipples. talented hole; expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Baird cigar smokers a + (not required) SM groups OK. Can travel. PO Box 90110, West Station, Nashville TN 37209 (LF3986)

BOOT WORSHIPING SLAVE

Begs to serve and service a hot master. Slave is 35, tall, lean 'n hungry, and above all serious. Thank you for your attention. Sir Box LF3755

ANIMAL WANTED

To be stripped of humanity, collared, domesticated, and kept as a pet by firm, yet reasonable Master (GMW 28, bm/bm). Young, blond preferred. Submit letter (and be prepared). All answered, only one chosen. Box 4191

BOOTS BIKES, BONDAGE

If you dig the feel smell and creak of total leather the helplessness of prolonged yet total and tender bondage (top/bottom), write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149

ENGLISH BOOTS

English booted leather top, white. 6' 180 60 yrs needs small neat, submissive partner who wears English equestrian clothing and boots, near Chattanooga Box 4321

BIG BEER BELLY

Tall, manly smooth ex-GI 35 wants to meet men into beer guts or uniform. POB 11582, San Francisco, CA 94101

POLISH GAY

Living in Warsaw wants to correspond with gays from the USA. Interests include theatre, opera, cinema, music & travel. Box 4315

COP WANTED

Goodlooking healthy, white male 5'9"-150, brown hair moustache seeks dominant cop to serve Am Gr pass. Fr act versatile Will serve you every sexual need keep your house, cook your meals, care for your equipment. Am financially independent. Will relocate. Awaiting your reply Sir Box 4314

OVERGROWN

White Bottom Needs Firmhanded Black Dad. Box 4312

BEARDED CHUBBY BOTTOM

Seeks 18-45 into mutual shaving, toys, enemas, FF Am 37 6'1" 255 lbs No S/M pain. Penpals OK Am in Michigan Box 4306

BLACK TOPS: HUNGRY WHITE

Boy 30s begs humiliation from young mean, muscular masters. Dominate this Gr P, tight, Fr A, W/S hungry trim, clean-cut, healthy, goodlooking Houstonian. Travels New York, Dallas elsewhere. Box 4309

LEVI

Levi boot guy 42, masculine would like to hear from guys who had accidents or "it" that resulted in limbs, pegs, braces and use of crutches. Serious only Box 4305

CIGARETTE

smoking fetish! Send age started front of your pack phone number 38-year-old GWM Light up and write Box 4282

NORWEGIAN BOY

wants to correspond with young American boys I want to write letters to gays from California because I am going to visit the State in the future. I hope to receive many answers I will write to all Box 4281

J/O CASSETTES

exchanged Tape your raunchiest fantasies and scenes stroking strapping fucking piercing, fistng, pissng cock-torture, cumming. Your orgasm gets mine. Will swap photos. B II, Box 4279

HEAD SHAVING

Complete head and body shaving videos available It's the real thing Hot and heavy For more info Box 4275

SPURS, WHIPS,

BITES, TWITCHES

Would like correspondence with other dudes into use of equipment above for horse training. I work standard breeds on the track three and five gal lora line harness horses and racing horses for shows. Turned on by tight cheekreins, tail sets, gingered assholes spade bits and heavy flesh line whip action racing Let's exchange ideas and experiences Box 4273

ATTENTION EXHIBITIONISTS!

You've found an appropriate audience. Send me your best nude shots I'll answer with praise-filled letters Especially love ass photos. Hot proud exhibitors only Box 4260

VIRTUOSO BOTTOM SOUGHT

Very submissive bottom who is accomplished classical pianist required by 9' Steinway and 9' cock. You Healthy, upbeat boyish, very cute, great ass, highly domestic, bright, willing to be conscientious housekeeper secretary traveling companion full-time lover to successful, very handsome masculine hot top-man in 40s Worship my cock, keep my life organized, share all your talents with me exclusively and I'll take very good care of you in return. Only those willing and able to make serious commitment to a very good man need apply with letter and photo. Box 4261

GLORY HOLE AND

Cruising area just Send one Get all Box 15351-00 Los Angeles, CA 90016

SLAVE SON, LOVER

This Master demands obedience in private and pride in public. You must be intelligent enough to submit your body and retain your self-respect. Able to handle affection as well as my sadistic yet sane instincts. Pass my test and out—if only will become "at last." Fail and you will receive flogging home. Apply properly in detail to Master 53 Wakefield Circle, East Hartford, Conn 06118

SERIOUS TOP

Requires enthusiastic bottom for Lockeroom, Uniform Military Motorcycle fantasy/real life Phone (312) 338-3935 1900 hours to 2200 hours CST

HOUSEMAN SLAVE WANTED

Proless oral, caring dominant GWM mid-40s has pos bon for obedient full-time slave Application wth photo. Mark Box 128 13772 Goldenwest Westminster, CA 92683 or call (213) 402-5461

CALL ANYTIME

handsome 30, hairy, seeks first rubber scene bondage uniforms, cigars, sale sex (415) 626-8926.

HANDBALL

Let's play! Love to get my ass plowed Able to plow yours, too. I'm 6'3" 170 lbs, brown hair and eyes, moustache Goodlooking and masculine Bill Box 27703-373, Houston, TX 77027

DISCIPLINE TRAINING

for Novice Slaves 25-40 by mature, educated, professional master Conf dental & sanitary Learn discipline and self-discipline as my slave and carry it over, into your own career Ideal training for the professional or executive who is not successful because he lacks discipline I do not want a lover I want to train superior-thinking slaves For application send resume Box 4284

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT DUDE

Into humiliation and C&B torture. If you want it write Box 4206

SLAVE

WM. 32, 6'4", 210, bodybuilder seeks heavy training by young Master(s) Total domination sought. No one-nighters. Photo appreciated. Serious only Box 4213

OLD-FASHIONED

Bend-over pants-down spanking, give or take. Call Dad (415) 626-8705

SF LEATHER BADIST

Leather motorcycle-riding Devil needs demon-slaves for full-leather crotch action. I'm tall, slim build, 40s. Will put the leather screw to your hooded face tied with my leather straight-jacket Privacy assured in the well-gearred black room. S&M/bondage sanctum Video recording a possibility You are younger, no-nonsense, hot-fat slave Apply w/photo to: Boxholder, Box 99033, San Francisco CA 94109.

TELEPHONE

NUMBERS

ORLMMER and MAN FEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in persona ads Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy If necessary please indicate to us the best time to verify the number Commercial ads (Services, Models, Trade, Reso Is Employment for Sale etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears There will be no exceptions

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY
is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locate nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107

WM. 37, 6', SLENDER
Good-looking, bottom, seeks heavily-muscled daddy 25-45. Into it TT B&D WS Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Rid, 1632 J Rd, Eureka, CA 95501

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds No dick too long No muscles too sweaty Box 1536

VERBAL ABUSE

WM. 28, 5'10", 155 lbs. wants trainees for TT, C&BT and most important, verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P as my 8" hot tool needs special attention Box 3917

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by W/M, 5'11", 150 lbs blue/brown, blonde moustache, "cute," personable Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or C&B work, bondage and wrestling Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F. CA 94114 LF4045

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body No JO phoneca is 861-3183

PHONE JO

6', 165 lbs. WM needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 PM—6 AM only Dick (415) 626-1385

WM. 45, 6', 275 LBS., UNCUR
Genuine, very exp masochist seeks genuine exp sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping Piercing, C&BT, TT watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship Box 3875

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late-40 seeks gentle, hot topman with hot rod in only Ah Area Box 3857

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W/Mascuine Bottom, 34 6'1", 195 lbs into TT C&BT WS. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response All letters answered No fems Box 3874

W.M. 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-nighters Preferable baldish, analty oriented. 38-55 Seek man whose life reflects and merits self-respect and who gets off on sharing self 863-9756

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C&BT, TT WS FF Picture appreciated 584 Castro #279, S.F., CA 94114

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine, attractive man with a good heart No sissys, phoneys, free-loaders. Photo, phone Box 3886

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11" DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance Send your guidance to David Box 18891 San Jose CA 95158

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc hairy BB 25-year-old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & BB Also like bondage C&BT and outdoor scenes Write to: D.G.B., 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fms, fags or fakes. Photo if possible

BLOND SLAVE WANTED

Good body—no fats or fems or skinneys. Looking for permanent slave

only Must relocate—will spend lots of time in bondage learning what service and doing it right is all about If you fit above requirements, write with photo. Only one will be selected. If you're lucky it will be you! Box 4216

ARE YOU MY MASTER?

MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?
White male, 40, 5'10", 165 lbs bearded, into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. The accent is on mutually supportive deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary Are you man enough for a longterm, heavy-duty commitment? Must be able to be a real top and bottom Are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property? If yes, write with detailed letter and photo to LF 4003

S M

PHONE SEX

(415) 346-8747

HOT PIG FIST HOLE

Seeks long, heavy mutual FF with fun drugs I'm hunky hairy 37 5'10" 150 lbs., with double-wide deep hole Come on buddy, let's feed our big sloppy butts and punch each others' lights out! Hot letter & photo to Box 4068

HEY, DADDY'S BOYS!

Very hot daddy 6', 170 lbs, 39, well-built, muscular, good-looking, seeks well-built smooth 18-32, daddy's boy with excellent attitude Photo & photo to Box 4221

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train the right 21-35 husky amenable man for complete service All board, room, spending money taken care of You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself Strong discipline training No phones, no bullshit (415) 285-7018 eves Call me Sir

TATTOOED SPANKER

W/M. 48, good body, tattoos, like to spank men, any age Don 552-0744

HOT MASCULINE PUSSY

Need verbal abuse while you and your friends use my pussy/cunt for your pleasure. Tender nipples need to be sucked and chewed Phone J/O David (415) 648-1485, 7pm—12pm

PERMANENT MASTER

Looking for permanent Master intelligent, committed young forceful, empathetic Renaissance Man Lim is determined by YOU. Submission and acceptance is mine. Box 14375, SF, CA 94114

HOT LATINO BODY BUILDER

Looking for other bodybuilders and men with hard defined bodies for man-to-man bondage games. It's work, C&B torture & slow masturbation. Phone (415) 569-7649

SPANNING/PADDLING

W/M 30 gives/receives hand, paddle, strap, etc. Write P.O. Box 147 584 Castro, SF CA 94114

SF ASSHOLE SPECIAL

Get your white-hot asshole serviced. I have all the right equipment. Call "Peter" (415) 285-8390

IT'LL BE HARD, BOY

Creative, butch Old Master looks over boyish bottoms, Slaves, Ms, Punks. Pretties everywhere but loose. Your limits. The Colonel (415) 467-5128

ASSHOLE BUDDIES WANTED
by GWM, 40s, looks younger, hot ass into FF, dildoes, enemies, W/S, TT C&BT, spreader ss eating & stuffing wants men into mutual uninhibited ass

play. Lets open each other up. Jim (415) 864-3714

BOSS MAN WANTS

Heavy-duty muscular macho boy wants to be a hot slave-animal. Your BOSS is into oil-sweat, interrogation-bondage C/B/T/T, W/S, strainin' muscles, workouts in chains, and is 5'11" 175 lbs, 45, brown hair & eyes with moustache So don't call till you're sure you got your shit together and then between 6 & 10 PM ONLY! I'm not into phone trips or bullshit callers. (415) 944-9984

MASTER/DADDY

From NY, 43, shaved head blond beard requires Slave/Son for bondage, discipline, obedience/training, earnest service. Picture letter gets response Under 35, no fat. Remember, a good boy gets punished are you good enough? SF/R. Aver Box 4251

SON

Bearded, 5'5", 31 yrs., seeks strict father who believes that sparing the rod spoils the child. Photo/letter gets response SF/Russian River Box 4250

CASTRO COUPLE

Separately or together Looking for singles or couples for fun/rough safesex times Both are GWM 41 5'4" & 32, 5'1" Most find us hot, but without attitude 41 is top, 32 is mostly bottom Let's check one another out and see what develops Box 3937

BOY NEEDS DISCIPLINE

Spankings, C&BT, deepfucking requested by cute, bright GWM (30s, 5'8", 140 lbs). Seek playful well-hung AIDS-awarelop (condoms) for mutual pleasure (no brutality) Photo/letter Boy, Box 590878 SF 94159

BONDAGE AND BOOTS

Fremont area male W/M + 28 190 lbs seeks slave into same. A so into TT, C&B work hot red ass and hard fucking. Willing to train novices Get on your knees and wife. Now. No photo no info-wer Box 4267

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED
by hot top 34, 5'10", 150 lbs, 30" waist, 40" chest, hung, for a 30-35, good-looking, achievement slave, who will submit to SM, B&D WS exhibit filthiness and education. Slave will enjoy leather, bodybuilding and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection. (415) 826-1670

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet, even intelligent experienced in SM Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role—I am sadistic dominant and no amateur Roger (415) 884-5566

HOT NOVICE

Guy, 30, 5'10", 170 lbs., new on the block, hot, hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, jock, straight looks, needs training, VA, discipline scenes from hot topmen, into good bodies, leather, uniforms, attitude, light SM Detailed replies with phone (photo if possible) get immediate response DMH, Box 2511, S.F., CA 94126

SF LEATHER BADIST

Leather, motorcycle-riding devil needs demon slaves for full-leather crotch action. I'm tall, slim build, 40s. Will put the leather-screw to your hooded face tied with my leather straight-jacket. Privacy assured in the well-gearred black room SM bondage sanctum Video recording a possibility You are younger, no-nonsense, hot-fat slave

Apply w/photo to Boxholder, Box 98033, San Francisco, CA 94109

TESTICLE SLAPPING

55 yr old beauty grey hair great body 5' 50 lbs. wants lover who digs the tapping of sacs, ass paddling. Affectionate aware, higher-consciousness lightly punching back, strap butts. Psychic Meditate (415) 863-0342

Hot and horny Latin men to sit on my face and serve their cocks. Hot Blonde-Blue eyed W.m 5'10", 150 lbs Call 6-12 PM 415 (931) 2161

COMPLETE BOTTOM

All the way out, into feet and shaving would like to belong to a sens. love man Tony (415) 928-8311

BLACK BOY WANTED

White Daddy BB 38, 5'10", 156 wants a smooth masculine Black boy for rapes, spanking, fucking and obedience training. I'm healthy and looking for a permanent Bay Area playmate. Send action letter with picture to Box 4272

MUD

33-year-old, brown hair, 6'4" mustached man like to slop in the swamp. Likes leather, W/S and boots, too. Box 4288

SAN JOSE SLAVE

Looking for hairy leather Master. I'm 26, brn hair/beard, into TT and light SM. No tats, fangs, scal or FF. Send photo to Box 4289

LEATHER DADDY'S BABY

Tall muscular man wants to have his hair-hooded face ridden by your covered crotch. Box 4212

LET DADDY WORK

ON YOUR ASS

Remember that enema that dad or mom

gave you? How it hurt—how embarrassing—and you remember it—how erotic? Relive the fantasy! Ass toys also a specialty. Smooth, young butts only. No fags, novices welcome. Box 4283

24, 5'5", 130 lbs, blond/green, seeks long-term loving relationship with same. No S/M drugs, smoking or drinking. Reply with photo to Box 4301

ASS WORSHIP PIG

has tongue, mouth, nose for use by raut, creative, high-awareness men only that are certain their ass demands serious worship versus ordinary servicing. Willing for specific requirements. The until and uncertain, don't bother. Me 36, white 5' 158, attractive, dedicated and good. Open to correspondence. Box 4304

BOOTS

Please, Sir, don't throw away your worn out engineer or logger boots. Let me add them to my collection (Weejuns and Topsiders too). Box 4319

PIG-BOY WANTED

short, under 5'8", compact, bright pig-boy slave under 32 to serve horny man, 54, 5'11", 168, as naked pleasure/houseboy, dominated, but cared for, taught firmly disciplined, live-in, comfortable surroundings who knows he needs guidance, asswork, hot buns, W.S., enemas, works hard, takes orders, no beards, drugs. Send picture, phone number for response to Box 4306

DOGS PLEASE

Ready to report for corporal punishment. I'm 40, burly hairy and know what giving and getting discipline is about. Not into role playing or "light spanking." If you're man enough to

give it, I'm man enough to take it. Box 4310

APPLICATIONS

Daddy/Daddy's Boy seeks slaves prepared for worst (no wimpies). Selected few have chance for ecstasy if they serve. Contact Box 1582, Clovis, CA 93612

FS WS TOPS

Facesitters, piss tops, verbal traps wanted by gdkg WM 35. Reply priority given to hot men 18-35 with photo & phone. Box 4327

SAN FRANCISCO

Somewhere around the next corner is the right person. We like leather, bondage and sleeping together. I'm in my late 30s, 5', 150 lbs. You are slightly younger and smaller. Write with interests and preferences to Drummer box

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REHEADS

Two wealthy Masters seek 2-2 hard-working slaves with steel balls age 20-25, tough scrappy dudes into BB wrestling, karate, gymnastics. Will sponsor competition material. Absolutely health minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking, no bullshit or damage. Age looks cocksizc unimportant. Seek obedience, loyalty, discipline with "Yes, Sir!" attitude and capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whupped, bull paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear collar and leash with pride, eat from dog bowl with great lude along with our 3 dogs. If familiar with white line drags you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for.

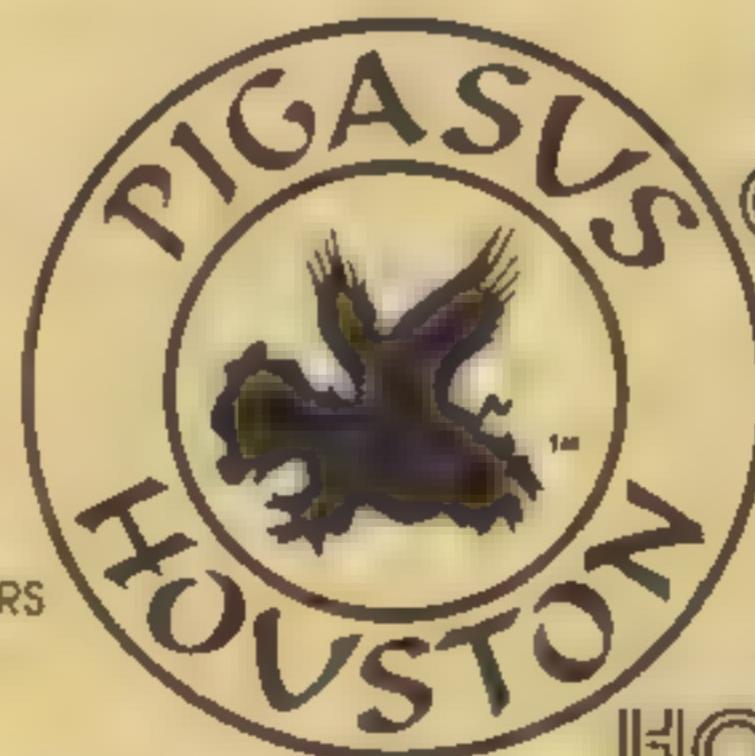
Your strength, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slaves who work & sweat hard for the Masters. Will spit-shine Masters' boots, take pride in doing it well & require thirstily slaves who can relieve me of 3AM piss. This is permanent. The real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day, train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines. Will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave, personal attendant, run Owners various business enterprises. Like washboard abs, gynoatic forearms, heavy masculinity. You will be Greek. Passive French active will be passed on your own leather and steel gear. Limits entirely up to us but no scat or FF. I'm partial to redheads, my lover likes blonds not required. I like em tall, my over short. Beard and moustache desirable. If apeman hairy you're practically home free, also not required. Desire some background/interest in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian-oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and passport. We like to travel, need driver, baggage handler, etc. If you think you're in the ballpark let's talk photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your altitude is everything. If you're good we have tall lude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3846

JOCK BOY SLAVE

24 old in jockstrap, brown hair, blue eyes, 5' 170 lbs, 7'7". Normally enjoy fucking blonde surfer boys, occasionally wish to serve young, hung masters. Enjoy bondage, spanking, assplay and punishment. Picture if possible with description of what you want to do to me. Box 4216

VIDEO
STEAMROOM
WORKOUT ROOM
FANTASY ROOMS
(Reservations available -
24-hour limit)
WESTERN ROOM
MOTORCYCLE ROOM
DUNGEON
"O.R."
PRIVATE ROOMS & LOCKERS
(8-hour limit)
DOUCHE ROOM
SLINGS & A RACK
CAGE

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES
TO OUT-OF-TOWN GUEST



A LEATHERMAN'S
BATH CLUB

1314
ROSLIE
HOUSTON, TEXAS
(713) 524-PIGS



TIMBER BEAST

Caged! Doors open soon! Then relocate to my house in L.A. Who will serve the Timber Beast? No experience necessary. W.I train. Respect your limits & fantasy. Please to Timber Beast 834 No Ave 51 Los Angeles CA 90042

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & l.s. For parties, photos, groups or one Master (818) 864-9486

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony in full leather or full C.H.P. gear and uniforms with tall hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service CB and other hot scenes. Have toys, sing mirrors, and video. Mike and/or Tony (213) 777-0122 Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047

STUD OFFERS HIS

Big Ugly Cock & Globes for C&B Torture Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734

FLOGGING & DISCIPLINE

Tall hot, hung daddy (38) needs beating & flogging from younger studs 18-30. Your lim is in my playroom. Wr to Gary, Box 254, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. CA 90046

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6' 175 lbs, goodlooking, seeks same for hot, heavy leather/uniform action, discipline. SM, outdoor bike scenes Box 4148

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED

Daddy (Wh te, 48 6'2" 230 lbs) and his boy (Black, 19, 5 ft, 155 lbs) are looking for a slave to train. Novice okay. Dad will teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time live-in, long term

SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to Box 4177

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race 21-35 must be willingly disposed to total service in any and all means without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully-subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His lifestyle. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif 92277 include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot hdsom W/m 40 6'1", 190# sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists OBJECT Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright Box 84085, San Diego, CA 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11pm)

PIERCED, TATTOOED**LA TOP**

Bearded, 6' 155# W/m mid-40's. Looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos. C/B/T/T W/S shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionalists punks ok. Photo/phone replies answered 1st. Box 3741

38 W/M MASC SEEKS

Mature assertive men for good hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202) 547-1111

HEY BOY!

Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch, and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son. DADDY W/M young-looking 45. 145 lbs. 5'8" moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt-fucking topman BOY Quiet, trim, young smooth-faced boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-submissive, affectionate, loving and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beginner OK. Short, slim, small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important but Boy's desire to really be Daddy's Boy is Boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number Box 3862

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9" 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869 Skiers welcome!

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave, prisoner looking for Masters/guard(s). Me WM 34-6 170-Lite Blvd Tan, FA, GP B&D, verbal abuse ball & bl tort., WS, travel LA-SD You, +6 white, dominant, under 45 healthy good shape Photo & phone to Box 2142 Mission Viejo CA 92690-0142

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42 6'3" 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some lims. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call

Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213) 254-3038

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W M 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot dominant, X-hung, hairy. Leather/Cowboy-Masters Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean, Healthy! (619) 231-4496

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cont/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black Polaroids, groups, dog-food ok. Animals possible. GM P.O. Box 26081, L.A. CA 90026 Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy Daddies w/donkey dicks and cow-hangers to force-feed 27 year-old stud. Need VA WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anyone me 213 656-9813

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're no girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced overgrown pig! Wr to Box 3179

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives/takes no mercy workouts w/lists, knees, Streetfight! Interrogation Two-on-one ok. Fantasy J/Dok. Send physical description or pic, and phone Descr be scene Box 3904

slave and master video presents

scatman

a verbal

adventure

Sadistic Master Jim hosts a perverse little party. While the guests gobble pizza and swill beer, Jim sits bored on Slave Muir's face and tells nasty stories about shit-eating. Then, just for fun, he puts the slave's balls in a vise and tightens it. Finally, he heats a branding iron with an acetylene torch and permanently brands his initials on the slave's ass. This film about pain and degrado-

tion is not for the faint of heart. It is rated X for mature adults only. It is unique.

\$85 plus \$3 shipping.

To order, send m.o., cashier's check, VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), a statement that

you are over 21, and whether you need VHS or Beta format; or write for a free brochure describing other Slave and Master videos (stating that you are over 21) to:

Slave & Master
1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

SAN DIEGO

Top. 6'3" 195 lbs., 42, complete game in tubs, chains rim chairs stocks. Sling ropes, clamps collars, cross cuffs, hoist harness hoods, movies, dildos, gags, leather, boots, animals, video, whips weights mirrors, wax, vacuum cleaner C.B.I. (619) 420-8967

LITTLE BOYS WANTED 18
Dad, GWM 35 6'2", 180 lbs, br, br beard wants boys 18-29 into hot JO. and cocksucking to service Dad's dick Ga A1 (213) 650-0720 No fat, fems.

DENTURES LICKED
Oral service for uniformed sadists only CHP/LAPD pref (818) 913-3819

WANTED TOP
For bondage and water sports sessions W/M 48. 6'-0" 220. Into SM FF shaving ball and tit play etc. Have playroom and toys Tel (213) 223-9348

HOT HANDSOME FISTER
Climb on top and get inside of this insatiable 5'9", 28, 160% dark-haired mustached man with deep, wide, hungry hole. Seeks similar together, hot trim FF buddies for mutual plowing and stuffing each other into good times. flexible roles expanding limits Photo, phone to Box 4242

TALL, MUSCULAR OUTDOOR TYPE
42 seeks natural y-dom man, cock centered man. Age race no barrier. Fr active Gr passive my G-spots. Anything possible with right person. Rural area a plus. Have pickup, will travel. I am strong healthy, so are you. Al, answered Write Leo 686 S. Arroyo Parkway Pasadena CA 91105

DADDY TRUCKER 40 SEEKS SON
Live and work for Dad. Must take orders and dominant on w/e. Young and slim Ga (619) 723-8481 Fri-Sun

SLAVE WANTED
Naked and shackled. Your cock & balls harnessed. My cock shoved down your throat. That's your fate. cocksucker as my fucking slave. S&M bottoms playing games or fucking for heavy abuse. don't waste my time. I want a healthy slave at my feet, not a bloody victim on the rack. The right light-assed slaps, pricked submissive, horny cocksucker under 40 faces discipline, regimentation, control and absolute slavery now. You're gonna do it for me. I'm gonna be your daddy. I'm gonna be your sex toy. You're gonna be my slave. You're gonna be my master. I'm gonna be your young pu, o man, I need the old novice. OK. Be prepared to surrender up your naked ass to demanding, responsible W/M Leather master 45. Send humble letter and phone number. Do I know, cocksucker! LF3862

NUDE BODYBUILDERS
photos See me masturbate. See my hardness and tight buns. Send \$10 for your set. Dick, PO Box 1888, Carlsbad, CA 92008

34 ASIAN MALE
Would like to meet masculine, well-built non-smoker white men. Not into kinky sex. Write Ed PO Box 7064 Burbank CA 91510

BALL TORTURE
I have very hot low-hanging submissive balls for you to hurt W.M. 36, 5'9" 145 pierced nipple PO Box 99832 San Diego, CA 92108

WANTED: TALL TRIM BLONDS
Daddy will tease, tweak, trammel, tickle, train, thrash, taste, tongue torment and/or top. Call when P.L.A. (213) 876-4444

STIMULATING

Correspondence regarding mutual interests which are TT BD, SM, LL and shaving. I am 5'10" 180, blk hair, brn eyes, tattoos & 40s. You should be in your late 20s & 30s & versatile. Southern California desert areas Box LF4254

SO SAY L.A.

GWM 30s, leather/real guy in shape clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr, Redn, San P LAX area for friendship on/off motorcycle Ltr/Ph. # Box 4248

HOT, HAIRY, HUNG

6'2", 185 lbs, bearded. Prolonged play sessions sucking, licking, eating ass, dirty talk, porno, fantasy uninhibited, eager and willing. Send details and photo to #549, 177-F Riverside Drive Newport Beach, CA 92663. Do it now!

TRIM MATURE GUY

WANTS TT
50s, 5'9", 140 lbs., gray hair & eyes, seeks younger guy into bondage & TT PO Box 69824, Los Angeles CA 90069

Nazi, police, military fantasy. I'm 25, clean-cut, jew slave. Phone # to Box 69A04 West Hollywood, CA 90069

UNIFORMED MOTOR OFFICER

W/M 43, 150, turns-on by riding in uniform on his police bike, wants to meet others wih similar interest. You must have police or similar motorcycle uniform also, or be willing to acquire same. I'll teach any novice the ropes. Only those with sincere interest need send photo. JW, Box 11538, Costa Mesa CA 92627

WANTED LEAN DEFINED KID

Brother 18-28 by goodlooking, new-age bearded W/M 34 6'2" 230 beer gut hairy Novice eager to expand limits? Not into heavy abuse, just hard man play & monogamous romance. Most scenes, versatile. No drugs, scat battles. Box 4280

ORANGE CO. TOP

wih fully-equipped playroom seeks bottoms W/M 5'11", 180, 34 years old. All fantasies considered. Let's play Box 4271

ASS LICKER

Available for serving groups. Prefer men under 40, no basket cases. Los Angeles and Orange County only. Box 4265

DAD WANTED

Wanted nice looking chic dad 40s or 50s, uncat. I am nice looking chic, 34, blue collar, uncut. Seeks dad, not daddy. Box 4266

FAR-OUT KINKY

Seeking smooth guys 18-35 into leather and kink into far-out kink and fantasies. W/M Top or mutual 5'6" 130-135 yrs. Relationship or live-in possible. Box 4317

ALABAMA

HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid 30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing wih men—real men! We are 5'6", blonde/blue, bearded wih 8" uncut tool (2) 6" brown fur and 7½" uncut protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get it on while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-starved men, drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch with you for a very personal interview. Write MCS, Box 16341 Mobile AL 36616

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN

(Daddy) 21-45

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me Prof. Blk 40 5'11" 148 lbs. masculine discretion expected and received. P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery, AL 36104

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10" 172 lbs, 42 br(br moustache masculine good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung. Who know how to take charge of the action. Write me w/ photo to P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611 or call (907) 283-4879

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Duds for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Box-holder Box 9484 Phoenix AZ 85068

HEY JISMOR

Turn on the lights. Friend and foe look the same in the dark. Miss alot—Tuff Stuff. Box 4307

PHOENIX TRASH

Two hot sex pigs in mid-30s looking for men into WS, VA, hot JO sessions, and other healthy but deranged activities. Box 4032

COLORADO

TELEPHONE

NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

TOO WEIRD?

Healthy, educated, masculine GWM 10-70, m. w. 18-45+, more if experienced. Subtly sexual. Upper body ultra-sexy, lower body Paraplegic. Hairy, wih wheelchair as instant restraint. Call for knowledgeble Kinky huh? Desires more Safe B&D, humiliation, interrogation, leather, rubber, deprivation, clothing, fantasies. Likes cock imagination. Your wish mine. Prefer younger, clean-cut. Box 4290

UNINHIBITED MASTER

Sought by good-looking, in-shape leather slave 37 5'6" 130 lbs. for obedience training, B&D, TT, humiliation and more. Can travel. Box 4139

YOUNG SLAVE SON

wanted by older experienced leatherman with well-equipped training room offering discipline, love plus physique, college and career help. You must be 16-25, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303) 433-9587. Write Box 18876 Denver CO 80218

MASTER SEEKS LIVE-IN SLAVE
Slave sought by 30-year-old master for live-in position. Must be between 18-25 years old and willing to give of body & soul. Forward detailed letter wih photo to Master P. On your knees slave and do it now. Box 4211

CONNECTICUT

BUDDY-PARTNER-FRIEND WHERE ARE YOU?

Hot, attr., 42 yr German 5'8" 165, together we-build, uncut hairy chest. Masculine, athletic, well-built, males only 25-40 round, tight buns for hot sex, butt fucking sucking who know how to keep a man happy. Versatile open-minded, creative and live out our fantasies plus if chemistry is right and we can get beyond the physical aspect we could have real like trust, honesty, friendship sharing. I do. Have house, would help relocate right guy. Photo-phone gets mine. P.O. Box 10141 West Hartford CT 06110

SM BIKER

Leatherman wants leather bottom slaves for man-to-man leather SM sex B&D, C&BT, TT, WS, etc. Limits respected. This experienced leather master wants you to perform on demand. Send me your application and photo including your willingness to be a good slave. Box 3957

LEATHER BIKER MASTER

Motorcycle top needs dedicated bottom leathermen for B&D, C&BT, FR and SR. P.M. 41 51 54 into leather sadomasochistic. Please P.M. 41 51 is respected. Apply with photo Box 4326

CIGAR SCENES

W/M 32 6' 180 w/i correspond, meet others into bondage and cigars, forced smoking, etc. Prefer bottom to younger top but can switch. Northern Conn Box 4303

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11" 145 G/W VI go. Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-22) at my CC location. Rep w/ photo & resume to WHB P.O. Box 251 Wimington DE 19899

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training. Needs to be disciplined into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write Box 113 Suite 113, 402 N. Union St. Wilm. DE 19805

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

A MAN

170 lbs solid muscle 5'10" 39, dark bearded. Interests 226, am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm, Paris and Berlin have given me European flexibility. am my own man and not captive of any role. Ardent handball enthusiast. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr. Gr. Ulwork and mutually satisfying S&M. Like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoining life. Sound interesting? Write Bob P.O. Box 445 Bethesda MD 20814-0651

WELL BUILT

Unruly military type W/M 6'11, 37, 180 lbs, 8" cut responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls and worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want. Service from a highly intelligent animal. No F lith, FF or hard drugs. Box 3868

BOTTOM WANTED SHAVING
Me 5'11" 175 lbs, muscular 33. You into B&D, ass work, dildoes, fisting being shaved. Box 4145

BONDAGE ANIMAL

Slender victim available for severe prolonged bondage, bizarre experiments, humiliations. (202) 234-8382

LIGHT BLUE RIGHT

6'3" 175, br/bl 37, muscular hairy cut top looking for bottom wih special

needs Hard hot deep throat gag choke gasp drool face slam...you will expand our limits. Must be W/M I'm dark hairy discrete with place nearby. Details to Steve P.O. Box 2628 Falls Church VA 22042-0628

FLORIDA

OVERPOWER ME IN FORT LAUDERDALE

Hairy, hairy, hunky bottom. 39. Interested in Bondage, assplay fucking dungeon scenes in Florida in January & February. Could handle 3-somes or group scenes. (207) 965-8143

WET LEVIS

Two hot guys 31-39 into wet levis bed wetters, father-son trps. enjoy correspondence, meetings with others into same P.O. Box 315, Sarasota FL 33578

NEED STRICT MASTER

Quiet hairy hair slays. 43 needs hairy real master. Let my tongue clean you. Sir from your toes to your armpits. Kinky outhouse sex, face slapping. Kink training and more. Master lead the way. Box 2265, Delray Beach FL 33445. Pix and phone# gels quick reply

WORLD CLASS GENITALS

Enormous, thick, low-hanging balls topped by a hefty long-and-thick-cut cock backed with red hair. Looking for others with like endowment. Dick 3874 Main Highway, Coconut Grove FL 33133 (M am area).

DADDY

is 6'2", 35, 170 blond beard & has a nice thick uncut 8" for the boy who can earn it & show it the respectful deserves & demands FF BD SM & WS for the eager little cocksucker that knows his place & seeks a Daddy who loves him & his cock & total dominance. If you a take lot of attitude and want the priviledge to serve as Daddy dictates, send photos and details. Box 4262

DOMINANT HAIRY MASTER

Needs pig—fulfill your fantasies. Limits expanded & respected. Making application requires detailed letter—photo mandatory. Box 4285

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual Can travel Box 3887

APOLLO

Lifeguard Bodybuilder. All scenes & all equipment. Dungeon available for slave training. (305) 940-9485

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y 5'8 bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055

INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS

Non-smoking, versatile young man with swimmers/smooth body sought by attractive and successful young professional. For friendship and possibly monogamous relationship. Box 4102

THIRSTY MAN

GWM 34, 6'2", 190 brown hair, 8" cut looking for other hot men for hot we scenes. Photo gels same. Box 4212

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA
I am tall, masculine and submissive late 30s. Loves wearing rubber and lingerie. W/S, G/S, B/D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty uncut hairy men preferred. Call Gal. 1-904-496-2070

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy son or houseboy. Daddy 48, 5'10", 180 lbs hairy hung big strict loving Son boyish smooth, uncut, obedient, ready for love, commitment. Box 4140

USED SLAVES

Under 25, accepted for recycling. Beginners trained Ft Lauderdale area. Box 4230

SLAVEBOY WANTED TOP

Wh/M Master, 34, 6'4", 190, bearded wants slaveboy 26 under slim masculine, submissive. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Sale—hot—real. P.O. Box 76003, St. Petersburg FL 33734

GEORGIA

ATLANTA SLAVE

29 needs limits expanded by demanding master or group. Very versatile. Write Bobby. All answered. Box 4080

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by Greek passive white bottom 28. I p.v.e funky rear French to and gel gangbanged (with rubber) by rough trade ex-cons. Latinos, dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower givers. No JD phone calls! Call White Pussy (David) Atlanta (404) 876-2251

HOT MAN

W/m 34, 6' 165 lbs, totally masculine and athletic. seeks slim or well-muscled masculine W/M only who will restrain me and fuck my face. Letter with your interests to M.S. Box 8375 Atlanta GA 30306 Discretion assured

ATLANTA 2 GWM'S

28 and 35 into leather SM B&D TT WS and more. All replies answered. Photo appreciated. Travelers welcome. Box 4142

W/M, 37, 6'1", 180 LBS, BB

43" chest, 32" waist, red hair, beard. Seeks very muscular Gr Acl man. My place only. Traveling? NE GA? Your other photo, info gets mine. Must strong, sincere please Roy 124 Mulberry St. Athens GA 30601

MANLY BLACKS WANTED

By white male pussy 29. Call me and talk dirty or come over and sit on my face and let me smell kiss and tongue clean your Royal asshole. I receive golden shower scat verbal degradation light whipping and slapping. Masculine Latinos, ethnic types okay David. Atlanta (404) 876-2251

ATLANTA

Seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078

ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and uniforms for hot sessions. Top or bottom single or group. Let's make fantasies into reality. Your photo gets mine. Box 4078

EXTRA HUNG

BROOKS BROS. TYPE
Change quick to very demanding ball & nipple torture. Top freak. I am 32, 170 lbs., 10" cock cut & hairy. Am interested only in men who like WS/FF/piercing and total shaving of crotches. Interested in men with silicon dicks. Photo gels mine. Box 4074

HOT TOP

25 y/o 6' 155 lbs. 8" br/bl lean hard & defined looking for bottoms into spanking. Dildoes. B/D JD light S&M etc. Send letter with photo to D Johnson, 975 W Peachtree St. NE #9A Atlanta, Georgia 30309

ILLINOIS

WHITE MALE PLEDGE

6'3", 190 lbs. wants to undergo fraternity-type initiation-discipline. Humiliation. No Greek. Box 408305 Chicago IL 60640

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM 6' 185 lbs. 34" waist, brown hair & eyes, short beard and mustache, looking for bottoms

slaves into hot sweaty times. Fuck me. Sucking FF WS. Bondage Etc. Reply with photo/letter P.O. Box A3810 Chicago IL 60690

LEATHERGOD WANTED

Wanted. LeatherGod to worship in chaps. M 27 slender goodlooking. You 18-40 slender goodlooking. Please write with photo. Sir Box 4300

MILWAUKEE/CHICAGO

FF TOP

Cleancut GWM 35, 165 with experienced small hands and dildo collection. Interested in all GWM bottom in Milwaukee Chicago for long weekend sessions. Send photo. Rick. Box 4313

GET YOUR FANTASIES

FULFILLED

Chicago Master 42 6'3" 190W with well-equipped dungeon/playroom wants S & M, S/S & A/B/C. Novice Obedience training, bondage, humiliation discipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted. Face no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered. Send photo if possible. Box 2630 Chicago IL 60690

W/M DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18-plus who can look and act very boyish. Write Jay. No 179 606 West Barry Chicago IL 60657

DOMINANT DADDY

37, 190 lbs with gut 8' 7 1/2", wants very submissive slave. 22-35, heavily into infantilism. Daddy's little boy enjoys piss, pacifier, dirty diapers, being fed enemas, dildoes, titwork, and pain. Toddler can expect potty supervision and complete control. Obedience and worse to bring cuddling disobedience and disrespect bring prompt, severe punishment. Object total domination and correct development. Northern Ill area. Serious only. Box 4146

BOTTOM: 22, 8" CUT

I want a big man. I'm heavy into a big cock. Master tellin me what he is going to do with his cock. J. O'Sullivan 8411 Andrea, Woodridge IL 60517 (312) 865-1480

GENUINE MASOCHISTS

sought by W/m Sadist for extended sessions and possible relationship. Your agony is my pleasure and your pleasure is in keeping me happy! Must be in good shape! Call. Sir (312) 261-3912

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction. Box 3892

EXHIBITIONIST

GWM—35, to correspond with other exhibitionists. To exchange photos & experience of public hot action & nudity esp at Mardi Gras & rock concerts. Write Messina. Box 10499 Chicago IL 60610-0499

GWM 40

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay P.O. Box 8032, Chicago IL 60614

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 165, brown hair, mustache seeks stud who enjoys having cock balls, ass and boots licked. Send photo, phone. I will gravel. Box 4073.

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M, 40 plus 6' 170, gdkg wants to tie gag, suck & fuck cute slim W/M. 21-40. Send phone number photo. Box 4075

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23-year-old novice moving to Chicago in June, and is just breaking into leather scene. seeks contact with Chi-

cago leathermen (28-32) for an introduction into the lifestyle. Show me how you became leathermen. Box 4064

INDIANA

BALL BUDDY SOUGHT

by B/m interested in having it all. Any W/m to 45 who travels to Ind. should contact P.O. Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submiss vs W/M 38, 5'8" 135 lbs. brn/bl moustache. 6 1/2" cut wih hungry mouth and ass. seeks older Top/Master to serve and service. Photo/ phone appreciated. Bottom. Lives in SW Indiana Box 4065

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker W/m 26 B: 175 lbs. goodlooking bl/bl. moustache willing to please. Box 142 Crown Point IN 46307

IOWA

HOT/HORNY

Bearded W/M 35 145W 5'7" Ready for SM leathersex with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer. Forward photo, specs & # to Box 3996

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year-old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby. 18-25 small-to-medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to Paul P.O. Box 184 Ottumwa IA 52501.

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot athletic, 5'11" 165W 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for BD C/B/T. Married? Lover? Professional? Never answered an ad? Answer this one. Absolute discretion. Limits respected. Send photo application with favorite fantasy to Max. Box B103, Des Moines IA 50301

KANSAS

BEAR WANTED

GWM 30, 6' 190W brown hair/ beard, furry seeks heavyset bearded 'bear' types in area. Prefer mature sincere warm-hearted career-oriented. Box 4320

W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D, CB/T, shaving, piercing. Topeka Lawrence, Kansas City, KS. I'm waiting. Box 4852 Topeka KS 66604

KENTUCKY

HOUSEBOY SLAVE

White male 30-yr-old seeks houseboy/slave 18-25 for total obedience. You will feel the strap when necessary and rewarded when earned. Into spanking, scat. WS. Send photo and letter. College students O.K. Do it now boy! Box 4290

LOUISIANA

NOVICE SLAVE

W/M 28, Bl Bl goodlooking, needs training by sane demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. P.O. Box 71313 N.O., Louisiana 70172

NEW ORLEANS

Young White/Oriental wanted for light bondage. No SM. in GWM. 47 (504) 831-9298

MAINE

WOODSMEN

Two extreme north woodsmen looking for fun. Your pix gets ours. Jack/Walt 1 Forest Ave Ft Kent ME 04743 (207) 834-5649

MARYLAND

MASTER WANTED

Wanted by clean 36 year old W professional who is novice and needs to be trained. Looking for a Master W or B thick, hung uncut into sane B&D. S&M golden showers leather latex enemas bar stretching, tit clamps, etc I have most equipment. Willing to try almost anything. Send photo (returnable) and letter to Box 3591 Silver Spring MD 20901

HUNGRY TO SERVE

Attractive WM, 31, 175 lbs, gentle submissive, with hot, hungry mouth and ass seeks to serve a... aggressive dominant but loving man. Box 48 Joppa, MD 21085

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 165 lbs, hung thick experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped den. Any age any scene but scat. Novice slaves get TLC I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3893

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm correct discipline. Whack the seat of my pants good or redder my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy time for the real thing. I am 32. 5' Greek passive muscular cute boyish great ass. Photo and letter. Nick One High St., Box 5-130, Medford, MA 02155.

DADDY'S LITTLE BOY

Boston 28 5'2", 115 lbs needs Daddy diapers bottle feeding baby food boot

licking puppydog collar toys. Bits JO rubbers, discipline, dirty talk, cuddling. Seek big, tall, attractive straight looking & acting Daddy like beards and mustaches. Prefer non-smoker. Photo Box 4166

TRAINABLE

Handy white male dog slave. 31 seeks training and discipline. Enjoy bondage very Greek passive. Please expand my limits. Travel California & Nevada Box 4174

MASSACHUSETTS

DADDY WANTS TOTAL SON SLAVE

WM Daddy 60, sexually 40 wants W/slave 25+. Daddy's interests bondage, leather, shaving, strict obedience. No FF, scat items, fags. Complete details to Tony (617) 367-3498

HOT MEN 45+

AIDS SAFE SEX. Slap my face with your hard cock. Make me lick your muscular pecs and arms. Beat off on me. Hot masculine men 45 and older only. Muscles a real plus. I'm 32, good looks and body. Box 4296

ALMOST UNBEARABLE PLEASURE

TICKLISH? I will tie down your hard muscular body then agonizingly stroke your most ticklish spots until you laugh and scream and beg for mercy. I'll massage your ribs and armpits, stroke your stomach, feet, cock and everywhere else with leathers. Safe, sane, no pain or abuse. Also interested in stories, pictures, etc. Send photo and letter describing yourself, experiences and fantasies. Box 4324

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit-shined shoes/boots

Write Ivan Howe, Box 191 Milton Village MA 02187

TIGHT LEVIS BLACK LEATHER

W 5'10", 28 tight body, good looks. Into leather, snug levis, hefty boots. Seek wild rugged young dudes and leather-jacketed punks to horse-around party. Hey studs, let's roll around, bulging crotches, tight black leather pants, laced levis, cycle jackets, gauntlet gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting discreet masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. Will correspond. DIRT, Suite 346, 2 Vernon Street, Farmington, MA 01701 (LF3994)

MICHIGAN

TRAINABLE

Handy white male dog slave. 31, seeks training and discipline. Enjoy bondage very Greek passive. Please expand my limits. Travel California & Nevada. Box 4174

CIGAR SMOKERS

26 GWM seeks cigar smoker into sucking, fucking ass, and tits. Box 8582 Detroit MI 48224

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular WM, 5'10", 165, 33, mustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked. Also into B-D, W-S, shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864

MINNESOTA

ATTENTION MEN

Young married professional 26, excellent physical condition, 5'11", 160 blue/brown seeks naturally dominant WM (20s-30s). Into psychological domination including verbal scenes, forced sex, WS, humiliation and worship.

Good physical shape is a plus. Especially turned on by rural/farm types. Photo and descriptive letter gets same boxholder. PO Box 3145, Minneapolis, MN 55403

FUCKABLE ASSHOLE

Bottom, 34, needs experienced top for bondage sessions. Weekends on y Twin Cities area. 941-8996

NOVICE

Submissive GWM, 42, professional seeks experienced top from any age or ethnic or light drugless. safe and discrete B&D only. No hard scenes. Box 4318

NOVICE MASTER

25, seeks submissives for country weekend retreats. PO Box 10354, Minneapolis, MN 55440

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this a rogation son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master 5', 165 lbs, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave 5'10", smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered). Submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, B-D, humiliation, ownership, shaving, W-S, verbal abuse, being fucked and must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons able to relocate should



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LF4202

NOVICE SLAVE

Submissive GWM 27 needs training by sane demand ng daddy/master Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35. has tight ass that's in need of fuck ing Would like to meet muscular Dad-y's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis Box 3859

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHER SENSUALIST

Jockstrapper novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training pt exploring 5'8" 143W 41yo 8'7" Please S-r convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality Box 3855

MISSOURI

LIVE THE FANTASY

Two forties dads seek weekend son or sons for B&D training Box 28852 St Louis MO 63123

BIZARRE B M OCCULT

Mature WM wants to meet serious minded men interested in the above

2 EXTRA-WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—B M sessions. Any scene Have equipped playroom Description—experience—photo Weekend sess ons good Live-in apps considered PO Box 3831 Springfield MO 65808

ST.LOUIS AREA

Order guy, "dad" type experienced youth leader Interested in young mas cu no from son trainee to 30 You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage Your letter w th picture gets mine Box 3872

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M bondage armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography Your trip, your way Am 28. 5'9" 135w 8" Send photo, phone letter to P O Box 786 Conrad MT 59425

REAL MEN WANTED

W m 22 athletic goodlooking and virgin ass needs introduced to the al-male world Gets off on muscular hairy men Would love long oral session Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity Box 4162

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SLAVES WANTED TO BE TRAINED

Look ng for submissive GM's 18 to 30 for on-location training in good sexual service by 39-year-old master slave trainer Must be willing to travel Write Paul Emery P O Box 477 Intervale NH 03845, or phone Sir (603) 356-6101

NEW JERSEY

SO BIG IT HURTS?

Uninhibited bottom, WM 42 6'2" 185# masc hot, tight rear will completely satisfy X-hung Gr/a top Anything goes so long as I get it in the end Looks age unimportant Size and thickness a challenge and turn-on Write Marlin Box 425, Quakertown NJ 08868

INTO TITS?

Masculine slave with large, soft shaved tits and big nipples needs top-master Am bearded 42 5'9" 180 Need work on tits and ass P O Box 66 Lake Hiawatha NJ 07034

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m smooth 6' 172 lbs 42 masculine, seeks similar honest partner Top/bottom trade offs light

SM, bondage possible No drugs or items Box 4136

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey Hot mouth and a good build a must Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned Spankings, titwork kick, VA No taints, fems hard drugs Possible live in All areas welcome The Master is 6'2" 185 lbs W/M and hot Box 3856

SLAVE WANTED FOR NY/NJ AREA

To serve two masters in early 30's You will serve masters needs and home Willing to train Rewards/Salary with service Call 201 241 0655

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture L mts expected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 847-1111

REAL MEN

Looking for a real man in NY or NJ. Me 29 5'7" bodybuilder bikerider jogger FA, GR active and passive brown hair eyes Will serve right man well You 18-45 good body & mind dominant and ready to take a clean, bright guy as yours. Send photo and letter to Box 4210

NEVADA

SLAVE WANTED IN RENO

For leather action. SM CBT B&D more I'm hung from 33 GWM You're similar but submissive and obedient You want frequent attention or a permanent Master Live-in or near/b required LF4015 Write Box 2083 Reno NV 89515

IF HE'S NOT HERE
HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

NEW YORK

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you 1) Young, 2) good looking 3) muscular, 4) healthy 5) submissive 6) obedient? Are you prepared for 7) Slavery, 8) training, 9) punishment 10) two tall, good looking broad men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES If you score a 10 send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for ver location of first three questions Extra points will be given for essay detailing adult one qualifications Box LF673

DADDY-TYPE TOP

looking for bottom-like son with preference shown to formerly married exec types or X members of the military establishment or graduates from a penal institution school or cock sucker Discretion assured as well as expected. along with any and all I'm is respected Photo not a must but helpful and a phone # would help expedite this matter considerably Could lead to a permanent live-in situation if the vibes are as strong in the living room as they are in the bedroom Write Box 4033 New York NY 10017

SLAVE WANTED

To serve all needs and requirements of NYC Master You should be prepared to be trained in bondage enforced human labor taking orders and the occult An intelligent mind good body and attitude are important Master is 5'8" 145 into leather ready to train and direct any slave Call 1212 628-2824

LATIN OR ARAB TOP WANTED
GWM 30s good looking seeks a Master-top who wants to be disciplined by enemas etc. WS You either Hispanic or Arab dominant have a desire to be a dominant serious person

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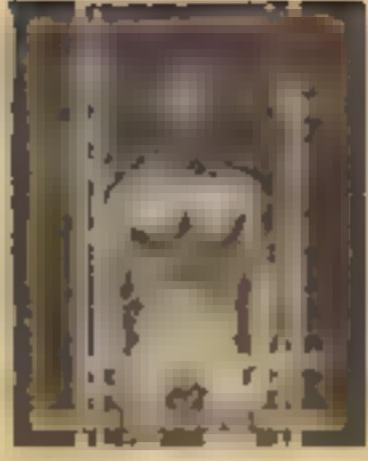
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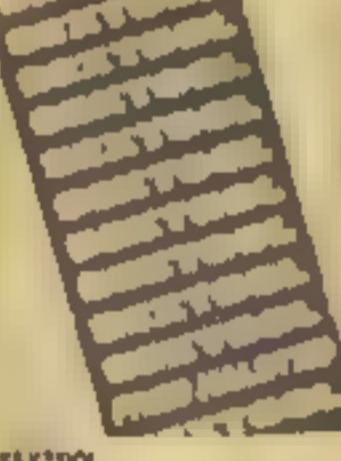
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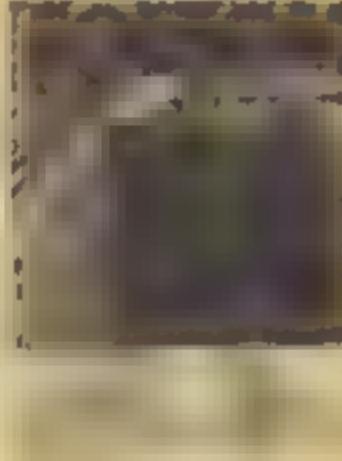
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HOUSE SLAVE



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Novice Master welcome Will answer letters from anywhere PO Box 431 RH-Queens NY 11418

MUSC, 8½" ITALIAN
31, 163, athl. 6' top needs boyish look or young BB. 31 35 to strip tease oil inspect disc p no L1SM BD by sexy guy Occupant PO Box 20-042 NY NY 10026

SADIST

I am a top—can be a sad st—but demand total submiss.on in any case If you can handle it, write Sir Paul Bremer Box 148, NYC 10016 (LF4257)

UNRULY STUDENT BODY
OU et, strct sitt bearded WM teacher/coach 37, 5'11" wants you on your knees pants down stripped to you skiny und es. mouth open for action ready to serve my every request know ng that under your tough-guy image you need the discipline I offer Box 3042, NY NY 10008

BEERBELLY TOPMAN NEEDED
by submissive WM 46 5'5" 155 Want to learn the 'ropes' from overpowering cigarette-smoking guy who likes to gag tease and fuck Tattoos a plus No FF scat piss Box 4277

HOT, HORNY BLOND BOY
needs a maser who can transform him into a pussy-slave Into VA kum lion Wants to be kept in constant heat stripped in public kept shaved forced to wear panties piss-soaked lock straps Box 4325

JOCKED RECYCLER
6'2" 35, 180, bearded full pouch Hav 6-pack wif trave You want it—write to get it Include letter photo phone Box 4278

NY HOLE
STRETCH IT! EAT IT! PLOW IT! FIST IT! GET IT! Only hungry assholes need to answer with hot letter and photo Box 4264

HOT BOTTOM
bulch WASP b je-eyed, moustache brown hair 6-feet tall, 170 pounds slim, solid body, good looking dude Needs father/son or brother/slave relationship. Uninhibited long man action enjoy good high Smells sweat piss, shaving, piercing, lashing, toys verbal abuse, real fantasy Unforms socks, no hang-ups Send picture des criptive letter All will get response and my picture Box 4263

CIGARS
39-year-old WM cigar smoker Gym body seeks same for JO scenes Also interested in spit leather pils WS Box 4265

HORSE—HUNG MASTER NEEDED
by Upstate novice (GWM 40 6' 185 lbs). Inexperienced but eager to learn My tils CB. Insatiable ass, etc are yours to train for your pleasure Box 4270

LEATHER BUDDY

ENEMA—BONDAGE
Aires, WM 5'5" 145 lbs 40" chest 30" waist pierced 11" bottom into bondage ass spray CB, TT Leather top 28-40 hairy chest knowledge of catheters and enema equipment. Have complete playroom Box 4274

NEEDS DADDY

Young, lean-looking, 22, 6' 145 lbs Br/Grn needs big, hairy, muscular Daddy to teach me Fairly new to scene Not big on pain, but discipline can be fun I want to learn Physique photo a plus Box 4268

HANDSOME HOT TOP

Healthy, good looking dominant WM top, 35, 5'10" 160 lbs blond, gym body Seeks healthy submiss.ve bottom WM 21 35 with smooth, slim, good body into hot sex, safe bondage and light

SM Photo, phone to Box 4297

TOP MAN NEEDED

Wanted by a pig-ass, dog-sucking macho bodybuilding slave You take charge into humiliation, verbal abuse and use me for your friends and fantasy pleasure Box 4302

BOOTS UNIFORMS SERVICE

Bootboy at your service Prefer sea-soned Policemen discrete david (518) 696-5509 (Albany travel) 9pm-3am

MEDICAL EXAM

Young bottom 26 goodlooking healthy with a large, cut cock and heavy balls needs real doctor for complete examination. Write to Ed PO Box 195 Homecrest Station Brooklyn NY 11229

NEW YORK

MAN-TO-MAN

Masculine bodybuilder, 32 yrs old 45 chest, 32 waist, solid, hard muscled arms and pecs, erect nipples, hung thick hard butt, moustache, dark hair Italian experienced in many phases of SM as both a dominant and submissive Dominant topman and submissive slaves invited to explore our mutual limits, man to man, in a health conscious way Masculine attitude important, travels often, detailed letter and pic to Box 890 132 West 24th St., New York NY 10011

MONOG RAUNCH

GWM, 28, 5'10" 160 lbs., seeks monog sex partner for heavy raunch scenes WS, enemas, toilet training, etc I am healthy and want to stay that way During this crisis, having a monog sex partner seems the only way to eat a juicy ass and stay healthy Any GWM 28-40, interested, send photo to Box 518, 70 Greenwich Ave., NY NY 10011

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147"

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and I need to be the slave he was born to be Could you please help me Sir? Box LF3891

BIRTHDAY SUIT PARTIES
Gay male nudist Stamp/photo Studio 608 14 East 4th Street, New York NY 10012

FIRE AND ICE

Top looking for prime quality ass to cool off heat up, and fuck Oct. 140 Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156

SEEKING TOTAL SLAVES
for heavy training. Brig discipline Only good bodies/BB need apply Serious only No JO calls (212) 279-5349

HOT EXPERIENCED SLAVE
CBT, TT, all basic SM, well-hung, tall slender 40s, moustache weekend service between Syracuse NYC Box 4157

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6 Under 230 lbs.) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Box 4165

BELTMMASTER

Handsome novice M. 34 5'7" 140 lbs seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF shaving and good hot sex Letters with photo answered first. Box 4163

HOT HAIRY PISHPOL

30, wants intense humiliation from arrogant, real men who spit/step on faggots Box 4172

WESTERN NEW YORK

Male lovers, 41 & 25, in good shape looking for trim playmates & friends We have a variety of interests and can be versatile Photo please Write Ron Ellicott Station, Box 825, Buffalo NY 14205

SLEAZY & SMELLY

W/m. 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks kinky male with smelly body raunchy arm pits, very dirty underwear (never enough), cheesy hose Let me smell let me lick. Sleazy WS leather uniforms humiliated, verbal abuse okay No heavy SM, no scat, uncut a plus, muscles a must, telephone no. for a very good time Box 4143

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4" big cock/deep ass serves as sex slave for anything-clean/dirty for W master in boots/leather W/l bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather licking dirty boots (your shirt?) to a shine TT/SM/B&D/FF, toys Box 3870

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged, muscular hung but submissive biker 36, needs expert level-headed Top (while cut only) for heavy bondage workouts Strip immobilize & manhandle this 5'7", 155# brown-haired BB, whip my round, white butt till it glows & fuck it dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddles, wax, C&B/T You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive's helpless body Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45 No WS scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area, your own work room & camera are plusses Photo phone get mine Brad, P.O. Box 78 NYC 10113

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27 5'6" 135 lbs uncut with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys Look for fun, loving, considerate friends who care about their bodies and want to look good without drugs and smoking Reply with photo Box 3863

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon No FF scat drugs or overweights Photo appreciated—all answered Box 3882

COMPOSER AUTHOR

40, very quiet writer seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful mildly muscular 30% male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean non-vicious modes' sexual relationsh p Should like to cook May eventually relocate n rural California like motorcycle, small farming animals quiet tasks spiritual energy bodybuilding natural foods often in the Chinese style balanced sane living and Hadyn String Quartets No drugs alcohol or single a scene please Do not w sh to be involved in the gay scene at all Box 3881

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple safe—but unbearably agonizing Watch as my young beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds—tw sling struggling as your cruel fingers more less stroke my ticklish feel and pits ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy Write for action Box 3880

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/w 29, 180 lbs., bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same No scat FF backs Will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone Must have interest in scene On form preferred Box 3879

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master You short 18-40, tiny cock, Goat huge nipples and pussy possible marriage No drunks drugs fags Photo phone BW Box 149, NY NY 10012

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W M hairy Master 38 5'7", 150 wh

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Bare your chest with mine for sensual nipple action. Write Box 649, New York NY 10156

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His big manass onto my ass-ealing face? Like heating up this daddy's (16-6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) cocksucking mouth with your beerpiss before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet BJ I'm hold for nippleplay w/ pig out on your pits, crotch balls feet service you you and your buddy(s) without reciprocation. Turnons: muscles tattoos skinheads, big pecs, thighs & asses facial and body hair and especially beerguts. But no really horny stud refused. Will travel. (212)684 3487

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N.Y.C. OR LI.
WM. 35, 57", 170 lbs., 46" chest, 34" waist. Born to serve in leather, a Master over 30 who can take control and show me he's boss. Sir, I am into B&D WS FF body shaving and body piercing, enemas, humiliation, verbal trips, plenty of lit work, look for long time relationship, will relocate for right Master. Serious and sincere Sir. Please send order form & photo to J.H., PO 534 Long Beach NY NY 11561

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SEEK SLAVE

LH Maynard John Brown Road Conradi Court, Lot 9, Van Wert, OH 45891

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29, 54", 135 beard, hairy must very masc seeks another good man into BD, most SM body punching, forced sub VA visual salesex Will travel No items drugs. Photo appreciated Box 4259

HEALTHY MAN

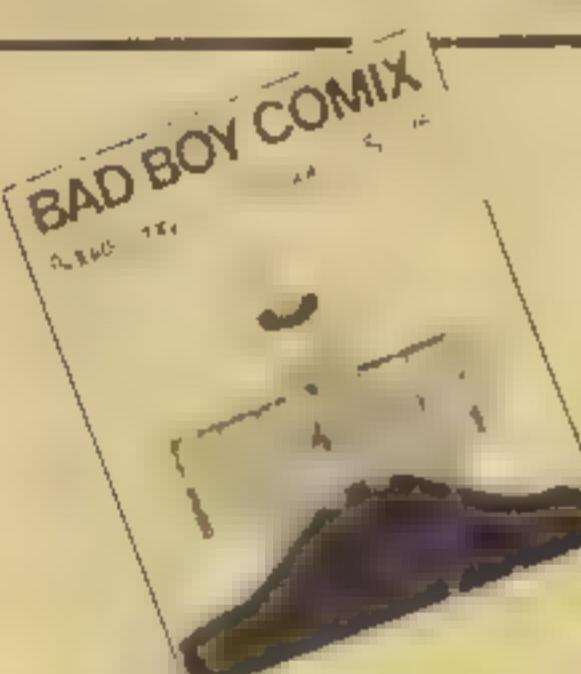
Intg male sex. 45. WM 7" cut good chest/nipples and arms. Men only not looking for lover—want inventive male sex pix preferred but reply to all. Box 9887

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WM 18-30 years old into L/C, B/D etc Permanent possible Photo & phone a must Box 4244

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Wants SON/SLAVE
WM Daddy, Master 38 5'11" 200 stocky build, seeks son's ave for fun and games S&M B&D TT shaving training & service Photo & phone to Box LF4137



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YOUNG

Inexperienced 22. Tulsa slave wants d street Friday-night Leather Master Light B&D, SM, no drugs ass-fucking licking Photo Chris, Box 701881 Tulsa OK 74170

YOUNG SLAVE

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Toys Can't handle it don't answer Just fuck off Box 3887

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Manual for the artist, 86 pp. illus., includes machine operation and needle bar construction, pigment formulations, retail sources, trade secrets \$3.00 ppd A. Lemes MD 947 E Broadway Long Beach, CA 90802

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Hot fantasies filmed on tape. Photo sets also available! Brochure \$1 (refundable with first order). Control-T Studio 13624 Sherman Way No. 4750, Van Nuys, CA 91405. State over 21 (7300 Lennox)

TOTAL BODY SHAVING
Video tape of young, cocky punk being shaved from head to toe. Everything VHS only \$55 (postpaid). Send to Freeborn Productions, Box 42547 San Francisco, CA 94142. State you are over 21 years of age (1334 Van Ness)

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Check the tubes, bags, nozzles, piss-sheaths, diapers, rubber leather ass-spreaders, videos, magazines of J.B.'s Supply, Box 85667, Los Angeles, CA 900. Very wet indeed!

TOM OF FINLAND
The Tom of Finland Foundation is looking to contact anyone who has an original of Tom's or printed matter of his art from the 1950s and 1960s (rare material). Send info to Tom of Finland Foundation, Box 26716, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

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Buddy Directory Send SASE for free information. Saint Priapus, 583 Grove, San Francisco CA 94121

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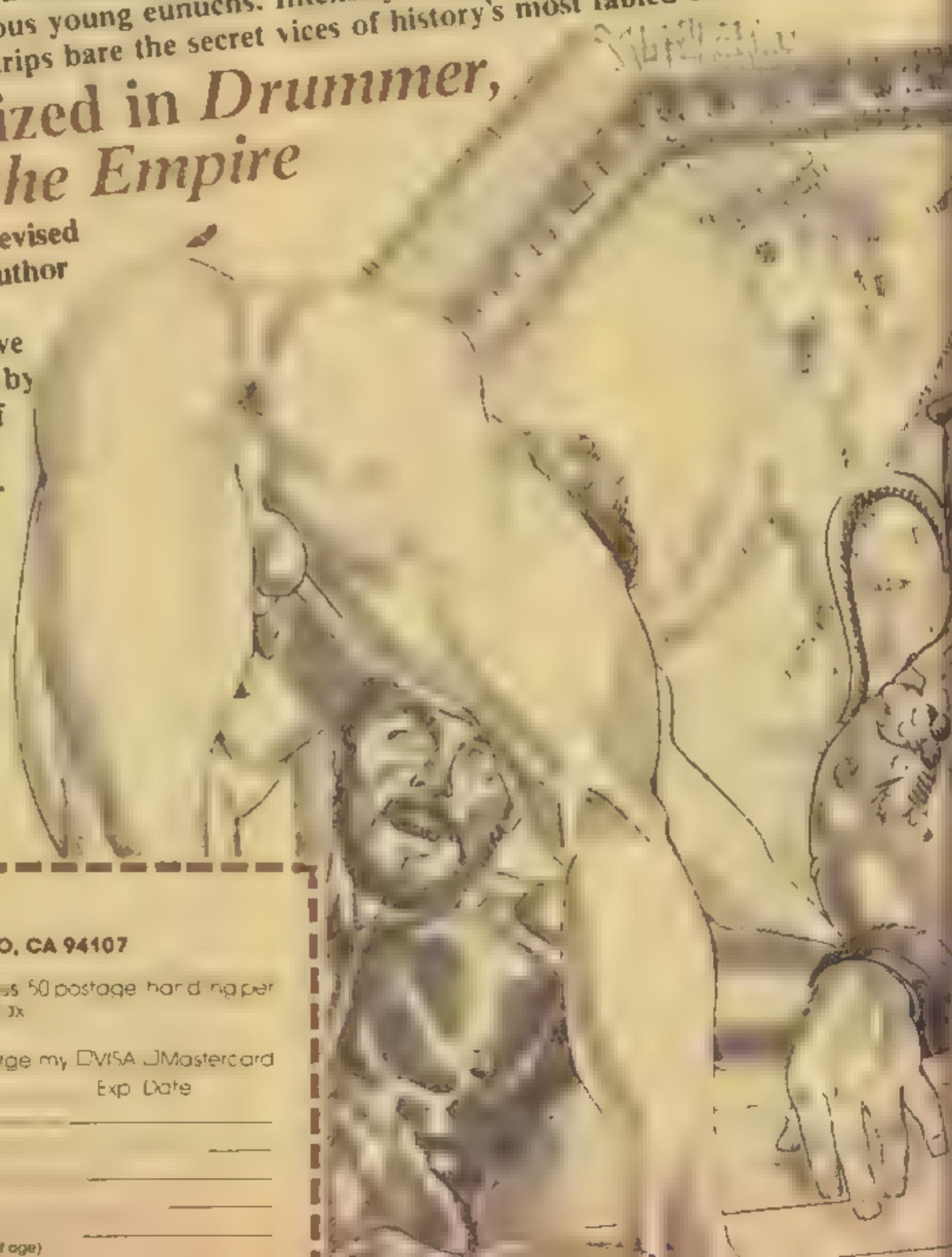
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DRUMMER

ABOUT MY DAD, YOU ASK, WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AFTER HE AND MA SPLIT AND SHE TOOK ME AWAY TO LIVE WITH HER FOLKS..



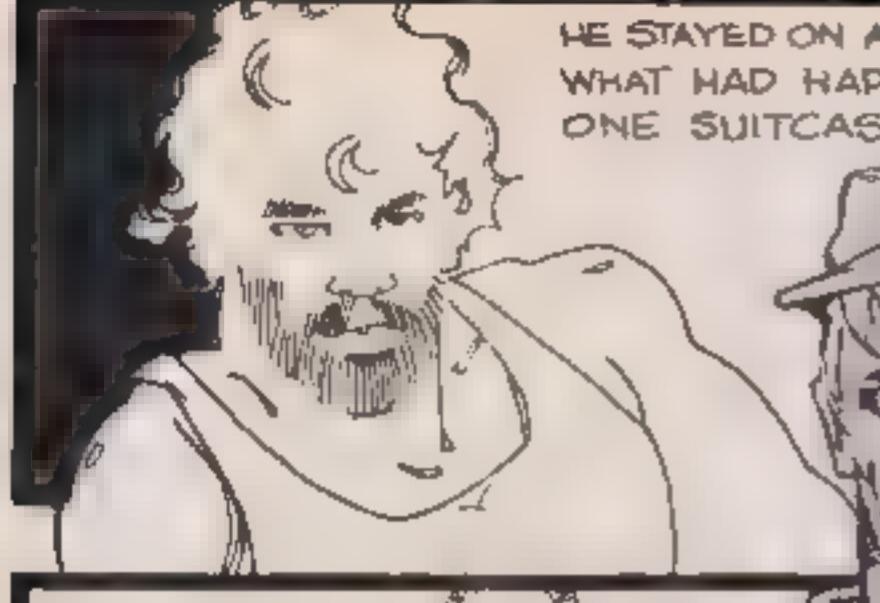
MA WAS THERE ALL THE TIME. JUST THERE. SHE NEVER JOINED IN. NEVER SEEMED PART OF THE FAMILY. SHE SAT SILENT, WAITING, WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO TEAR US APART...

THERE WAS . TORN BETWEEN THE TWO. SHE LOVING, KIND SOFTLY SPOKEN, EDUCATED. HE, ROUGH, SOMETIMES CRUDE ALL MAN, AND TREATED ME LIKE A MATE AS WELL AS A SON.

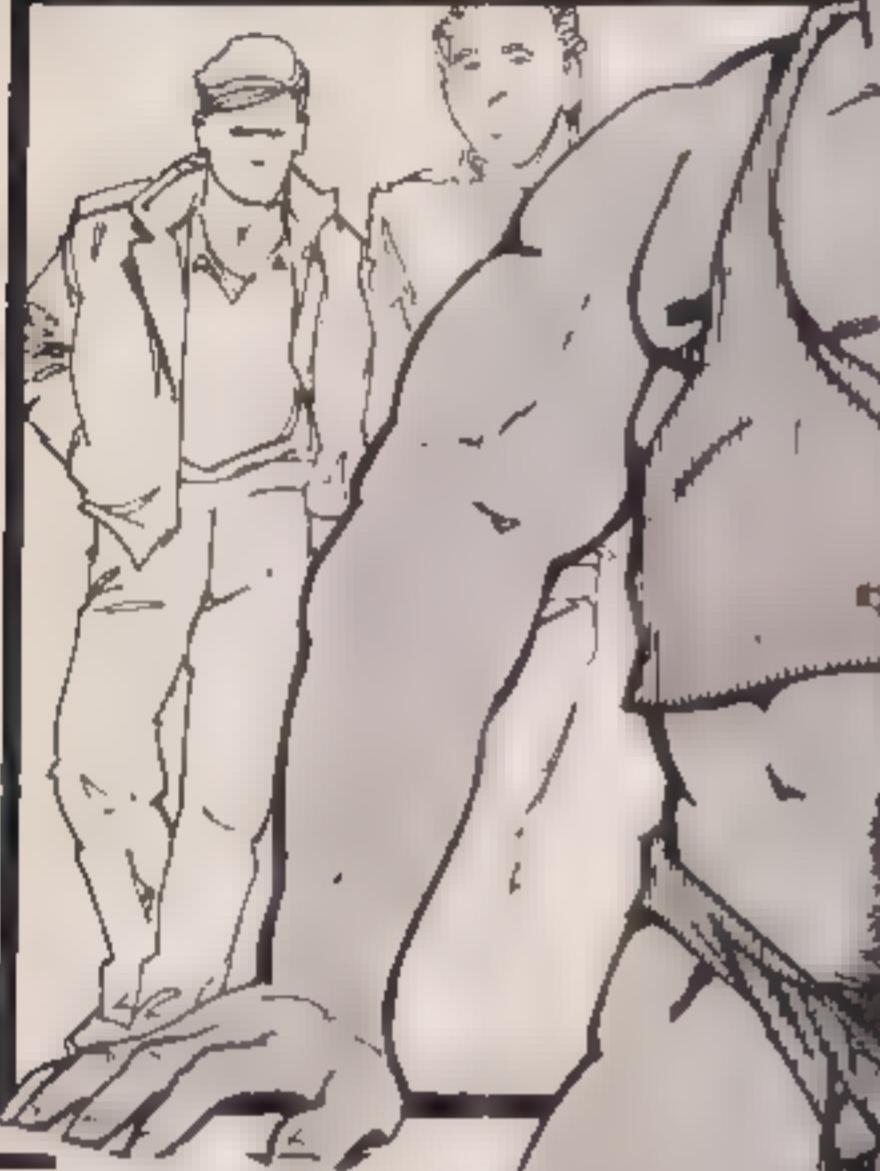
PA ISN'T A MAN TO TALK MUCH... WHENEVER I HAVE ASKED HIM WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE YEARS WE WERE SEPARATED HE WOULD JUST SAY! 'FORGET IT! WHAT HAS PAST HAS PAST LET US NOW ENJOY OUR TIME TOGETHER AND MAKE UP FOR ALL THOSE LOST YEARS' -SO HERE ARE JUST A FEW GLIMPSES OF THAT PAST WHICH I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LEARN FROM HIM, DURING SOME OF HIS MORE EXPRESSIVE MOMENTS... I DOUBT, IN TIME, I WILL DISCOVER MORE. IN THE MEANTIME...

I REMEMBER HE COULD SWING A MEAN STRAP WHEN I HAD MISBEHAVED. BUT MOST OF MY MEMORIES WERE OF JUST ME AND I LOVING EACH OTHER'S COMPANY. WE HAD A VERY TACTILE RELATIONSHIP, TOUCHING AND HUGGING, AS IF AFRAID TO LOSE BODY CONTACT FOR A SECOND...





HE STAYED ON AT THE FARM FOR AWHILE UNTIL THE FULL REALISATION OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED STRUCK HIM-THEN HE SOLD UP, PACKED JUST ONE SUITCASE AND TOOK OFF TO NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR, JUST TRAVELED FROM PLACE TO PLACE UNTIL THE MONEY HE HAD GOTTEN FROM THE SALE OF THE FARM RAN OUT, THEN HE TOOK ODD JOBS BUT KEPT ON MOVING ALMOST AFRAID TO STAY IN ONE PLACE IN CASE MEMORIES CAUGHT HIM UP.



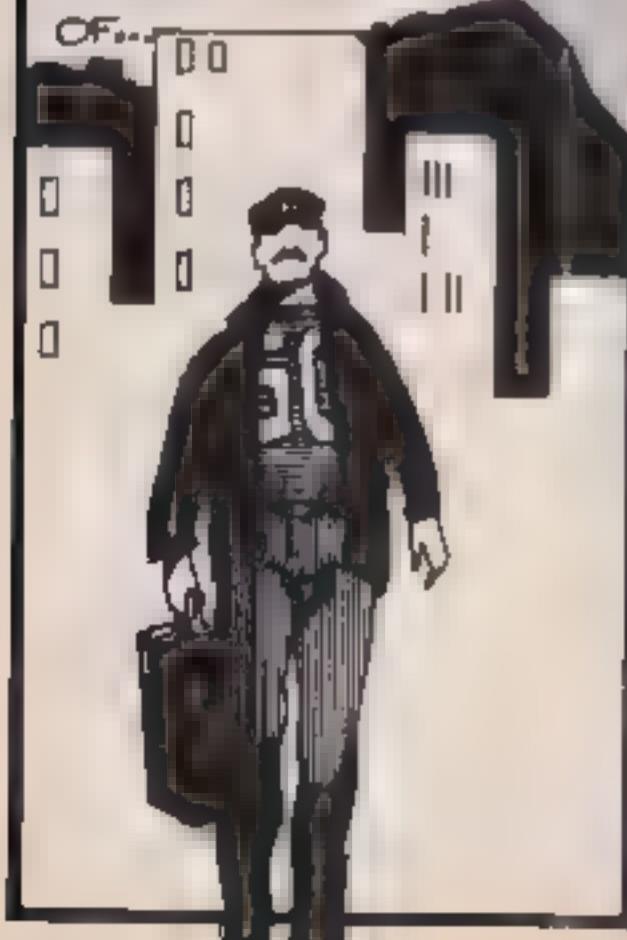
HE BEGAN HUSTLING AGAIN- THIS TIME HE DID IT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE IT WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS MARRIAGE BREAK UP- HE BECAME BRUTAL IN HIS ACTIVITIES WHICH SEEMED TO ADD TO HIS SUCCESSES,



BUT THAT BIG DICK OF HIS SOON GOT HIM IN TROUBLE, ARRIVING IN A BIG CITY HE MANAGED TO GET A JOB IN A STORE, THE OWNER'S WIFE SPOTTED THAT LARGE BULGE IN HIS PANTS AND RIGHTLY REASONED THIS WAS THE STUFF DREAMS WERE MADE OF...



...SHE LOST NO TIME INVESTIGATING, BUT THE CONSTANT GRIN OF SATISFACTION ON HER FACE WAS NOTICED BY HER HUSBAND WHO BECAME SUSPICIOUS AND SACKED PA AT ONCE



SO PA MOVED ON. ONE DAY A REAL HANDSOME GUY PICKED PA UP. PA THOUGHT THE GUY LOOKED SOMEWHAT FAMILIAR BUT JUST THOUGHT HE MAY HAVE SEEN HIM IN A BAR. THEY BEGAN A REAL AFFAIR. THE GUY, STEVE, WOULDN'T INVITE PA BACK TO HIS OWN PAD, AND DIDN'T TALK MUCH ABOUT HIMSELF. IN FACT, WAS VERY SECRETIVE, BUT IT DIDN'T BOTHER PA AT ALL...

ONE DAY, PA WAS DUMBFOUNDED TO SEE A CINEMA POSTER...

THEY USED PA'S MEAN BED-SIT ROOM AND HAD GREAT SEX. PA GUessed THAT STEVE WAS MARRIED AND WISHED TO KEEP THAT PART OF HIS LIFE A SECRET.

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SO, THAT IS ALL I CAN TELL YOU FOR NOW.

IN THE MEANTIME I TRY TO MAKE UP FOR HIS LOST LOVES AND BE MORE TO HIM THAN JUST A SON

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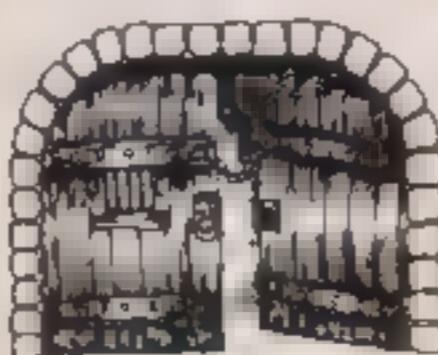
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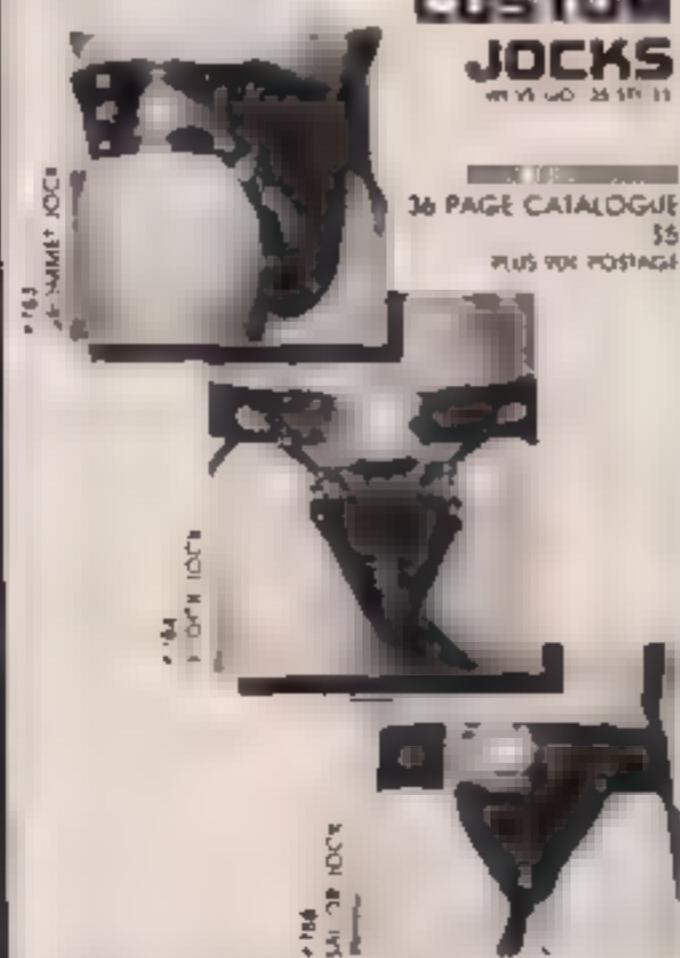
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SECOND SEMESTER

Gay Male SM Activists of New York, one of this country's leading groups in the movement toward formal education and safe-and-sane training in SM practices, has announced its schedule of winter activities for 1985. General meetings of GMSMA are held on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the Gay Community Center, 208 West 13th St., first floor, at 8:30 p.m., with a door donation of \$2/members, \$3/non-members. (Open to gay men only unless otherwise noted.)

Of special interest in January and February:

Anniversary Party (Jan. 19, 120 Eleventh Ave.): A celebration of GMSMA's fourth anniversary at the Spike. Details TBA.

Bondage Fashion Show (Jan. 23, 8:30 p.m., 208 W. 13th St.): Items in leather, rubber, canvas and metal, modeled live. "An evening bound to please."

Flogging (Feb. 13, 8:30 p.m., 208 W. 13th St.): Various whips, crops and quirts explained and demonstrated, with hints on safety and "how not to hurt (unless desired)." Joint meeting with LSM, open to women.

Flogging Workshop (Feb. 16, time and place TBA): A hands-on lesson, "your chance to flog, under the guidance of masters in the field." Joint workshop with LSM, open to women.

For more information, write to GMSMA, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

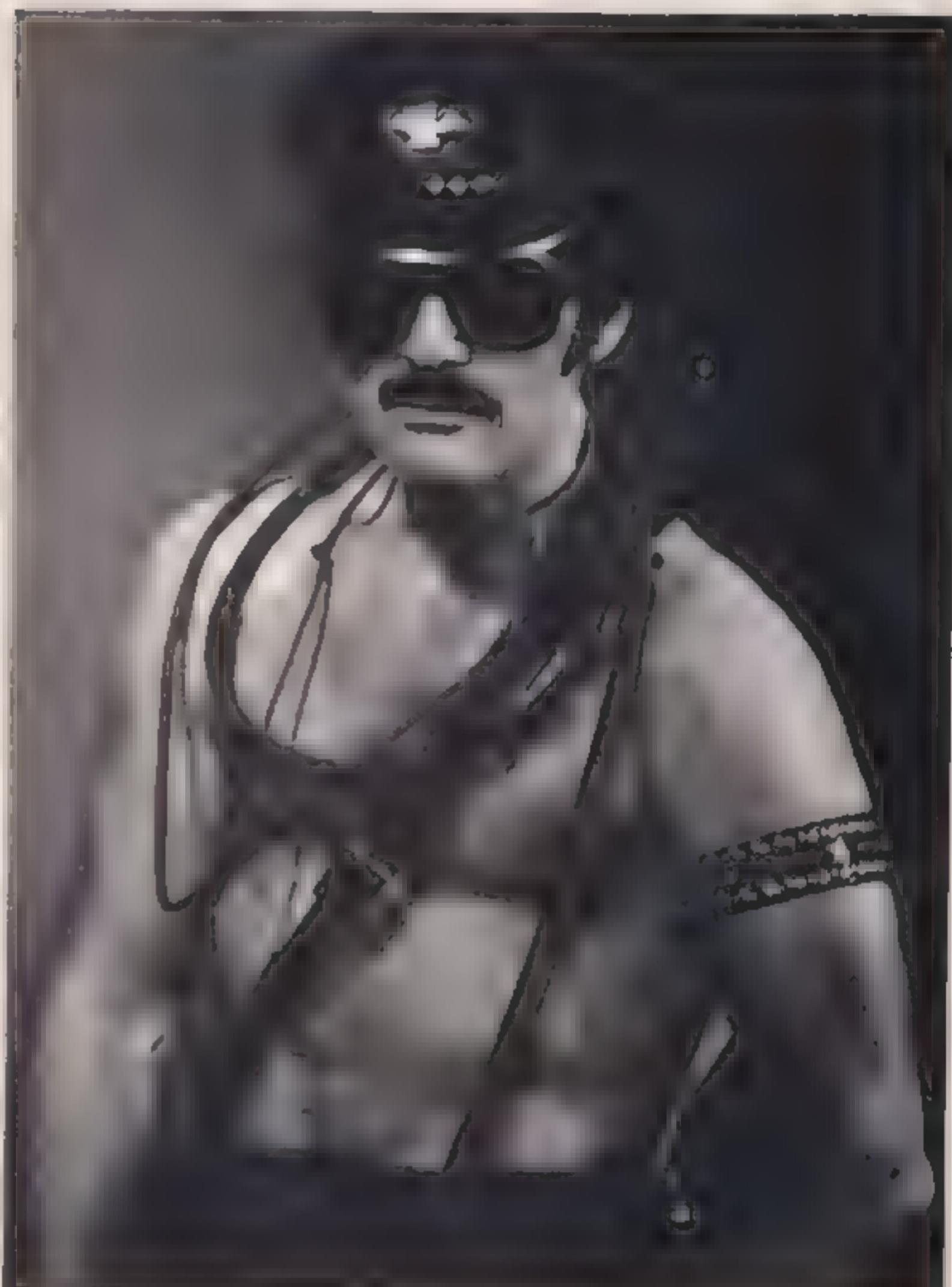
SPANISH LEATHER

Fall of 1984 saw the formal organization of the first jeans-leather-uniform-rubber Motor Sport Club in Spain, MSC-Barcelona. The group drafted its constitution in October, with an eye toward acceptance into the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs at the ECMC Annual Meeting held in Brussels, under the sponsorship of the Rurals MC and FSCMC-Marseille.

MSC-Barcelona held meetings throughout 1984, frequently at Barcelona's Driver Club and Bronx Bar. The group currently numbers 42 members.

COWTOWN LEATHER

The Top Man hands-down at the 1984 annual run of the Cowtown Leathermen of Fort Worth and Dallas last fall: The Master in Leather. The Master, well known on the U.S. leather scene (member of the Leather Fraternity, seen at this year's Heelire Inferno), is also well respected on his home turf—so much so



TANNING HIDES IN TEXAS: The Master in Leather, Cowtown Leatherman of the Year

that the vote giving him the Leatherman Award at the Cowtown Leathermen run was reportedly unanimous.

An exclusive Top, The Master in Leather was given the award for being "most representative of the leather community and SM in Texas."

GOOD TASTE

The Sixty Nine Motorcycle Club (SNC) of London will be celebrating its Twentieth Anniversary over the weekend of May 24-27 with their "China Run." To

commemorate the event, SNC is creating an unusual souvenir (unusual, at least, for a leathermen's group)—a china plate. The plate features a cyclorama of coy artwork depicting scenes of bondage and flogging (including giant cocks sprouting out of nowhere), with a pastoral scene in the center of two leathermen pitching camp in the woods. Suitable for mounting on the wall, the delicate souvenir may not fare well on overland motorcycle runs.

Collectors may contact: Box Number SNC, London WC1 3XX, England

WHERE THE HELL?

A number of regular *Drummer* readers noticed that the Christmas issue for 1984 (*Drummer* 79) had no photo coverage of the annual Hellfire Inferno. A photo spread and report on Inferno had become almost an annual event in the pages of the Christmas issues. So where was it this time around?

The fact is, the powers-that-be in the Chicago Hellfire Club decided, for reasons of their own, not to allow publicity photographs to be taken at the 1984 Inferno. The event went on as usual—one of the most famous, or infamous, gatherings of Masters and slaves in the known universe—but without documentation by the cameras. Inferno has of course, received an immense amount of publicity over the last few years, notably from *Drummer* and *The Zeus Collection*; perhaps the organizers were beginning to feel a bit overexposed.

BALLING IN COLOGNE

No, this isn't an item on sex and perfume. Well, sex, maybe.

Two leading leather groups in Cologne (Köln), West Germany—MS Panther Köln e.V. and the Black Angels—have announced "Karneval 1985 in Köln," or Carnival in Cologne. Dates for the festivities are Feb. 16-19. The big event: a Saturday evening "Kostumbal" (Costume Ball) in the Casino-Gesellschaft, Marienplatz 14.

The Panthers and the Black Angels are expecting a huge turn-out, especially from other member-groups of the ECMC. This may be the big European leather event of the spring. Contact: MS Panther Köln e.V., Postfach 5163, D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel, West Germany.

MOLTO MASCHIO

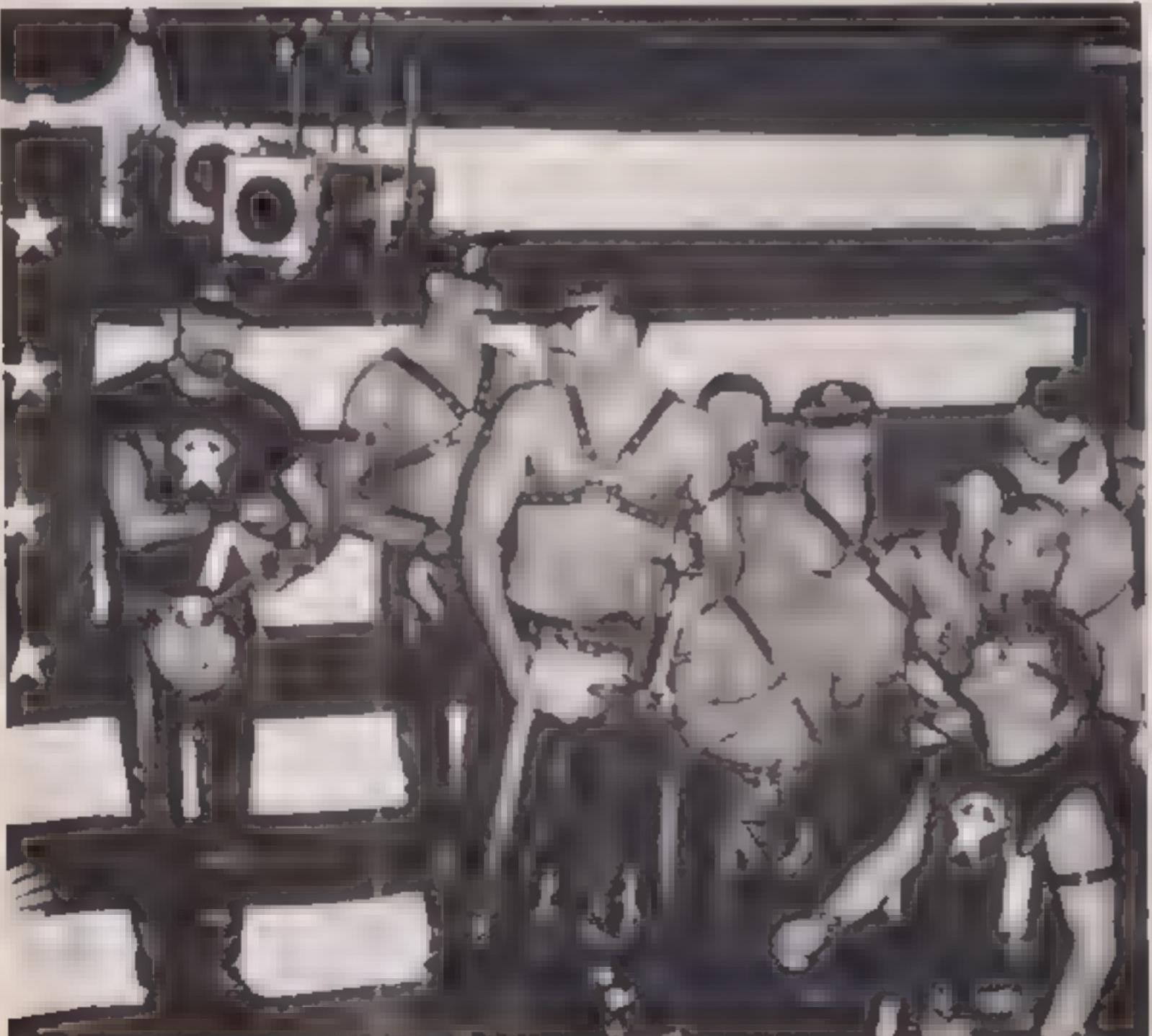
At last, Italy has its own homegrown, hardcore, no-holds-barred magazine for gay men. It's called *Maschio*, and the premiere issue's just arrived at the *Drummer* doorstep.

Gay publishing is not new to Italy; in fact, the same people who put out *Maschio* have been publishing *Babilonia*, that bastion of Italian gay sensibility and good taste (see International Leather Scene, *Drummer* 76), for quite some time. What makes *Maschio* groundbreaking, and more similar to American gay magazines, are its glossy nude photo spreads, which include uncensored penetration.

Looking through the first issue, it's also apparent that *Maschio* doesn't have a lot of local material to draw from—or else believes that its readers prefer exotic (read: U.S.) men over homegrown hunks. Leafing through the pages is a little like looking through your own collection of American erotica—a cover photo from *Playgirl*, a spread on Kip Noll, a report on gay life in New York, some



MR. LEATHER NEW YORK CITY: Held Oct. 27 at Alex's Disco Bar, the First Annual Mr. Leather Contest for New York City found its winner in Henry Romanowski (above), a substantial slice of beefcake (with warm personality to boot) who proved that wearing leather shorts is seasonable in any kind of weather. Julio Morales (below) was named First Runner-Up. Second Runner-Up was Tom Hall of the Apple Corps. Presented by Interchain, the event was a benefit for the Gay Men's Health Crisis. Photos by Jack M. Hirschman.



old Colt shots of Gregg Strom in leather some beautiful Tom of Finland artwork in full color

So where are the Italian boys? Well there's Coit's Joe Porcelli, who's at least Italian-American. Blond porn star Brian Hawks appears as Diavolo Rosso, "Blond Devil," and a man-to-man spread on Giorgio Canali and Al Parker appears as "Giorgio & Mario"—we never knew that Mario was Italian for Al.

Obviously, most of Maschio's material comes from across the Atlantic, but there are a few things you wouldn't expect to find in U.S. counterparts—like a feature on phallic art of the Roman Empire (statues and paintings with enormous endowments), classified personals you obviously won't find elsewhere, and (gasp) a photo spread of Johnny Harden in uniform hard-dicking a Black chick. Well, it is macho.

Other plusses: Good printing, lots of color, and graphic sexuality. For a premiere issue, *Maschio Number One* shows a lot of promise.

To contract, write: Edizioni Moderne—Maschio, Casella postale n. 17160, 20170 Milano, Italy.

DAM HOT!

Greg Maskwa and Dimitrius (no last name) are the "Dam Boyz." They may not be able to spell worth a damn, but they do have their collaborative finger on something with *DAM. Erotic Fantasy Art for Leathermen*, a slick, 48-page magazine of Maskwa's unusual erotic art as photographed by Dimitrius and highlighted by a co-authored text.

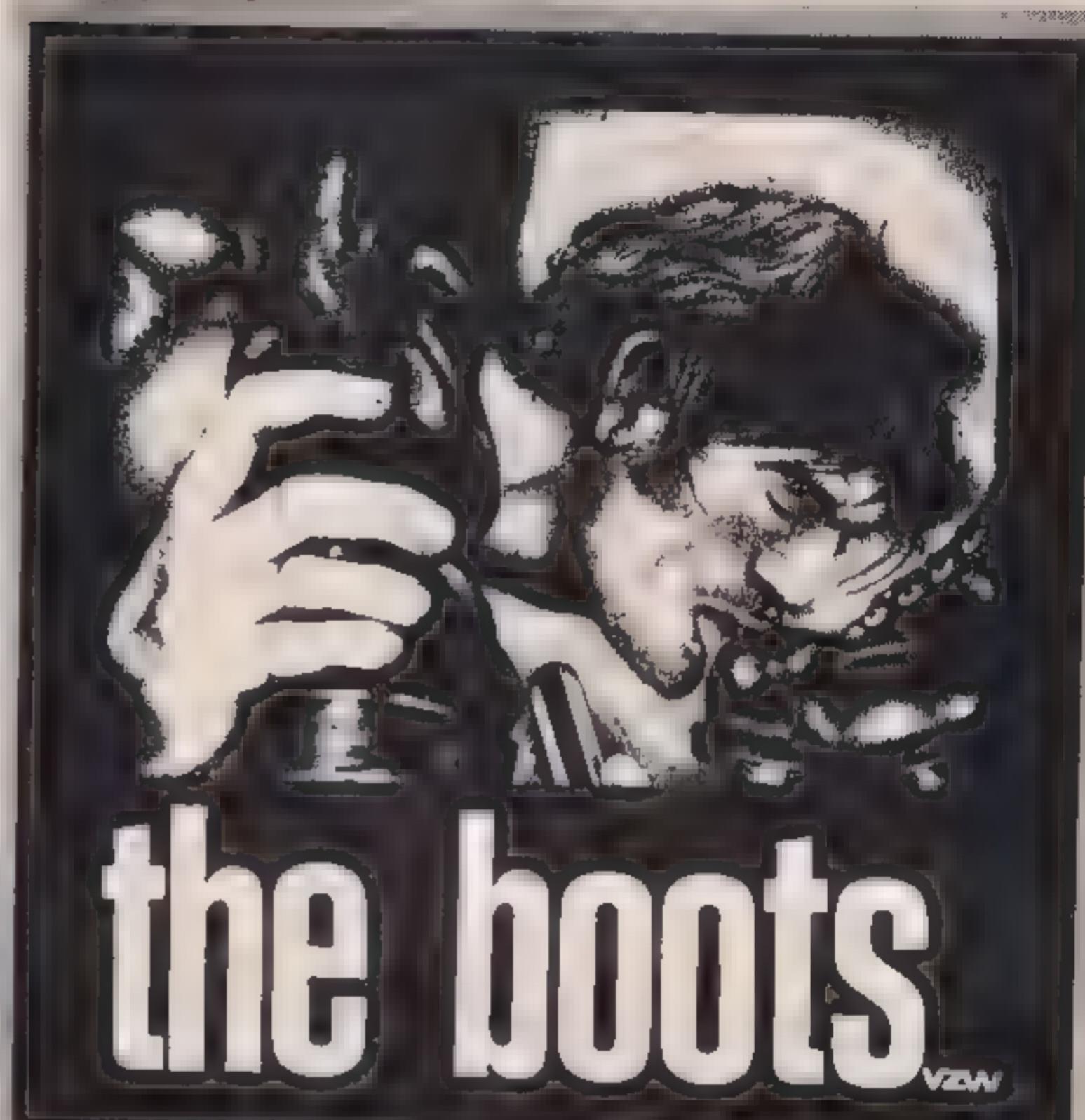
Some of the 150 pieces are in color, most in black and white. Maskwa's style is somewhat crude—but then so is his subject matter, which ranges from lewd trucker fantasies to bizarre erotic landscapes populated by randy satyrs and centaurs. (Maskwa's mural work has graced the walls of The Arena and The Brig in San Francisco; details from those large-scale works are reproduced here.)

You can get hold of the *DAM* picture book by sending cover price of \$8.50 plus \$1.50 postage to: Dam Studios, 350 West 48th St., New York, NY 10016.

BOOTS IN BELGIUM

From a European correspondent well-versed in the Continent's leather scene, we recently received this hot tip on antics in Antwerp:

"If you're staying overnight in Belgium—that tiny country south of Holland, north of France, west of Germany and east of Britain—don't book a hotel in the capital, Brussels, but in Antwerp, 50 kilometers to the north. Antwerp is the only city in Belgium with a real leather bar. It's called The Boots and it opened about a year ago in an old warehouse not far from downtown. On four floors they have two bars, a disco, two backrooms



the boots

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MADE FOR WALKING: Boot Lck, 19, poses at The Boots for the Antwerp superbar. The Boots: the hottest leather spot in Belgium.

and a golden shower room. One of the backrooms is in the cellar; and the only way to get in is to descend a ladder.

They're open from Wednesday through Sunday, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m., closed on Monday and Tuesday. To get in you must be a member of the club. Membership for one evening costs 100 Belgian francs (currently under two American dollars). Drinks are also inexpensive.

Unique in Europe are their Golden Shower Evenings. There are five scheduled for 1985: March 30, June 29, Aug. 31, Sept. 28, and Nov. 30.

The Boots is easy to find. Address Van Aerdtstraat 22, B-2008 Antwerp. From the downtown Franklin Rooseveltplein, follow the Avenue Italialei to the entrance of the traffic tunnel under the river Schelde (to your left). Van Aerdtstraat will be to your right.

'There are no gay hotels in Antwerp. For accommodations contact the Tourist Office VVV, Suikerrui 19, B-2000 Antwerp.'

Our thanks for the tip. You know the saying: If it's Tuesday, this must be Belgium—but remember that The Boots doesn't open until Wednesday night!

SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep Drummer readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere.

Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Send press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to: International Leather Scene, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. □

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DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of Older Queen

ON DADDY'S LEASH

Well, I'm finally doing it; I've been thinking about sending you my "Daddy" story for two years. Now, at the prospects of a forthcoming new volume of Drummer Daddies, I find I cannot hold off any more.

I met my Daddy three years ago while I was living in the South End of Boston. Being so close to many of the best gay bars in town, it didn't take long for me to become a regular at Chaps and Buddies. And being 24, good-looking, and horny as hell, it wasn't long before I met my Daddy, John. He was 40, 5'7" and 165 lbs., with a young little-boy face and a warm personality. He also had a lover with him, who would later become a major obstacle in my relationship with John. Anyway, it wasn't long before we had struck up a wild menage a trois, which was a trip in itself and would take much too long to describe. It ended, but my desire for John and his desire for me didn't, and since we lived very close it was easy for lots of rendezvous.

John was of Italian heritage, a blue collar worker at a nearby autobody warehouse. His small body was muscular and well-toned and he had the nicest uncut cock I ever had the pleasure of sharing. (It was about 7 inches long, and two inches wide.) I guess I offered John things he would never get from his lover, warmth and loyalty for starters, and I guess that's why he kept seeing me. Of course, John was the gentle but firm Daddy I secretly desired, and I found myself wanting him more and more.

As weeks passed, I was willing to do anything to see him and serve him. The sex was fabulous. John would fuck me for what seemed like an eternity with his wonderful dick. Finally when neither of us could hold back any longer, he would flip me over, with me lying on his chest, his cock deep in my ass. With one hand he would grab my throbbing 6½ inches, and with the other hand he would torture one of my nipples! All the while our

it one at a time, and have me clean each foot real well with his hot piss as a extra treat.

When the job was finished we were both usually ready to come, but sometimes my Dad would just give me a deep kiss or almost a quick blow job, because he would have other plans for the evening. Sometimes he would have me cook him dinner, still in bondage, with one of his work boots hanging from my leash. I would serve my Dad and sit on the floor, perfectly willing to keep servicing his cock and balls and bare legs and feet as he ate. Usually Dad would release my wrists and allow me to join him.

After dinner Dad would lead me into my bedroom, as he would be practically in the same sexual frenzy I was at this point. We would fuck and make love, the ropes would come off, we would shower and sadly my Dad would head home. He could never justify leaving his lover because he had been with him for many years. That fact always hurt, but now I've forgotten the bad aspects of what was otherwise a fantastic sexual experience.

If my Dad reads this he'll probably recognize the story in an instant. I want him to know I'd do it again in a minute if he wants. All he has to do is track me down after all, Boston is still a pretty small, big city.

A young man still looking
for the right Daddy

HOT LICKS

I am glad to see that you have reinstated the Drummer Daddies section in your fine magazine. I have noticed however, that most of the correspondence is from "sons." I, on the other hand, am a "Dad," and I would sure like to see some input from some other Dads around the country sharing their ideas on methods of discipline, etc.

I guess it was a natural transition for me to become a



Photo: Henry DeVore

mouths and tongues would be locked in passion; helplessly impaled as I was, I could do nothing but explode John would soon do the same, all the while pumping my ass furiously

Eventually our almost-daily meetings slowed to one or two a week, and perhaps to make up for this loss we began to liven up our sexual encounters any way we could. A Daddie/son, Top/bottom flavor crept into our meetings and I was always the son/bottom, which was fine with me! All John had to do eventually was to call, and say he was on his way over to see his "son." I would meet him at the door, usually in an old jock, dirty t-shirt and sweat socks, all things that turned him on. He was usually coming from work without changing. He smelled so good it was hard to control myself. Sometimes if he was tired or fatigued he would get annoyed if I got "too frisky" and would insist on "restraining me" (which naturally was okay with me if it pleased my Daddy)

He would grab my hard dick and balls and lead me to my bedroom. There he would firmly secure my wrists to the side of my waist. This was his favorite way to bind my arms and hands as it allowed me to beat my own dick while he watched me and relaxed for a bit. He would also tie my legs at the ankle, just enough to allow me to hobble about if he wanted anything like a beer or snack or a hot magazine. Special attention was given to my cock and balls. He would tie a short cord entirely around my penis and scrotum, fairly tight, then complete this sensitive area with a "leash" just around my balls.

Having me now "secured in my place," he would grab my leash and pull me into the living room where he could finally relax. I would hobble behind, trying to keep up with his fast pace, my balls stretched several inches in front of me, leading the way! Once there my Daddy would lie on the sofa, his hot naked body a feast for my eyes. I would lie or sit on the floor until my Daddy wanted me. Usually he would want me to gently suck and lick his great cock slowly. If I got carried away he would remind me of my place with a quick tug on my leash. This always did the trick. Eventually I would service his whole body, from his sweaty armpits and hairy nipples, to his musky ass, and finally a place which I always loved to give special attention to, his bare feet and toes. My Dad would always stop and watch as I carefully serviced his feet, mostly because I threw myself into it with such total abandon that he knew I was crazy about him. Then he would get excited and stroke his dick and say things like "that's a good boy, do a good job." Sometimes, if he had had a real hard and strenuous day at work, he would insist I give his body special attention with my tongue, and when I came to his feet he would help me out and heighten the scene by pissing into a large basin. He would place it on the floor, dip his feet in

Dad. When I turned forty, I began to notice that other guys near my own age were getting flabby, losing their hair, and getting frustrated. I was especially frustrated because I was in good shape, I had a full head of hair, and I was proud of my looks. I guess it's good country living, but the years have been pretty good to me. But these flabby encounters with guys my own age were the shits—for me, anyway. The younger guys started looking pretty damned good to me. To a few of them, I looked pretty good. To one of them, I was the answer to a prayer. He calls me "Dad," and he likes it as hot and heavy and rough as I do.

We've been together for close to two years. He's twenty-six years old, tall, and good-looking. We work out together, and after only a few months, he developed a washboard stomach and a powerful build to go with that face of his. He's a good kid, but like any boy his age, he can sure get into trouble. When he does, I can be as rough as a dry fuck.



knows this, but his carelessness and failure to take his licks like a man has given him an extra blister or two.

Now I know my methods may seem harsh to some Dads out there, and some sons may not think I could take what I dish out. I can and I have. I know what a hard lick feels like; or should feel like. Some guys who are into heavy discipline are familiar with the term "breaking." When you "break" a guy, you spank, whip, strap, or in my case, paddle a guy to tears. Only a very few guys who are into corporal punishment are really into getting broke. As the pain approaches that level, most guys lose their fantasy and get turned off. A few guys, like my Dave, need to get broke. The fiery pain, the tears in his eyes and down his face, and the sobs in his lungs are proof to him that the discipline was real.

If you're strong enough, you can spank a guy long and hard enough with your bare hand to break him. Or you can belt him, or you can strap him. Or, if you're like me, you can take a big, thick, wide wooden paddle and break him with as few as one or two good, solid, hard licks.

Dave and I are into big licks, and while he used to break at three, his endurance increased to five. (Remember, I'm talking very hard.) These swats would be illegal in any classroom, principal's office, coach's gym, fraternity, even the Marine Corps. In addition, the fact that he breaks at five doesn't mean that's all he gets. That's just the point where he starts crying. Though there are several times when one swat is enough to keep him out of trouble, eight is a good round number of licks for that tough little backside of his. Ten, if he really pisses me off. He fucked off and earned himself fifteen once, but it laid him out with a busted ass for a couple of days.

There's a lot I could say about what a good paddling does for Dave. It changes his attitude and does a hell of a lot for his behavior. It does a hell of a lot for me, too. If any of you Dads out there ain't had yourself a hot fuck, you haven't lived. Usually, after one of these occasions, my dick feels like a salami. Dave usually isn't quite so lucky, while his ass is on fire. I give those licks about five minutes to work up some good heat on his butt. Then I unfasten his jeans, and peel them off his red, hot ass. Then I slip him nine inches, and we go for a ride. And that, mister, is when a fuck becomes a FUCK!

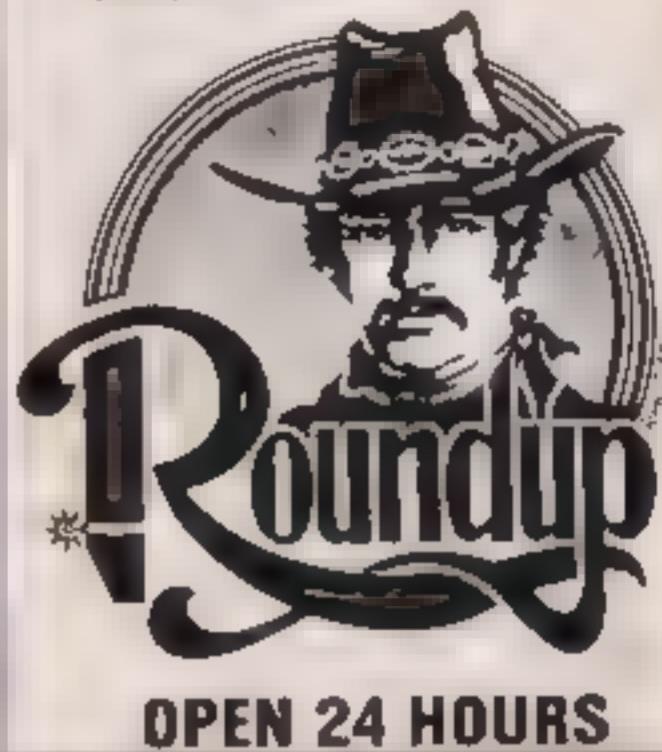
Dad into Discipline
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Have you got a Daddy/son story to tell? Then what the hell are you waiting for? We want to know every nasty detail! Write it out (typing it will get you extra points) and send it straight to Drummer Daddies, c/o Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. You'll get off when you see it in print, and so will thousands of other Daddies and their boys!

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DRUMMERS

VIDEO

BEST VIDEOS OF 1984

The best videos of 1984 represent a continuum: pornography explored within the confines of its most severe limits, pornography refashioned into art; erotica crafted as cinema verite, sex as a metaphor for the light of the heart; sex as the incarnation of the darkest reaches of the soul. It would be hard to imagine a single audience for the entire spectrum present here, and the most telling truth of this year's crop may well be that erotica is an infinite variable. This list is in no particular order.

Pleasure Beach

Arthur J. Bressan, Jr. (director), Richard Lawrence (producer, screenplay), stars Michael Christopher, Johnny Daws, Chris Burns.

This was Bressan's first full-length color erotic feature and the absolute mastery of subtle nuances that typified earlier works like *Passing Strangers* and *Forbidden Letters* literally blazes across the screen in the most striking love scene ever to occur in gay cinema—the moment that climaxes this well-realized story.

Two lifeguards, one gay and one not, fill out the last days of what is probably their last summer together on the beaches of Southern California. Michael Christopher is the promiscuous and gregarious gay lifeguard, while Johnny Daws, in a master-stroke of casting, is the sensitive but unrelenting non-gay co-worker. Christopher's pursuit of his uninterested prey is one-part Lubitsch, one part Cocteau, his growing dissatisfaction with his fast-lane lifestyle counterbalanced with well-chosen and sexually powerful encounters. Daws' growing dilemma over his own sexuality crystallized in two heart-rending scenes: one in which he physically fails his girlfriend, the other his last drunken night on the beach. The viewer actually yearns for these two pre-ordained halves to join, and when it does it's Mount Saint Helens all over again. A poignant resolution caps off a moving and romantic narrative; the super-hot subtext sex that surrounds it is pure gravy. No wonder this is Michael Christopher's and Johnny Daws' favorite film. VCA/MIS Video.

Screen Play

Steve Scott (director), stars Lee Ryder, Jon King, Eric Ryan.

Steve Scott understands how to tell a straight-line narrative perhaps better than anyone working in gay porn. He also knows how to wring production values out of a rock; his features tend to look more like mainstream movies. With great economy, Scott has taken a simple situation, a minimum of locations, a versatile cast and fused a universal story. Lee Ryder is the drifter who has stumbled into the making of a porn film in the Southern California desert. Chatted-up and seduced by one of the crew, it's inevitable that he attracts the attention of the director—a modern-day Casanova (with a lover waiting back in L.A.) who has a reputation for chasing anything in pants. Is it the ultimate irony that the director (Eric Ryan) actually falls in love with the drifter? Used to getting phone calls about every new semi-scandal, the lover (Michael Braun) panics when the calls become frequent and explicit. He hops the first commuter flight to the desert location and confronts his footloose mate. The confrontation scene may well be the plateau of this story. Braun uses a combination of reason, seduction, and anger to turn this bitter tide in his relationship; played against an Eric Ryan who is evasive, aloof, almost callous. Desperate times call for desperate measures and Braun attempts to pull a trump card by arranging for Ryan to see Lee Ryder cavorting around namelessly. Happy endings are relative: happy for whom?

Scott braves the traditional in a lot of ways, not the least of which is to offer incidental sex scenes that are as untraditional



NO SECRETS: Karl Forest bares all in *No Secrets*. Photo: Walter Scott

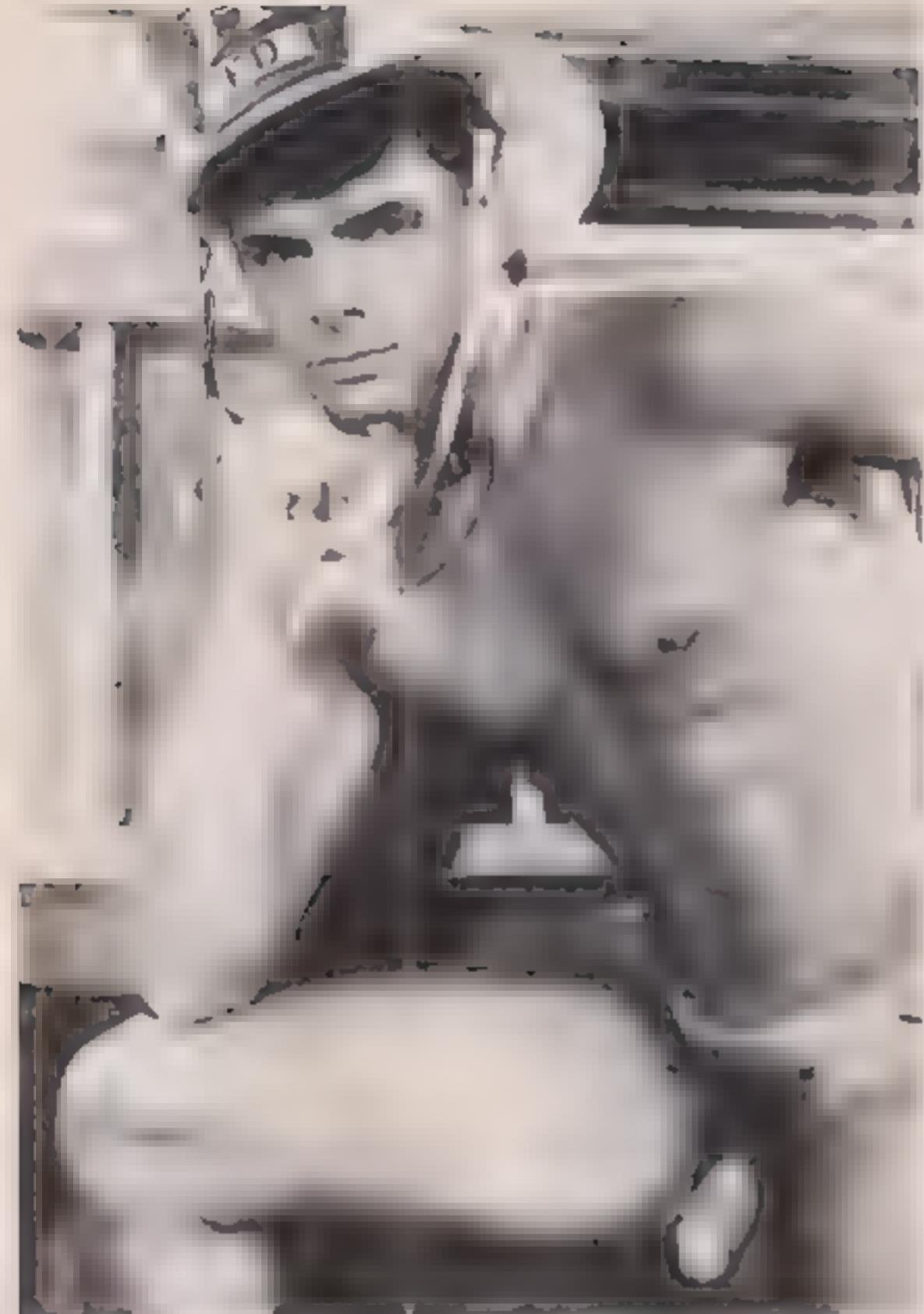
as they are mesmerizing. From Lee Ryder he extracts a performance that is unlike anything you've ever seen from this much-touted young superstar. And to make the power of Ryder's presence in the story believable, Scott has photographed him almost Garbo-esque. Extremely well-crafted, tightly controlled, and beautifully realized with sex scenes that are both visually provocative and highly erotic. One of the great gay films of all time. Trophy Video.

The Bigger The Better

Matt Sterling (director), Jon Summers (producer), stars Rick Donovan, Matt Ramsey, Brian Michaels.

Can a director hone his skill at creating one perfect sexual tableau after another until he gets to the point where he can assemble them in a loose framework and still come up with a feature that seems nearly seamless and holds the viewer's rapt attention from opening to closing moments? After such well-received projects as *Like A Horse* and *A Matter of Size*, Matt Sterling seems to have crystallized his particular erotic vision with *The Bigger The Better* and defined a strata of videography that may well become uniquely his own. The loose framework is this. Rick Donovan is a student who has to start each day by jacking off. It's hardly the deluge that douses the fire, given half-a-chance, he makes a play for one of his teachers (Matt Ramsey). This is the Rick Donovan sex scene you've been waiting for: Matt Ramsey is, passively, his match, and the encounter between them in the classroom is one of those moments when you wish you could have been there yourself.

But here comes the shift in narrative: the story begins to follow Matt Ramsey's character as he goes to work out in the gym and becomes entangled with another of his students. Then, the point of view shifts again, we follow the student to a different embrace, finally ending up with a set of characters, all students, with a mainframe narrative of their own. This round-about narrative style recalls *J. Brian's First Time Around* (where a single character from each episode leads to another) or Steve Scott's *A Few Good Men* (where the environment and the



STARTING FIRES: Incendiary stuff from Al Parker's *Head Trip*.

occasional reappearance of a character ties the knot). Sterling has tightened this device to its maximum without it becoming a traditional narrative, and he makes it look intentional. Each of the separate sex scenes is completely realized, and played for all its inherent worth. Beautiful photography, top-notch editing, superb cast (and this was allegedly Matt Ramsey's farewell gay porn performance), sizzling sex. *First Place Video/Huge Video*

Fisting Ballet

Dave Nesor (director), Intervision Video (producer), stars Leather Rick and The Tantric Master

Sometimes being there is enough. I've often marveled that a number of Pulitzer Prize-winning photographs have been of particular moments in time when the proximity of the photographer to the event was the reason *d'être* for the image. Perhaps after seeing *Fisting Ballet*, which has the emotional impact of the finest Viet Nam War photojournalism, that selection process is easier to comprehend. Here we have a director/videographer who has documented one of the more awesome moments in human sexuality: a fisting session between a leatherman (Leather Rick) and a bottom with gymnastic abilities (the Tantric Master). Is the art in the particular use of light, angle, and perspective? How much is the product of necessity: this event was captured in a single playing area of New York's Mineshaft with a finite choice of camera positions, etc. Is the masterfulness evident in the editing, in what was selected for the viewer as opposed to what was omitted? In truth, this work has a pre-set framework, 60 minutes, to fulfill an industry rather than an artistic standard. Why is *Fisting Ballet* one of the best videos of the year? Exactly because of all those things, combined with a singular lack of pretensions to any of the usual trappings that traditionally define "excellence." Like

the photograph of the Viet Cong spy being assassinated in the street by South Vietnamese soldiers, if the photographer had not been there we would not know, and our own view of the world would have been less than in the not knowing. *Fisting Ballet* captures forever a specific act between two men that exists on its own terms, with its own definitions and reasons for being. It is not a vacuum preserved for posterity, but a significant event—and one with highly-charged erotic appeal—that in its possible replication would pale by comparison. This is not the first fisting video, simply the most audacious. *Slave & Master Video*

Falconhead II: The Maneaters

Michael Zen (director), stars Paul Baressi, Brad Mason, Rick Taylor, Blake Palmer

Seven years ago, Michael Zen made his gay porn debut with a curious work called *Falconhead* that leaned heavily on visual symbolism and left a lot of its audience cold. Porn was, to that point, to have been purely about sex. Even breakthrough films like Fred Halsted's *L.A. Plays Itself* and *Sextool* had not changed that golden rule, even if they had breached it. Like Halsted, Michael Zen was infusing his film with his own erotic vision with little regard for the porn industry standards. Halsted never eclipsed *Sextool*; Michael Zen had taken his premise in *Falconhead* to an even more dazzling plateau.

This is a gay mythology illustrated in contemporary terms. The roots of the myth are entwined with the foundations for all myths, and laced with Zen's personal vision of sex and death—or what passes as death in compulsive sexual terms. In the first film a mythological figure, the Falconheaded man, witnessed a number of sexual excesses brought upon men who gained possession of his magical mirror. In the sequel, in true Greek hubris fashion, it is the Falconhead himself who is victim: the mirror has captured the figure that is his salvation. His odyssey runs parallel to the mortal who descends, through the mirror, into a netherworld of sexuality that, *a la* Dante's *Inferno*, will lead him to some overwhelming revelation. The metaphorical image that permeated *Falconhead*, the naked man groveling at the feet of the destiny-making birdman, is transmuted in *Falconhead II* to that of the Falconhead himself in an idyllic setting (perhaps paradise?) tearing at the fevered lust that courses through his veins. Zen turns the tables, to be sure, but rest assured that there will have to be a *Falconhead III* if this elaborate mythology is going to be brought to any conclusion.

Mixed with dark passages of evocative mood are moments of nearly-pure beauty. Zen has worked in the non-gay porn industry for many years and has mastered an encyclopedia of styles and effects, almost all of which echo throughout this provocative and uncompromising work. The narrative demands the viewer's attention; the cast is—even if caught in an indecipherable environment—extremely competent. This was Paul Baressi's last gay film before his retirement from porn. *Falconhead II* may also have the distinction of being the darkest view of sexuality ever attempted. *VCA/HIS Video*

Raunch

Christopher Rage (director), Live Video Inc. (producer)

The notice that precedes the beginning of Christopher Rage's *Raunch* states that part of the reason the members of the cast of this original video agreed to participate was that there would be no cast credits. If that's true, then nothing is served by listing here the recognizable players in this experimental full-length work. Some have appeared in other porn films. Some never have. Even the particular acts in which these men engage, while shocking to a post-AIDS audience, and which include water sports, rimming, and fisting, end up as only the contents of what is a masterpiece of form and style.

While Rage has worked hard to establish his reputation as the "master of sleaze," and while he indeed goes much further in *Raunch* than even he had gone before, what ultimately happened was that in assembling this catalogue of both original

material and previously-rejected objectionable tableaus he crafted a video with a completely original and unique look and sound. In fact, sound has never been so creatively used in porn before, from audial perceptions that sometimes complement, sometimes run in counterpoint, and sometimes expand the visual reference. Rage has managed to wrench out of each of the episodes used their finest visual appeal; his format easy to digest but the ramifications being that "easiness" comes from a total understanding of how images merge, and how they can be made to create specific reactions from the viewer. This is not, however, conceptual videography, where any random material can be parlayed into stylized format, *a la MTV*. Raunch has its own specific meld of content, perspective and sound that, each time it is viewed, brings the viewer closer and closer to appreciating the extraordinary talent which fuses the whole. Motto-to-flame subject matter combined with a daring visual technique: Christopher Rage isn't resting on his laurels but is forging new ground *Live Video Inc.*

Head Trips

Al Parker (director, screenplay), *Scott Taylor and Al Parker* (producers), stars *Ed Wiley, Ryder, Tico Patterson, Al Parker*

Over the past year Al Parker has been paying his dues as a director, making a transition from the subject of erotica to the guiding hand behind it, and it's a transition that doesn't always work. With *Head Trips* Parker comes into his own: a well-crafted project, visually both artful and exciting, with tight control and one payoff after another.

The setup is sublimely simple: a sexual fantasy machine, much like the 25¢ movie booth, that uses high-tech sensory-altering technology (sorta like *Brainstorm* with a hard-on) to let the user combine his own biological properties with a sexual fantasy scenario. You sit in the chair, put on the helmet, drop a quarter and punch-up a particular situation: father and son, firemen, restaurants, porn stars. Of the available options listed on the machine, those are the ones we see. Four different men use this machine, and each of them experiences his "ultimate" fantasy in which he becomes one of the participants. The restaurant episode combines clichés with some breathtaking sexual combinations; a couple sit down at a table amid a room full of diners and get turned on to each other to the point of getting it on right there on the spot, finally enticing the waiter to join them for a three-way on the linen tablecloth, while the rest of the diners go on with their meal. The second user of the sex machine punches the button for sex with a porn star and (perhaps not surprisingly) sees himself engaged in coitus uninterrupted with Al Parker. Even if you've seen Parker a hundred times, this scene is sizzling. User number three has a thing for firemen. Ed Wiley makes the sexiest, crudest-talking fireman you've ever had wet dreams over. The final user lusts after his father, and this closing scene is alternately clever and highly-charged as "dad" gives "son" a birthday present he'll never forget.

Simple setup (the machine that makes fantasies come true), superb execution, extremely-watchable cast, top-notch production values. Parker has established himself with a combination of elements that work, and that deliver on their promise to turn on the viewer.

Le Beau Mec (Dude)

Wallace Potts (director), *Karl Forest* (screenplay), stars *Karl Forest, Cedric Dumont, Franc Choza, Philippe Renaud*.

When *Le Beau Mec* was first seen in American porn theatres in 1980, it was only the second or third full-length French porn film to reach these shores. Reaction was pretty evenly divided between those who disliked it (usually because it did not adhere to American porn principles) and those who saw it as light-years ahead of the standard gay porn bump-and-grind.

But *Le Beau Mec* was more than a foreign curiosity. It was breaking away from the cloying atmosphere of French films and especially French gay porn films like *Men Between Them-*



CARBOESQUE: Jon King and Lee Ryder in *Steve Scott's Screen Play*

selves), including the celebrated school of the New Wave, and going after a narrative expression that was, at the same time, just coming into its own in West German works like those of Rainer Werner Fassbinder. *Le Beau Mec* bears a true kinship with films like *Fox and His Friends* and *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant*. *Le Beau Mec* has auteurism with Karl Forest's co-producing, writing, starring in (and one feels influencing Wallace Pott's direction) an autobiographical pseudo-documentary about his own coming out and sexual development. Fashioned in a reliable-narrator style, with Forest's voice leading the viewer from early sexual awakening under the watchful eyes of the army, through disciplinary problems in school, run-ins with the police (and the concurring sexual fantasies Forest imparts), hustling, dancing in a gay club, developing his body and his sexual repertoire, and—once in a while—simply enjoying his sexuality on its own merits.

The overall story is a portrait of a young man in the modern gay world, if displaced from our immediate points of reference by the fact of its European setting. Although somewhat similar devices (the world through the eyes of a porn star) have been made in America (*Casey, Nights in Black Leather, Johnny Harden & Friends* among others), they have either been series of loops tied together by the presence of the personality, or vehicles for the "character person" to reiterate their sexual myth rather than expound on their emotional make-up. *Le Beau Mec*, like a real person, has moments of bliss as well as moments of unpleasantness; not everything Karl Forest says and does is admirable, but there are times when his countenance is both dazzling and desirable. As an in-depth characterization, with a nostalgic framework (the era of absolute sexual permissiveness), *Le Beau Mec* is hauntingly beautiful and almost painfully poignant. *Le Salon*

Inside Eric Ryan

B. French (director and producer), stars Eric Ryan. This is an unusual and unique piece of work, probably unlike anything you have ever seen, and most assuredly unlike anything on the commercial market. *Inside Eric Ryan* is the current leading edge of the new pornography: non-commercial, iconoclastic, artless, pretensionless, almost a documentary, actually *cinema verite*.

For an hour-and-a-half the viewer sees only two people, Eric Ryan and the director, engage in what is best described as an encounter. Eric Ryan hires himself out for a fee for private modeling sessions. The director has hired him. What we are witness to is unedited voyeurism. Ryan takes off his clothes, the director puts around arranging lights, props, whatever. They talk—about anything and everything. Sometimes they talk about sex (the director recalls a favorite scene from a non-ga porn film, Ryan talks about his favorite fucks), sometimes the talk about Eric (there is a memorable section where Ryan talks about his body and uses a long, skinny dildo to point out the various muscles in his back like a teacher instructing a class). They play around. Sometimes Eric seems to be paying little attention; he looks at himself in the mirror, fondles himself, poses, pouts. Other times he is so loquacious that you hear monologues perfectly constructed, thoughts that flow and ebb like the finest screenwriting.

As time passes, the relationship between client and model evolves. There is more playing around, Eric loosens up, so to speak. Ultimately what emerges is an unforgettable document that says everything about modern sexuality, from the idolization of porn stars to the very nature of prostitution. But be prepared for an "evening" that is less an entertainment than an undoctored look at reality. Unlike *Le Beau Me*, the star does not have the luxury of reinventing himself. And unlike the Old Reliable VT Series, which *Inside Eric Ryan* in its closest parallels, the subject is given completely free reign to express all aspects of himself. As a gay social document, this is one of the most important examinations of the nature of a controlled sexual relationship (in this case, model and client) you are likely to encounter. It is brazen in its attempt to redefine what is pornography: it takes a number of conventional pornographic narrative devices and strips away all of the decor to get at the heart of the subject; it does so relentlessly and completely without regard for the current state of erotica. French Company.

Foreskin Fantasy

No director listed Adam & Company (producer), cast unlisted.

Foreskin Fantasy proves that it is possible to take a single subject and extrapolate on it in such a way that the end result transcends the origins. This is erotic art at its finest. In one hour using three separate pieces, *Foreskin Fantasy* establishes a set of works that, while they are of a piece, stand completely on their own. Partly this is due to the high degree of technical skill involved, this is the single most beautifully-realized visual exercise in many years. Partly its uniqueness is due to the way the three segments are played against each other, maintaining the focus of the subject matter without resorting to endless close-ups of someone's skin-covered gams, evoking a mood for each piece that, although each is different from the last, makes an effortless transition.

One: the reflection of a man sitting in a black chair seen through a mirror mounted on plum-colored walls. At the edge of these central colors are the white of his shorts, the transparent crystal fixtures that surround the mirror, the chrome of the chair. Established as an almost deco composition, the camera follows those dictates of shape and perspective as the man exposes his (naturally) uncut organ and masturbates watching himself. Two: A Japanese black lacquer table half in shadow, on which are a tied bundle and loose roses. A man in a black oriental robe moves in from the shadow and unties the package, revealing stark black-and-white photographs of various naked men. As he opens the robe we discover that he has a tattoo on his inner thigh, a bright red contrast to his golden skin, and a reiteration of the rose petals on the table. As he masturbates, he fantasizes another man in a stylized setting who urinates in a bright golden arch. Three: a dressed man sitting on a bare wood stool in front of a grey backdrop. As he undoes his worn jeans, another man enters, fondling him, until they are both half-undressed and engaging in stop-and-start random sex.

In all three cases, the videographers have used the concrete elements to complement and accent both the individual and the particular way in which their solo turns are expressed. All things are made to work in unison without becoming static. This is the pure realization of highly-detailed conceptual erotica and a great lesson in combining form and content. Adam & Company/1985 re-release Trophy Video.

John W. Rowberry

ABOVE AND BEYOND: From *Foreskin Fantasy*, the single most beautifully-realized visual exercise in years.



DRUMMER

BOOKS

SM LIT: NOTABLES OF 1984

It was a very good year for readers and writers of SM, thanks largely to the growing diversity and good health of gay publishing houses from San Francisco to Boston and at least one mainstream house willing to take a big (if lucrative) risk. The mainstream publisher, E P Dutton, which in 1984 brought out the second of A.N. Roquelaure's exquisite SM fables, *Beauty's Punishment*. Among the gay houses, Alyson opened up new fields with *I Once Had a Master*, Alternate debuted *The Brig* Perineum wrapped up its landmark seven-volume Phil Andros series, The Zeus Collection gave us a new Cavelo bondage-and-fantasy picture book, and Gay Sunshine entered the fray knee-deep with the nonfiction *Urban Aboriginals* and two titles by Jack Fritscher.

Looking ahead to 1985, the keynote may be High Fantasy, with *Slaves of the Empire* (gladiator stuff) and The Zeus Collection's *Sado Island* (science fantasy) soon off the press, plus the final volume in Roquelaure's Beauty Trilogy scheduled for June.

Below, a wrap-up on the most notable, if not always the best, SM books of the year gone by...

The Amazing Adventures of Phil Andros. A pretty amazing feat. Over the last two years, Perineum Press has brought back into print virtually all of the original erotic fiction of the inexhaustible Phil Andros (*nom de porn* of that erudite raconteur Samuel Steward; see Drummer 69). The two final titles are *Boys in Blue* and *Different Strokes: Stories by Phil Andros & Co.*; the first follows Phil's stiffening adventures as a San Francisco cop, the second wraps up the series with a potpourri of marginal material, new and old. All seven Phil Andros titles are easy to spot on a bookshelf, in handsome matching editions with Tom of Finland cover art. Congratulations to all concerned on bringing back some of the best erotic fiction ever written, with the style it deserves. (Perineum Press, c/o Subco, Box 10233 Eugene, OR 97440; paperbacks, each \$7.95/\$8.95 postpaid. A good-looking brochure—lots of Tom art—gives details on all seven books.)

Beauty's Punishment, by A.N. Roquelaure. Sequel to *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, prequel to the forthcoming *Beauty's Release*. Roquelaure's breathless ongoing erotic fable charts the tortures of Beauty and Tristan, hapless slaves in a quasi-medieval fantasy landscape of sadomasochistic absolutes. Its meditations on power and powerlessness echo de Sade; its scenes of punishment and debasement could burn a hole in your bedside table. The literary question of the year—who is A.N. Roquelaure?—remains unanswered. Reviewed in Drummer 75 (E P. Dutton, New York; paperback, \$7.95).

The Brig by Mason Powell. Rough stuff: A straight young petty officer incurs the wrath of his Marine overlords, and the ordeal that follows—his spiritual and physical torment in the bowels of The Brig—raises erections even as it raises some pretty disturbing questions about the nature of politics, power and SM. Powerful, thought-provoking, and pornographic on several levels. Reviewed in Drummer 77. (Alternate Publishing, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107; paperback, \$8.95/\$9.45 postpaid.)

Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley and **Leather Blues**, by Jack Fritscher. Two long-awaited books from a former Drummer editor and the publisher of the short lived but very nasty *Man2Man*. *Corporal* is a collection of articles and fiction laced with Fritscher's unique pornographic vision, a sometimes irritating, sometimes spectacularly successful melding of literary pretension and gutter raunch; *Leather Blues* is a



POWELL MEETS PRESTON: Or, Mr. Benson goes to *The Brig*. Mason Powell (l.), author of *The Brig*, raises eyebrows with fellow writer John Preston (Mr. Benson, *I Once Had a Master*) at Preston's November book-signing at the Studstore, San Francisco. A historic meeting of Masters. Photo by Robert Pruzan

brief, disappointing novelette about rites of passage and swallowing other people's spit. Both will be reviewed next issue (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, paperbacks. *Corporal*: \$10, *Leather Blues*: \$5.95. Mail orders add \$1.)

DeSade and the Musketeers, illustrated by Cavelo. A picture book for grown-ups who like costume dramas and crave musclemen in bondage. Like his previous *Hercules and the King of the Amazons*, *Musketeers* appeals to prurient fans of the Late Show—those of us who like to mentally undress vintage pirate movies and historical epics, who catch the latest Conan film on opening day and watch Steve Reeves movies with a jar of lube close by.

Consider it a bedtime story book; the plot's rather weak, but if you wanted plot you could read *Babar* instead. Reviewed in Drummer 74. (The Zeus Collection, Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; magazine-format, \$8.50/\$9.50 postpaid.)

I Once Had a Master, by John Preston. A collection of loosely interconnected stories tracing a leatherman's changing desires and sensibilities over a number of years. This is not the John Preston of *Mr. Benson*, but a more mature and self-conscious writer, striving to capture the subtlety and depth of real, not pornographic, passion. *Master* is laden with nostalgia, the most potent of aphrodisiacs; this is a book about memory and moving on, about desires defined in the flesh but never quite fixed in memory. A true portrait of many of our lives. Reviewed in Drummer 75. (Alyson Publications, PO Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208, paperback, \$7.95/\$8.95 postpaid.)

Urban Aboriginals: Celebrations of Leathersexuality, by Geoff Mains. I keep imagining this book as an ideal reading assignment for a cruel but wise Master to give to his slave. It will be a harsh punishment, but it might make a better man of him. If nothing else, Mains' turgidly written nonfiction opus has stirred considerable controversy, much of it on an East Coast/West Coast axis. The Old Guard and the New Age do not mix, even in leather. I only wish *Aboriginals* were better and more clearly written; some of Mains' ideas are genuinely important, but finding them among all the academic flotsam and jetsam is like reading *War and Peace* for the hot parts. Reviewed in Drummer 78. (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, paperback, \$8.95/\$9.95 postpaid.)

—Aaron Travis

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS

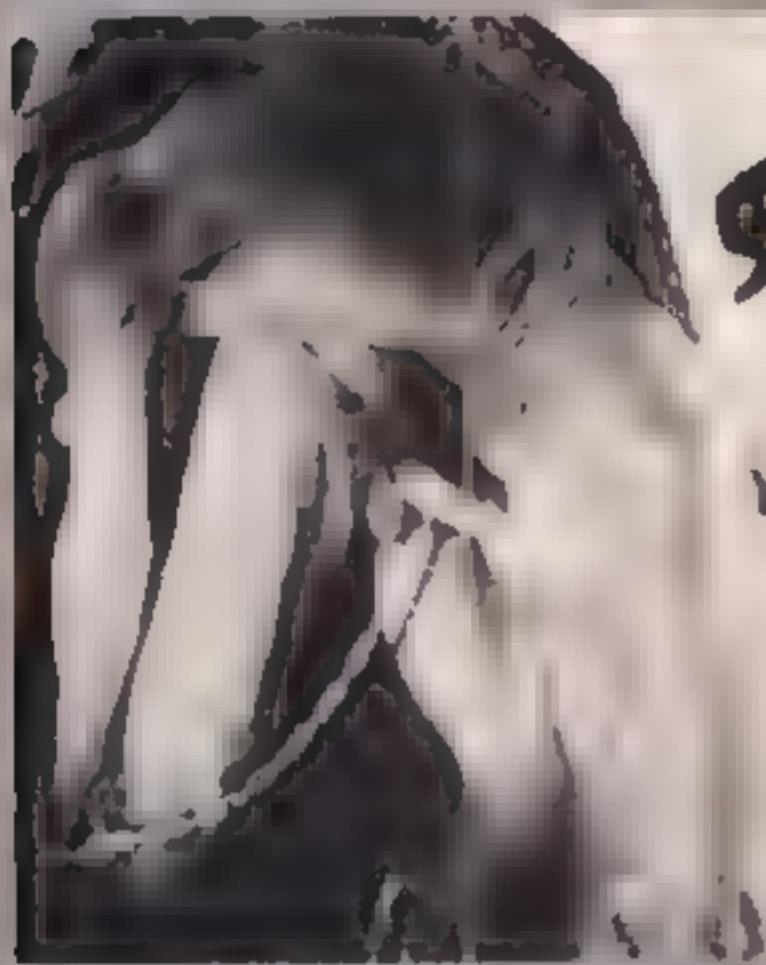
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DRUMMEDIA MOVIES



RAINBOW SERPENT: Murder mystery with muscles.

GAY FILM '84

It's torture. You're tied to the chair, stripped of will, ready to receive anything and give all. Anticipation makes you sweat and burn. Off with the lights. The machinery hums. For an average of 90 minutes at a time, you're forced to exquisite pain as the pupils are stretched from pinpoint to the size of Divine's behind, your ears assaulted. While cramped fingers scrabble blindly like a drunk with a Ouija board, the mind is boggled, burgled, bent and beaten. Not another film. Yes. One more night at the moo'in pitchers. Shut up and take it. You know you love it. All 230 of them.

To get 10 "bests" out of a year's worth (three dozen) of gay and observably gay-interest films is nothing short of a queer miracle. To have one of them (*The Times of Harvey Milk*) run up the critical flagpole and thumb its nose at the rest of the mainstream documentary contenders is heavy-duty queer. All films considered, this may be the peaking of a subgenre that created its space in the industry first and then proceeded to fill it. Gay filmmakers and gay-interest films (not necessarily wedded) have outgrown the art-house circuit—only to be stymied by the increasing unprofitability of the medium itself. Here's where the big boys take over—having at long last acknowledged, if only between themselves and the black marks replacing the red in the ledgers, the presence of a solid, discerning and reactive gay audience.

An Englishman Abroad is the littlest and in many ways the smartest of the lot, made by veteran director John Schlesinger with Alan Bennett's scrip for the BBC, from Australian actress Coral Browne's true-life Moscow encounter with gay defector Guy Burgess (played by Alan Bates with an equal measure of charm and compassion). Flavored with a wry camp humor, the outwardly decaying Burgess is captured in a time warp of his own making, quintessentially, consciously English and unrepentantly, cynically homosexual—a warm story of the spy who went from one cold to another.

Angel is a classic tale of classic values, the first from its country and the "at last!" of a culture that codified the male ideal for the Western World. Not unexpectedly, it is overall a Greek tragedy, equipped with the satisfying catharsis to be gotten from a drama in which pity and terror are played out upon a background of man-to-man romance. George Katakouzinos pulls no punches dealing with Greece's tremendous repression on many levels; his "*Angel*" (Michalis Maniatis) is the innocent everyone is when they fall in love for the first time, faced with a powerful, brutal beauty like Michael (Dionyssis Xanthos) who is in love only with himself, and forced into a subculture of prostitution ("they dig boys but they hide behind our skirts") that asserts itself to no avail. The best story, scene, sound and fury.

Another Country is the thematic underpinning of *An Englishman Abroad*—an indictment of the British public school ethos and its hoary traditions of systematized bullying, sub rosa faggotry, intellectual rigidity, hypocrisy and elitism. The atmosphere is rich in everything but humanity, beautifully filmed and played for maximum mood. "Guy Bennett" (Rupert Everett) is the young Burgess coalesced into prototype, a rebel with a personal gay cause and some effect among the affectations. Produced by Alan Marshall (*Midnight Express*, *Fame*, *Pink Floyd the Wall*) it remains intimate even as it enters the realm of major motion pictures.

The Fourth Man is Paul (Spetters) Verhoeven's glassiest, most erotic production yet, part horror, part mystic romance. An unusual story of a novelist (Jeroen Krabbe) stumbling into a stranger-than-fiction situation, a day-mare, with fashionable, bewitching, thrice-widowed Renee Soutendijk and the rudely delectable (and seducible) Thomm Hoffman. Contrived for maximum psychic surprise and a memorable shock or two, it is threaded through with earthy, relieving humor and tied up in very slippable knots which are great fun to try unraveling after the picture's done.



THE FOURTH MAN: Metaphysical love triangle, seductions in the rain.

Forty Deuce: Not so much slapped as smartly slammed together, a thousand words form Alan Bowne's tear-'em-up play are worth the Paul Morrissey picture—a sonic boom of a fart. The 42nd Street scene gets a going over by a pack of articulate lowlife hustlers centered on Kevin Bacon and played around a very young, very dead body and a complicated drug deal. The language is inventive (in some cases, invented), split-screen effects double the already swift pace and emotions run high—in other words, whether seen at noon or midnight (and it's a natural midnite), it's for the wide-awake.

Improper Conduct ("Mauvaise Conduit") is famed cinematographer Nestor Almendros' and Orlando Jimenez Leal's gift to their Cuban homeland for making it impossible for them to live safely and work creatively there. Their choices of talking heads to represent the systemized repression and hatred of artistic and personal freedom are primarily and unapologetically (if not always proudly) homosexual, the ones singled out for the bottom of society and the top of the extermination list. There you have it: A self-made target with two bulls-eyes. If you can get past knee-jerk political argument ("expert" critics burrow like metal termites through both sides of the Iron Curtain)—and if any theatre-owner has the balls to show it again—the talking heads have good things to say for themselves on survival, courage, endurance and the plain persistence of being gay.

Privates On Parade: John Cleese (the lugubrious Python) plays straight man to Dennis Quilley's curved (Army) camp director in Peter (Joe Egg) Nichols' musical/military romp. Under the sugared vaudevillian capers there is a sour taste of post-WWII reality—wars, particularly those with long-standing guerilla outposts and established black marketeering, do not stop at the drop of a flag, and wartime lovers are still at risk. In the print cut for U.S. audiences, it jumps about more than it should and shows more plot gaps than even a musical should—but out with some bad-taste bathwater went a lot of background baby (a couple of heavy drag numbers and a touching scene of gay

motivation). What's left is low on empathy—true-story based—but still high on talent.

Rainbow Serpent ("Halteroflic") has the cachet of eschewing a "gay" ambience altogether for a subtler homoerotic New Wave style. In Philippe (We Were One Man) Valois' slick and punk-colored tale, a cop is hot to take off his plain clothes, bend over, shoot first and think later—all for a well-oiled bodybuilder who may well be a bloodthirsty murderer. Between the tattoos and the taboos, Rainbow flexes some new muscles and entertains mightily in between strong-arm tactics.

Sparkle's Tavern: Curt McDowell conceived, wrote, cast and filmed the footage way back in 1976 and it all came together on the editing table eight years later. In the only sex humor entry of the decade so far and probably the world's only pornographic melodrama, a brother and sister run the sleaziest of backroom bars and participate in pleasing the customers to the hilt, hiding the truth only from Mom (the redoubtable Marion Eaton). When fickle friends try a takeover, threatening to burst Mom's all-American-family dreams, their guardian angel in the unlikely form of a traveling salesman/magician (the inimitable George Kuchar) comes to the rescue and ecstasy writhes on the clean kitchen floor of the Great Midwest. Fantasy, nostalgia and the cleanest dirty fun around.

The Times of Harvey Milk: The times, they went on a-changin', blowin' in the wind—but the roots they went too deep to deny, touching Rob Epstein and Co. with enterprising genius. The enterprise part is in making a biographical documentary at all, much less of a martyred gay figure; the genius part is putting it across with flawless techniques (many developed specifically for the film) and effectively off-beat choices for interviews and use and mix of archive material. It's the most accessible gay film to the general public ever made and a provocative testament for faggots everywhere. Tears without sob story, thrills without brass, and sassy get-it-across gay pride—the meteoric rise and untimely fall of a period and spirit that did not quite outlive its subject. As the surprise hit of several major international film festivals, it is a mini-revolution in itself and an unadulterated pleasure for everyone, whatever their voting or sexual preference.

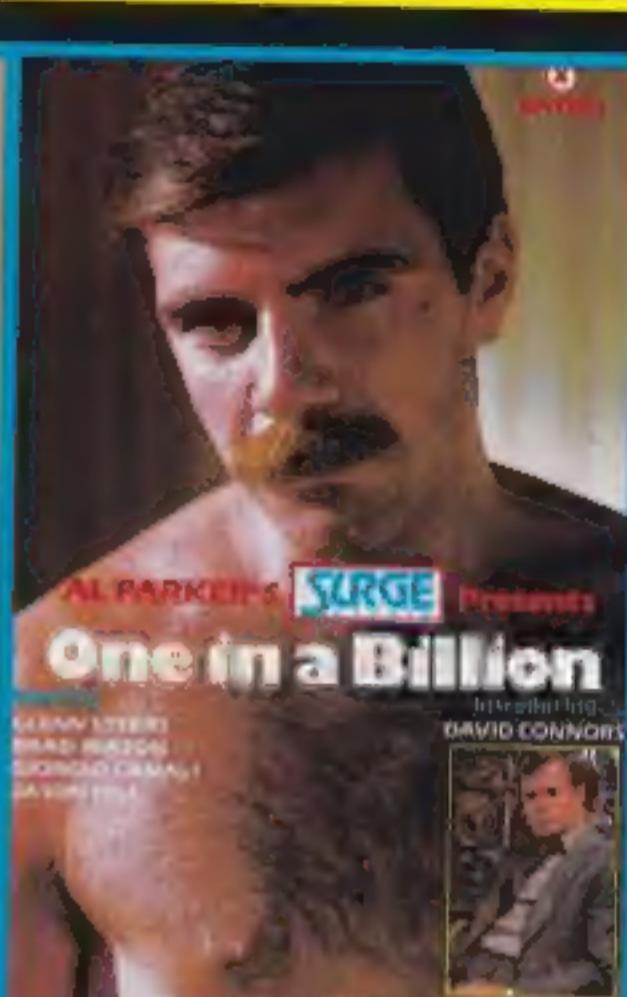
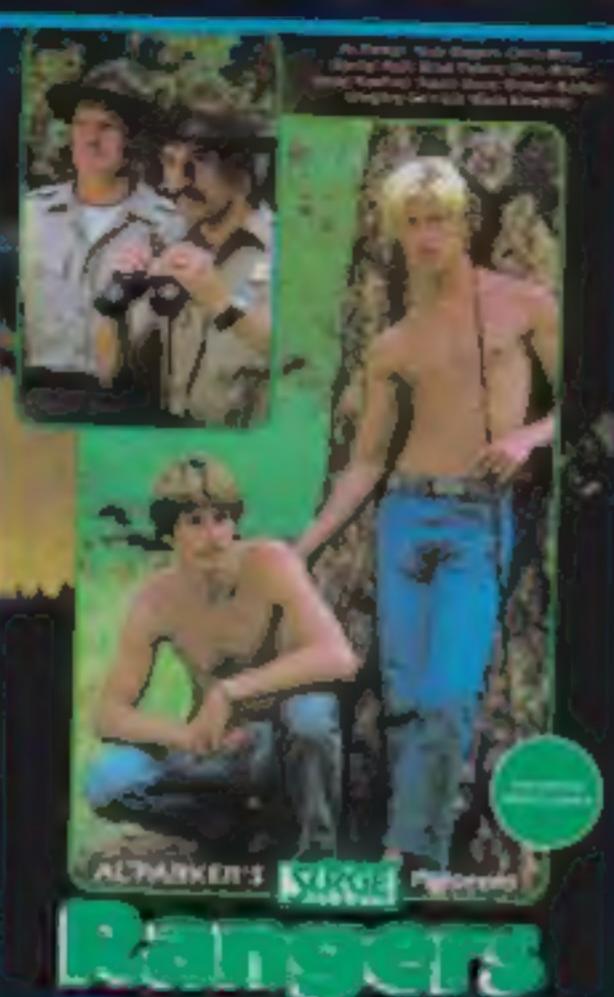
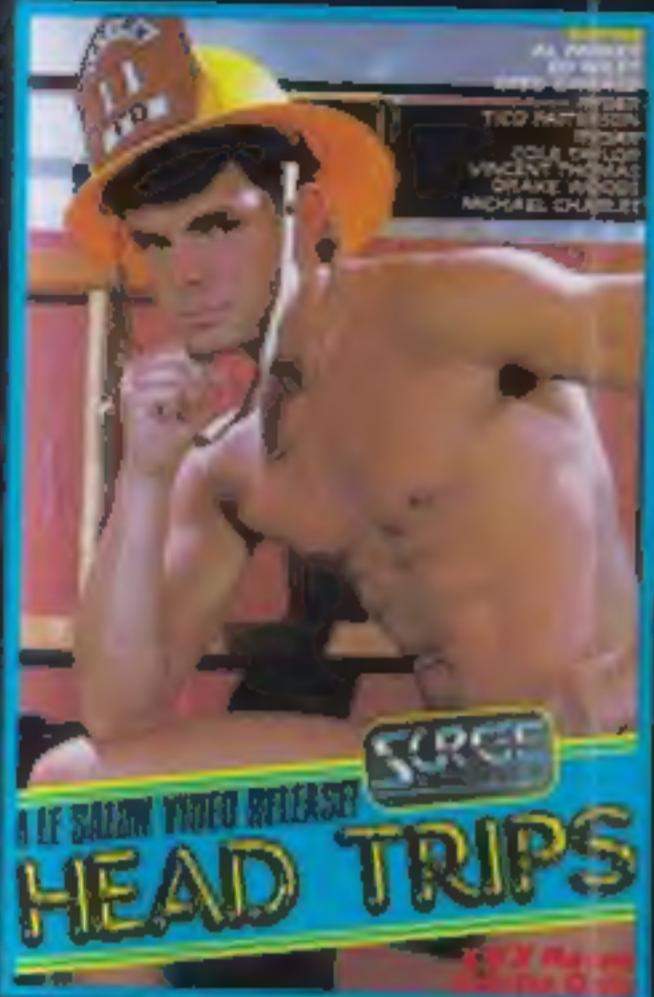
Gay-themed films also got out and about a bit further in 1984. They are coming closer and sooner, as the advertising tag goes, to a theater near you. *Fourth Man*, *Another Country* and *Privates* were first-run early in the year and have comfortably rolled over into one-night stands at the more reputable rep houses. *Angel* is traveling about with a Landmark Theatre (outlets in all major cities) gay-fest package and will open officially in early 1985 under Surf Threare aegis in San Francisco. *Rainbow Serpent* also debuts formally at San Francisco's Roxie in January—both should take off from there in the more eclectic art houses. New York City saw the first of *Forty Deuce* late in the year; it's expected, like *Tavern* (a one-print thorough undergrounder) to run a more obscure cult circuit for which college towns are a good bet. If you missed *Englishman* the first time around on PBS, that's where you'll find it again (it played many festivals but cannot be shown commercially). *The Times* will also be pinched onto your smaller-than-life screen in 1985, but you deserve better...at least the first two times around.

The strengthening homophile film trend goes back to last year's list: Artie Bressan's *Abuse*, Patrice Chereau's *L'Homme Blessé* ("The Wounded Man"), Amos Gutmann's *Drifting* ("Nagua") and *The Terence Davies Trilogy* had formal theatrical opening in 1984—critical kudos for *Abuse* and awards for *Trilogy*. And the original gay doc, Mariposa Film Collective's *Word Is Out* (which you may recall from our gay-film childhood in the '70s), turned up on video tape, none the worse for wear and time.

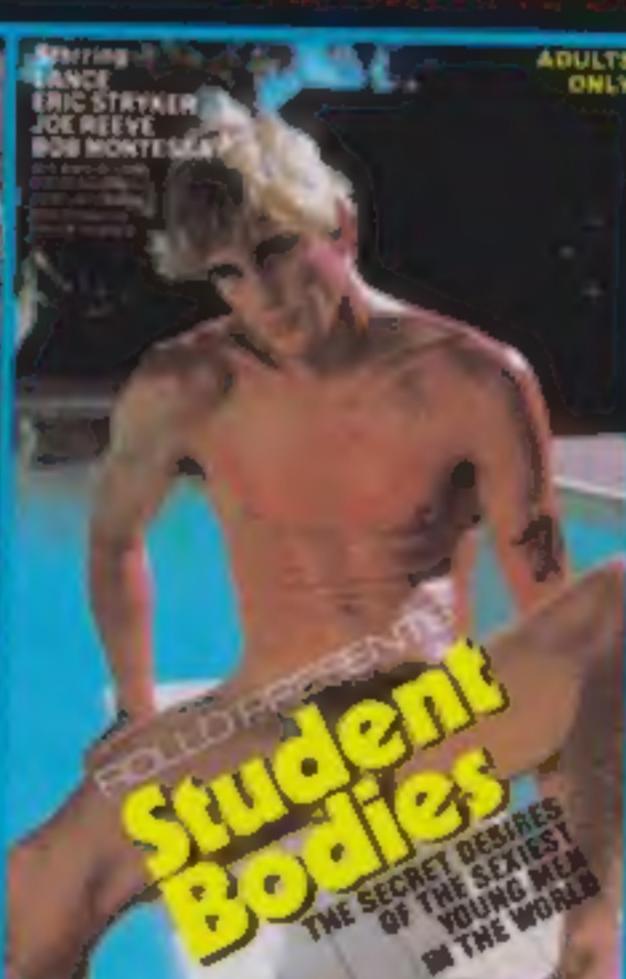
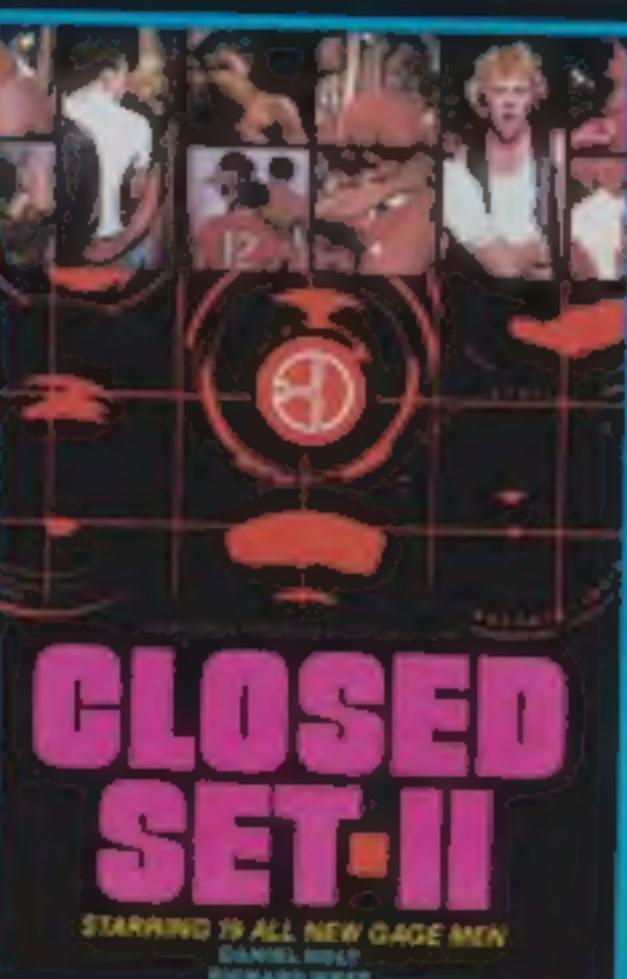
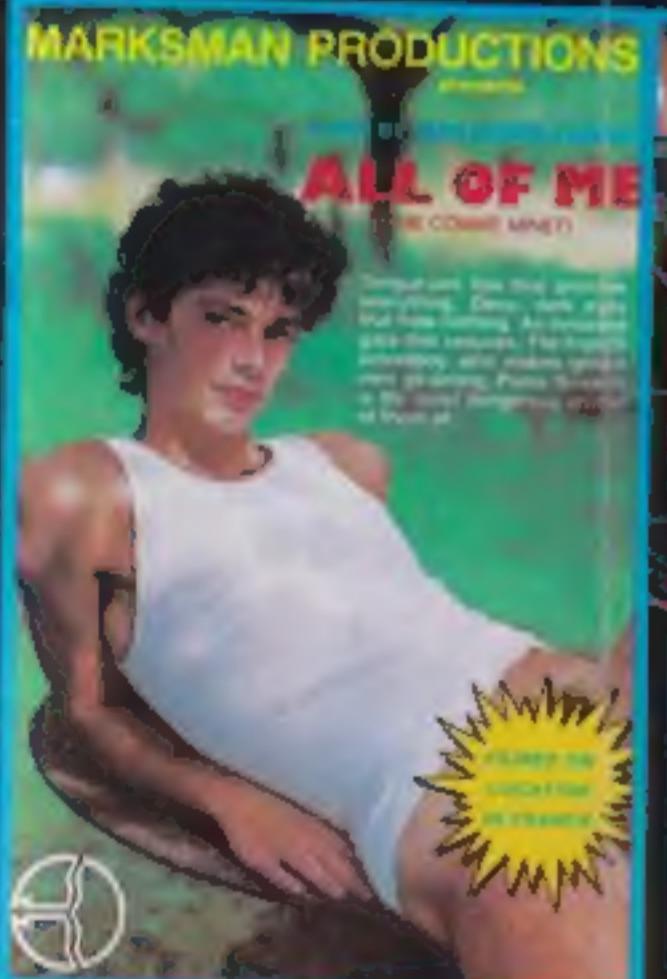
Flay me with sprokets. Make mine enema of popcorn, well-buttered. Blind me with projector light. And I will thank you and beg for more in 1985.

—Penni Kimmel

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